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FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN TO THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

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I.

Twenty-eight years in Egypt and three in Babylonia as an irrigation engineer have given me special opportunities for studying the problems connected with the Garden of Eden, Noah's flood, Joseph's famines, Moses' crossing of the Red Sea, and Joshua's crossing of the Jordan. Accurate plans and levels, and knowledge of irrigation and of the spoken language of these lands, have helped me to understand the meanings of technical terms and to fill in the true backgrounds of the events which took place in these two irrigated countries. Of myself I can only say that, as the meanings of events which seemed impossible to me have unfolded themselves, the Bible has again become the living book of my early days.

The early chapters of Genesis had their origin in a rainless land, where all life depended on irrigation. "The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, but there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground." Now no mist — not even a primeval one — will keep a garden alive. The word translated "mist" means "free flow irrigation," as distinct from irrigation by machinery or with one's foot. This is certified to by the Rev. Professor Sayce.

When human beings first appeared on the earth, and for many and many a generation afterwards, men could only have just held their own against wild animals; and while their dwelling-places were surrounded by forests and jungles, the unending struggle must have left them but little time

to make any real advance in civilisation. It was far different in the oases of Arabia and practical oases like the stretch of country between Anah and Hitt on the Upper Euphrates. Here it was possible for men to destroy the existing wild beasts; and as their numbers could not be recruited out of the deserts, they were exterminated, and men had leisure to become civilised. "Amalek was the first of the nations," was spoken of the Arabs stretching from the Nile to the Euphrates by the great heathen seer whose home was on the Euphrates, and whose survey of the western Asiatic world was a revelation to Israel (Numbers xxiv., and Micah vi.) Living in tents and using gourds for vessels, the early Arabs have left no traces such as we see in Egypt and Babylonia; but Arabia has been able to pour forth from her parched loins her virile sons, who began the subjugation of both the Nile valley and the valley of the Euphrates.

When the early Semites, the ancestors of the children of Israel, moved down the Euphrates, the first oasis they encountered was the country between Anah and Hitt. The river here is to-day a series of indifferent cataracts, where the current turns giant water-wheels which lift water and irrigate the narrow valley to the edge of the desert. Garden succeeds garden, orchards and date-groves lie between fields of corn or cotton, and life and prosperity are before us wherever the water can reach. Though to-day, owing to the degradation of the cataracts—a degradation whose steady progress was noticed by the writers of the Augustan age—water-wheels are necessary to irrigate the gardens, the benches of river deposit above the highest floods of our time prove that in days not very remote the water led off from above a cataract irrigated with free flow gardens situated a little down-stream and out of reach of the floods. Such was the Garden of Eden; and it is here that, in descending the Euphrates, we first encounter the date-palm, which even to-day is a tree of life to the whole Arab world. (It is interesting that in all countries where the Arabs hold sway, any man who plants a date-palm is possessor of that palm—even if it stands on another man's land or on the common domain.) In this reach of the Euphrates wild wheat, too, has its home.

While in Babylonia for three years I made a special point of carefully examining the whole length of the Euphrates to see where a garden could be placed which could be irrigated by free flow through the twelve months of the year. Below Hitt no place could be found until we came to the reclaimed areas in the marshes near the Persian Gulf, where was situated the Garden of Eden of the Sumerians, of which I shall speak a little later. At any point between Hitt and the marshes, beginning at Ur of the Chaldees,

(1)

THE GARDEN OF EDEN
AND
THE FOUR RIVERS OF GENESIS.

Scale $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$.

0 10 20 30 40 50 100 *Miles*

E L A M
(Koot)
(Susa)
Niffur
(Wasit)
Susiana
Tello
R. Kherka
Erech
The Garden of
Eden of Sumer
Chaldean
Marshes
Eridu
(Kurna)
R. Karun
Ur of the Chaldees
Marshes
(Basra)
(Mohammra)
(Zobeir)
Khor Abdalla
Persian
Gulf

a garden irrigated in the time of low supply would be inundated in flood, and if irrigated in flood would be left high and dry in the time of low supply.

"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became four heads." The garden was an irrigated garden, in which the date-palm has remained even to our day the tree of life and the vine the forbidden tree of knowledge. Down-stream of the garden the river was divided into four main branches. The first was the Pison, represented by the flooded depressions of the Habbania and Abudibis between Ramadi and Nejef. Through all antiquity these depressions were considered as in communication with each other, but recent surveys and levels have proved the contrary. The project for connecting the two depressions is being undertaken to-day by the Turkish Government. The Pison was not inaptly described, from the point of view of a dweller in Babylonia, as encompassing the whole land of Havilah, which lay between the frontier of Egypt and Assyria.

The second river was the Gihon, the modern Hindia, the Chebar of Ezekiel, who lies buried on its banks, the Ahava of Ezra, the Pallacopas of Alexander, and the Nahr Kufa of the early khalifs. It was represented as encompassing the whole land of Cush, the father of Nimrod, the beginning of whose kingdom was Babylon and Erech and Acaad and Calneh in the land of Shinar. In the time of Moses, Cush was applied to Babylonia; but in the times of the Prophets, Ethiopia was known as Cush. The Gihon most emphatically encompasses the whole land of Cush of Moses' time.

The third river was Hiddekel, the Dikel, the Dijla, the Tigris, the modern Sakhlawia branch, some 250 feet wide and 25 feet deep, running like a mill-race into the wide Akkar Kuf depression and flowing out of it into the Tigris at Bagdad. If left alone, the Sakhlawia would be capable of carrying more than half the waters of the Euphrates and feeding the Tigris. In ancient times it was undoubtedly a second head to the Tigris, and from the point of view of a dweller in Babylonia it was very accurately described as "that it is that goeth in front of Assyria."

And the fourth river was Euphrates. No definition was necessary. It was the river of Babylon itself.

Just as the Babylonian colonists carried the name of Tigris with them to Nineveh, so doubtless, in times after the most ancient, they gave the name of the river of Babylon to the great stream on whose banks was situated the cradle of the race. From source to mouth one river became the Euphrates and the other the Tigris.

I have stated that in the last 5000 or 6000 years the Euphrates cataracts between Anah

and Hitt have been so degraded that the river can no longer irrigate by free flow the gardens it once watered, and water-wheels have to be employed to irrigate the old terraces. On the Tigris the degradation has been so great and so sudden that up-stream of Samarrah the river has fallen forty feet since the days of the khalifs, or within the last 500 years.

Adam represents mankind and Eve represents womankind, just as Cain represents the agriculturists and Abel the shepherds. It is the oriental way of recording facts or narrating events. An expression like "Cush begat Nimrod" represents the succession of the Cassite dynasty by the Babylonian dynasty, or of the Kutha branch of the Euphrates by the Babylon branch. In early Bible language the Independence of the United States would be described by the expression "And George the Third begat George Washington, the beginning of whose dominion was Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Savannah."

I shall illustrate this by two typical examples. I once asked an Egyptian friend of mine why they hated the Syrians in the way they did. He replied, "I'll tell you. A Syrian died, and the two angels of death seated themselves at his head and feet and asked him his name. He replied Haddad. They said they had never heard of such a name. He referred them to father Adam. So they went to Adam, who professed ignorance, and referred them to Satan. When they told Satan that a Syrian had died, of whom father Adam knew nothing, but had referred them to him, he replied, 'What a terrible fellow is that Adam, he has had me driven out of Paradise, he has had me sent down to Hell, and now I am to have all the Syrians.'" The East does not change much. In Genesis we learn that the shepherds were an abomination to the Egyptians. The word "Haddad" means Smith, and the "Benhadad" of Scripture is simply Mac-Smith.

I asked another friend of mine if he thought that a man who had three or four wives was as much loved as a man who had only one wife. He replied: "I'll tell you. Poor Hassan lay dying, and, sending for his favourite wife, said to her, 'Fatmah, I shall die happy if you will promise me not to marry Suleyman when I am dead. He is a bad man, and will make you very unhappy.' 'You may die perfectly happy, my dear husband,' she replied, 'for I have already promised to marry Ishmael the day it pleases God to take you.'"

The first civilised settlement of the Semites between Anah and Hitt depended for its existence on irrigation. The wearing down of the cataracts deprived the settlers of the waters of the friendly river which had watered their garden, and they travelled eastwards and could see behind them nothing but the blasted and desolate region of bitumen and naphtha springs

which lies to the east of Hitt, and which seemed to them as smitten by the flaming swords of the offended Seraphim.

The real lesson to be learnt from the Fall was well taught me by an old Arab sheikh in the deserts west of Mesopotamia. It happened in this way. Late one night I arrived at a Bedawin camp, and went straight to the sheikh's tent. On my telling him I was an Englishman he said he was pleased, as he loved their ways. I asked him which were the ways he liked. He put his hand on a big pile of Arabic newspapers by his side, and asked me if I could read the name. I told him that it was the 'Mowayad' newspaper of Cairo. He said, "Yes; I can't read, but a man in the tribe can, and he explains them to us. Here is a newspaper published in Cairo occupied by English troops; the paper fills its pages with abuse of the English, and they allow it to be printed and circulated. If a Mesopotamian editor treated the Turks in this way he would spend the rest of his life in prison. Why do not you English come over and teach us freedom?" "No use, sheikh," I said. "Why, we have been in Egypt under thirty years, and from one end of the country to the other they all wish us out. In twenty years you would be tired of us, and try to get rid of us." The old man stroked his beard and said, "Yes; are we not all sons of Adam? He thought he could improve on Paradise."

Like all early peoples, the Semites called themselves the sons of God, and in their journey they soon encountered the sons of men, who had already conquered the lower Tigris-Euphrates delta, and among whom had settled those of their own sons whose hands were stained with blood, and who could no longer be permitted to reside in the tents of their tribe. These sons of men, known as the Sumerians, had made their earliest settlements in the marshes near the Persian Gulf. The Babylonian tablets give a description of these early reclamation works—

"Flowing wide like a sea was the river,
When Yeridu was made when Yesagil was built,
Yesagil in the midst of the fresh water deep
Where the God of the glorious abode dwells.
Marduk laid reeds in the face of the water,
He piled up earthen banks protected by the reeds,
That he might cause the Gods to dwell in the place of their heart's desire."

This whole question I have fully considered in my lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, published in the Geographical Journal of London for August 1912. Of the location of the cradle of the race of Sumer in reclaimed marsh-land at the junction of the ancient Euphrates and the ancient Tigris, to the immediate north of Ur of the Chaldees, there is no question of a doubt. The location of the cradle of the Semitic races between Anah and Hitt on

the Upper Euphrates is, I submit, the true solution of the problems put before us in the early chapters of Genesis. Some would place the Garden of Eden of the Bible in the same locality as the Garden of Eden of Sumer, but then the words east and eastern must be changed into west and western, and the whole story be made meaningless.

To the east of the Sumerian Garden of Eden lay the marsh-land of Babylonia, covering some two million acres, into which no one could go if even he wanted to. Seraphim with flaming swords protecting the east end of the garden would be out of place. The idea and imagery of a Garden of Eden, as the cradle of a race, came from the Sumerians, who had far more imagination than the Semites, as the early tablets prove. The Semites, who came from the north-west and travelled eastwards, placed their Garden of Eden on the Upper Euphrates, at the real cradle of their race, between Anah and Hitt, and up-stream of the division into four branches in the plain of Shinar.

As the Semites moved down the Euphrates, the agriculturists, represented by Cain, occupied the lands near the river and protected them by dykes running parallel to it. Here they planted wheat and barley, as they do to-day. Farther away from the river, scattered over the plain, were the shepherds, represented by Abel, who pastured their flocks on such weeds and grasses as the plains produced. A breach in the dyke was disastrous to Cain, as it drowned out his crops, but very profitable to Abel, as it allowed the pastures to be irrigated. The dispute between the brothers has continued through the ages. In years of severe drought Abel is tempted to cut the dykes, destroy Cain's crops, and secure food for his own sheep. That the dykes were frequently breached is testified to by the statement that the Lord had respect to Abel and his sacrifice, but had not respect to Cain and his sacrifice. Imagining that his brother had cut the dykes, Cain slew him. That the provocation was great is proved by the fact that a mark was set upon Cain, and the avenger of blood was not allowed to touch him. This mark is called a brand, but it was a blessed brand in a country where the next of kin was bound under ordinary conditions to follow the murderer and slay him. The agriculturists moved eastwards towards the Sumerian settlements, where there was more scope for their agricultural pursuits.

The Sumerians were the first, as we have seen, to develop their settlements in the low lands in the south near the junction of the two rivers. The advent of the Semites from the north resulted in works of settlement in the northern or upper part of the valley. In the language of Genesis, the world became full of violence. Now the Euphrates and Tigris floods come down with extraordinary

force, and both rivers overflow their banks in a way a dweller in the Nile valley could have no knowledge of. Joseph's famine would have been impossible in the Tigris-Euphrates delta. Noah's flood would have found no place in Egypt. The floods on the Tigris and Euphrates are rendered doubly dangerous by the steep slope of the land away from the rivers. While the land in the Nile valley falls at a rate of one foot in the mile as one leaves the river, in Babylonia it falls five feet in a mile. The steep transverse slopes of the Mesopotamian rivers impressed the prophet Ezekiel, who was long a captive in Babylonia.

"And when the man measured a thousand cubits, the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, the waters were to the loins. Afterwards he measured a thousand, and the waters were waters to swim in, that could not be passed over." This is a slope of five feet in the mile. The very many trees on the edge of the river, the multitude of fish in the water, and the "open valley" of the vision of dry bones, are all characteristic of the Euphrates valley near Ezekiel's tomb. (Ezekiel xlvii. and xxxvii.)

As the new work of reclamation advanced from the north the Semitic communities resorted to the only kind of regulation they knew of, and that was the bold one of wholly shutting off the waters of certain of the branches by earthen dams. Judging from levels and discharges, I should say that the first head to be shut off was that of the Hiddekel or the modern Sakhlawia. It was over this very dam that in later days Cyrus the Younger's army advanced to meet the army of Artaxerxes at the battle of Cunaxa. As soon as the army had crossed, Artaxerxes had the dam cut, and the defeated army of Cyrus the Younger with Xenophon had its retreat along the Euphrates cut off and had to cross the Tigris and retreat northwards to the Black Sea. The struggles between the different communities, and the terrible consequences which might result, intimidated the more thoughtful members of the community, of whom Noah was one, and he prepared for the worst. He built an ark of the poplar wood so common in the Euphrates valley, and pitched it inside and out with bitumen from Hitt, just as the boats and coracles or "goofas" on the Euphrates are pitched to-day. A settler in the lower part of the delta, where the deserts are degraded and low, he felt the full force of the inundation. A massive earthen dyke was thrown across the Sakhlawia, the ordinary flood discharge of the Euphrates was doubled, and this flood was added to by heavy rains in the valley itself. Instead of the waters rising sixteen feet as in an ordinary high inundation, they rose fifteen cubits or twenty-four feet, and not only was the cultivated land under

water, but the deserts themselves were submerged. To men living in the Euphrates valley and in the valley of the Nile, the old word "kura" no more represented a hill than the modern word "jebel" does. They both mean the desert. The word "mountain" is ridiculous. A rise of water of twenty-four feet could put no hill, leave alone a mountain, under water. It could put the low-lying deserts under water. "Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered," should be changed to "Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the deserts were covered." The Hebrew translators of the original documents were in error as well as the more modern English translators.

While travelling in Upper Egypt I used often to be asked in the early years of the occupation whether England was irrigated by basins or by watercourses. On my replying that England had no irrigation at all, the comment has invariably been, "Then how do the people live in the 'Jebel'?"—pronounced "gebel" in Egypt. As Director-General of Land-tax Adjustment in Egypt, I was once valuing the lands in a large basin, in the middle of which was a small desert mound some two acres in extent and four feet high; on my suggesting that we might ignore so insignificant a patch of land, I was told that you could not tax the "gebel." Mentioning these facts to Colonel Ramsay, the British Resident at Bagdad, and to Mr Van Ess, the Basra missionary, who were travelling with me, and just then on a steamer in the Nejef marshes, we agreed to test the matter on the Euphrates. Approaching Shinafia, we saw the low degraded desert on the horizon, and I asked the boatmen what that was; they immediately replied, "The jebel." It was no more like a hill than Ludgate Hill is like a mountain.

According to Dr Pinches, in the language of Sumer there is only one sign for "mountain" and "country." As a matter of fact there is only one sign for "mountain" and "desert." So in Arabia to-day there is but one word for "mountain" and "desert," the word "jebel," which is always applied to the desert. The oldest town in the plain of Shinar after Yeridu was Niffar, whose temple was named "Yeh-Kura," or "Yeh Jebel," or "O desert." Every part of the Euphrates delta has at some time or other been called "Eden," the irrigated and cultivated plain, as distinct from "Kura," the unirrigable hill or plain. So in Egypt to-day the "Reef" is the irrigated plain, and everything else is the "Jebel," the desert where there is no rain, and hill or mountain where there is rain.

Floating off from some town on the lower Euphrates of those days (the silted-up Kutha branch of to-day), and driven by the current and the wind both steady from the north and north-west, the ark drifted south-eastwards. At Ur of the Chaldees, the strong current of the old Tigris pouring down

from the north joined the Euphrates, and the ark must have been driven on to the deserts south of that very ancient town. It is here that we find Terah, the father of Abraham and the representative of the patriarch's family. The patriarchal families were very stationary, and it was Abraham's propensity for travelling which earned for him his name of Hebrew, from which we might infer that he was the exception to the rule.

When I was at Ur of the Chaldees I found that the Arabs called the mounds to the south of it "Nu-awês." Now "Nu" is the Arabic for Noah. Moreover, in the Babylonian account of the Deluge the ark stranded on the edge of the Tigris-Euphrates marshes.

Ararat was the name of the desert mound where the ark rested; and when the families of the younger sons of the patriarch moved off and made new settlements, they gave the name of Ararat to the highest mountain they knew, in honour of the spot where the ark rested. This Armenian Ararat could no more have been the Ararat where the ark rested than New York be York.

My late brother, the Rev. J. Willcocks, who was with me in Mesopotamia, has suggested that Ararat, pronounced "Ururut," was none other than the Semitic "Ha'reth," the Arabic "el ârd," both meaning the Earth. If for the liquid *l* of the Arabic article there be substituted the following *r*, the three words have practically the same sound. And what more natural expression would those who had long floated on the surface of the waters give vent to on again touching land than "The Earth, the Earth." The cry which the ten thousand Greeks uttered when they saw the sea after many months was "The Sea, the Sea."

That these primitive and early peoples, whose records we possess in Genesis, were themselves under the impression that the whole world was drowned with the Tigris-Euphrates delta, is proved by the only explanation they could find for the great influx of people into the valley from the surrounding countries once order began again to be established. They could attribute the multiplicity of languages, which began to be spoken all at once, to nothing but divine apprehension of their extraordinary high hopes and ambitions. "And the Lord said, behold the people is one and they have all one language, and nothing will be restrained from them; let us go down and confound their language."

Many take objection to the childish ideas expressed in the early chapters of Genesis; but, if we only think of it, we have to do with the childhood of the world groping its way towards God. With our superior knowledge, we wonder why the Almighty should deign to accept as part of His Book the simple ideas of these early people. He should have begun at the point we have reached. But for all we know, the utmost bounds of our

knowledge may be as childish, compared with Eternal truths, as were the crude ideas of the early dwellers in the plains of Shinar with the philosophy to which we have attained, and whose incompleteness Shakespeare has well emphasised in "Hamlet." In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" again Shakespeare says:—

"What poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity."

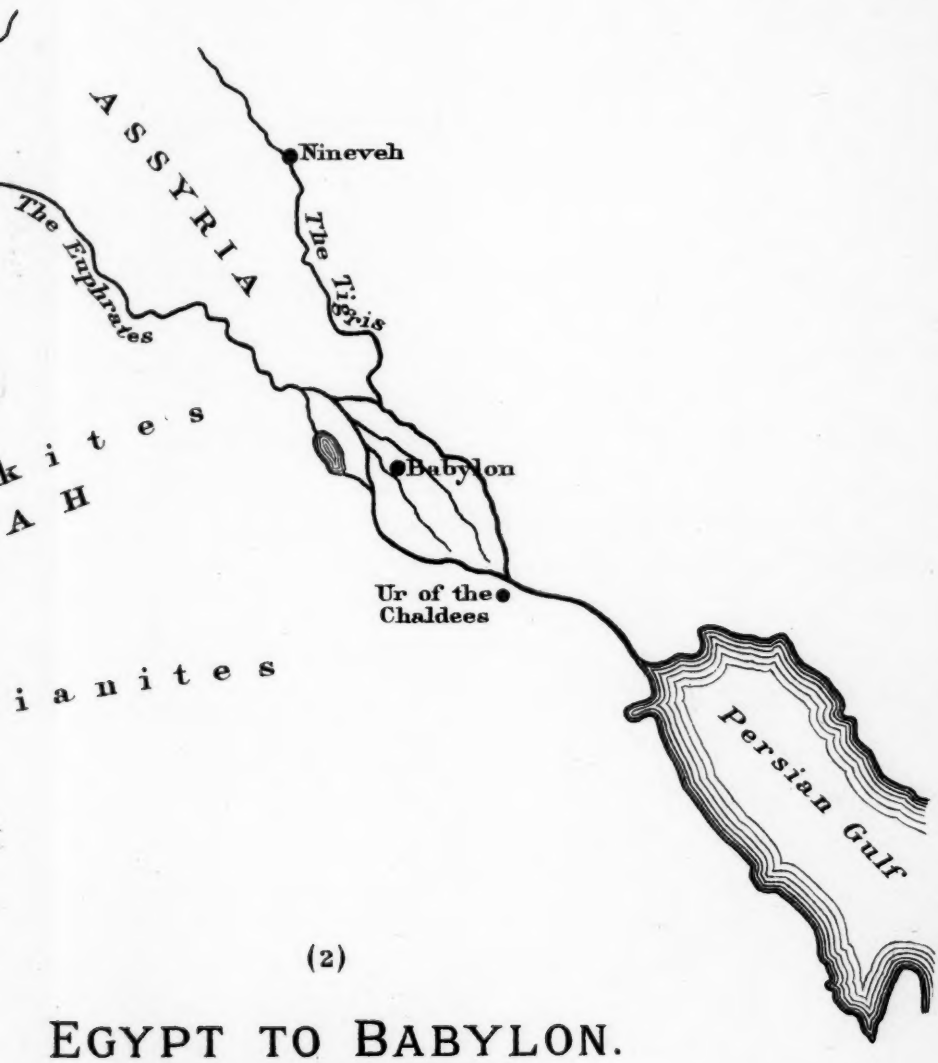
The whole of the imagery of the account of the Flood is taken from the Sumerians. The Sumerian account surpasses the Bible account in the description of the natural phenomena, but in the conception of God the Bible surpasses the Babylonian tablets like one of Ramses' statues does that of one of his subjects. It is not taller from the shoulders and upwards but from the ankles and upwards.

II.

The Garden of Eden and the scene of Noah's deluge lay in Babylonia, the home of Abraham, and the sojourn, 1500 years later, of his descendants during their seventy years' captivity. The goodly and well-ordered tents of the tribes of Israel recalled to Balaam the symmetrical canals of his native land, with the lign-aloes planted by the water's side, and it was beneath the shade of these same trees that the captive Israelites rested when, weary of the unending task of clearing silt from the waters of Babylon, they sat down and wept. To-day, the daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, is sitting in the very dust, while her ancient rival is seated like a queen in the garden of the Lord, the land of Egypt. It is to Egypt and the Nile that the years of plenty and of famine of Joseph's time direct our steps.

Joseph was a prisoner in the capital city of Lower Egypt at a time when there was an unending war between the kings of Upper and Lower Egypt. At this particular time the King of Upper Egypt was steadily gaining the mastery and planning the naval attacks on Ha-Uar, the key of Lower Egypt, of which the rock-tombs at El Kab tell us. The key of Lower Egypt was the Ha-Uar dam across

Chittim
(Cyprus)
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
Damascus
Jordan
Sea of Galilee
Jerusalem
Dead
Sea
Zoan
Goshen
Memphis
Lake Moeris
Shur
The Amaleki
The HAVILAH
The Midia
Sinai
Horeb
EGYPT
The Nile
RED SEA
Thebes
Elkab
The Eu
E



(2)

EGYPT TO BABYLON.

Scale $\frac{1}{10{,}000{,}000}$.

0 100 200 300 Miles

the canal connecting the Nile with the Lake of Mœris, and controlling the river. The whole of Egypt at that time was under basin irrigation, and depending for its life on the level of water in the river being maintained at a sufficient height to enter the canals. The genius of Shakespeare has crystallised the system:—

"Thus they do, sir; they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the Pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest."

During the early years of the Occupation of Egypt, when I was engaged at the work of finding a reservoir for the Nile, the possibility of using the Wadi Rayan instead of the Aswan Reservoir drew me and my staff of engineers to the Fayoum. I was surprised to find one day on the slopes of the desert a thick belt of Nile shells. The level was taken and found to be 75 feet above sea-level. Engineers were sent east and west, south and north, to find these shells and their level. They were met with everywhere at 75 feet above sea-level. Here were the limits of the ancient Lake Mœris. (I may here state in parenthesis that twenty years later I searched for such a reservoir on the Euphrates in the deserts of Arabia. One day a thick belt of Euphrates shells lay at my feet in the deserts. Parties of engineers began levelling in every direction, and the shells were found everywhere at a level of 83 feet above sea-level. Here was the great historical reservoir of Babylonia.) Lake Mœris fascinated me, as it has every one who has studied its history, and it gave me the key to the comprehension of Joseph's famines.

The connection between the Nile and the future Lake Mœris was in existence in King Menes' time, but it was King Amenemhat of the XIIth dynasty who widened and deepened the canal, cleared away the rocky barriers, and converted the lake of Menes' time into the inland sea which controlled the highest floods of the Nile. Sir Hanbury Brown, in his 'Fayoum and Lake Mœris,' has collected all the information about the lake, and I now quote from him.

Herodotus, writing about B.C. 450, was the first to describe the lake. "Now the Labyrinth being such as I have described, the lake named that of Mœris causes still greater astonishment, on the bank of which the Labyrinth was built.

"The water in the lake is not derived from local sources, for the earth in that part is exceedingly dry and waterless, but it is brought in from the Nile by a canal. It takes six months filling and six months flowing back. During the six months of the return flow, it yields a talent of silver every

day to the treasury, and during the flow twenty minæ for the fish."

Strabo, writing in B.C. 20, remarks: "It has also a remarkable lake, called the Lake of Mœris, large enough to be called a sea, and resembling the open sea in colour.

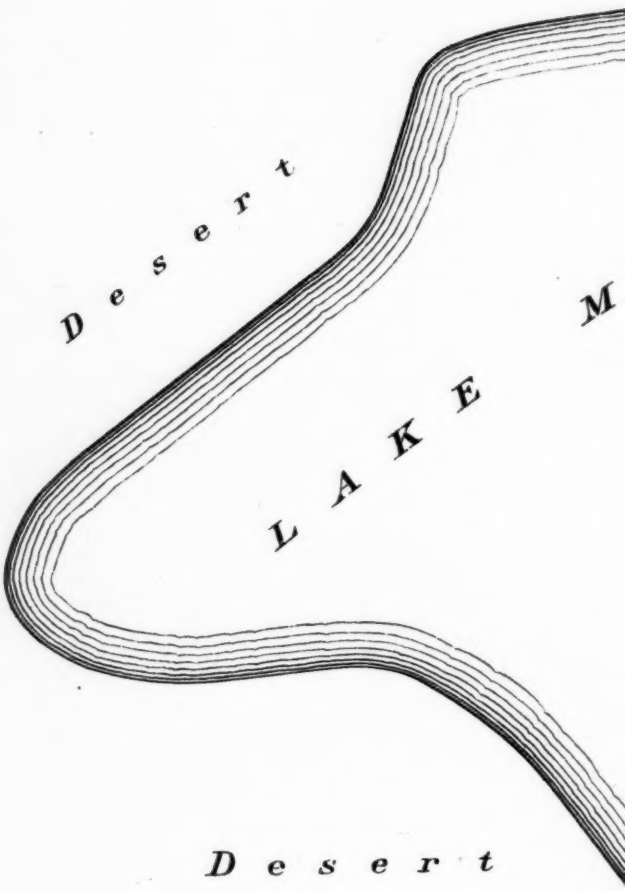
"Thus the Lake of Mœris is from its size and depth capable of receiving the overflow of the Nile at its rising, and preventing the flooding of houses and gardens; when the river falls, the lake again discharges the water by a canal at both mouths, and it is available for irrigation. There are regulators at both ends for controlling the inflow and outflow."

Diodorus Siculus, writing at the same time, says: "King Mœris dug a lake which is amazingly useful and incredibly large. For as the rising of the Nile is irregular, and the fertility of the country depends on its uniformity, he dug the lake for the reception of the superfluous water, and he constructed a canal from the river to the lake 80 furlongs in length and 300 feet in breadth. Through this he admitted or let out the water as required."

Sir Hanbury has well described the action of the lake. It had a surface of 1000 square miles, and being drained back into the Nile and kept at a low level, it was able to take from a flood 12,000 million cubic yards of water. It was capable of reducing a very high flood to moderate dimensions; and if injudiciously or maliciously opened in an ordinary flood, it was capable of depriving Lower Egypt of any flood irrigation at all; and mind in those days they had practically no irrigation except flood irrigation.

I have often said that Mr Cope Whitehouse was right when he insisted that the Ha-Uar of the Hyksos was the modern Hawara, where stands the pyramid of the Labyrinth, and where were the Labyrinth and the two great regulating dams of entry and exit for the Lake of Mœris. The two regulators were two earthen dams parallel to each other, closing the depression which connected the Nile with Lake Mœris. In those days the Nile flowed in two channels opposite the head of the Lake Mœris canal, and enclosed the island Nome of antiquity. This formation was imposed on it by the draw of Lake Mœris in high floods. The Bahr Yusuf of to-day at Lahoun was in those days the main branch of the Nile, and the cutting of the Lahoun dam immediately lowered the level of the Nile.

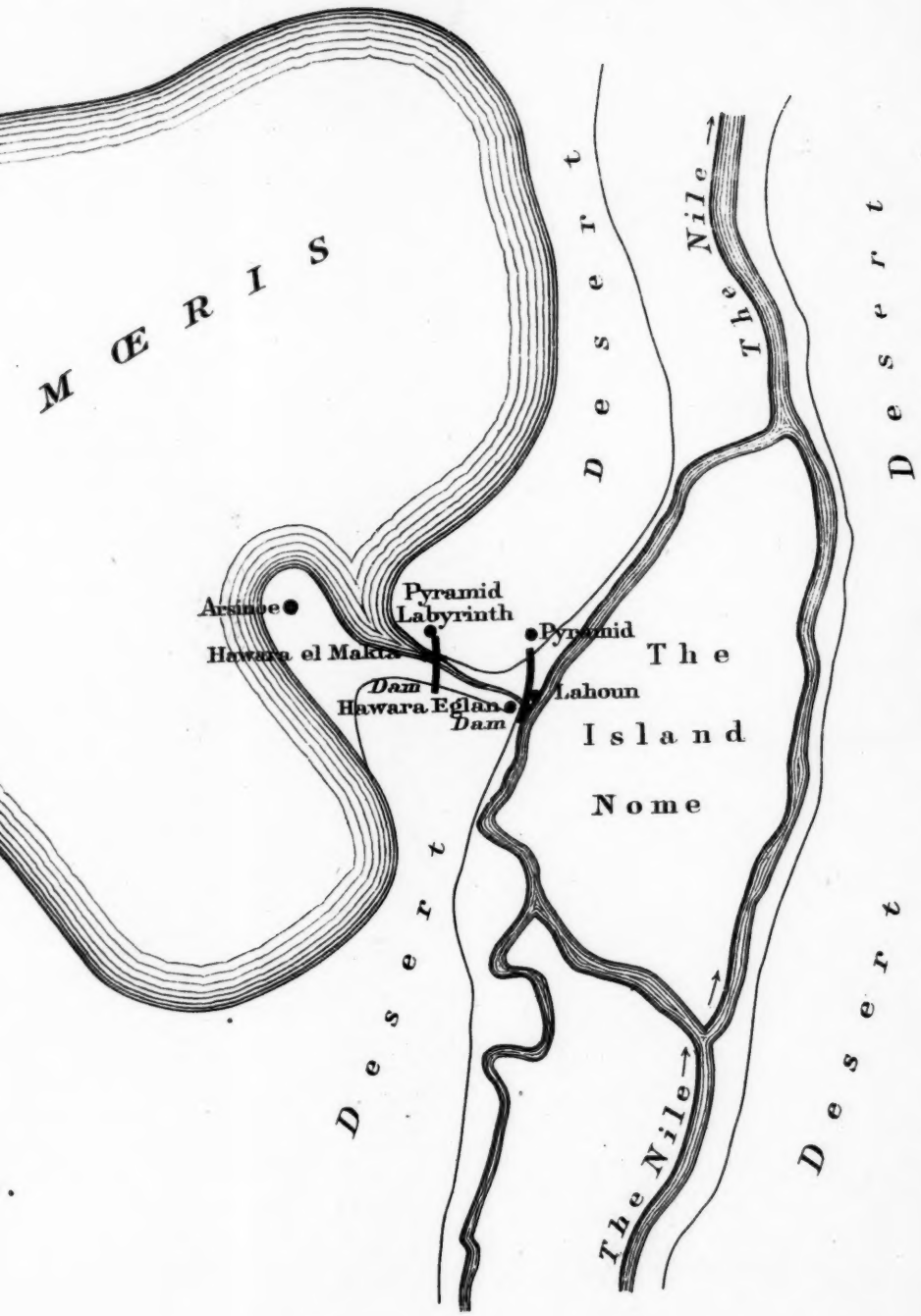
The upper regulator was the existing Lahoun bank, with a pyramid at its northern extremity; on this bank to-day stand the villages of Hawara Eglan, and Lahoun (Lo Hunt, the dam). The other was a broad spill channel, cut out of the living rock to a suitable level for passing ordinary floods, where the Fayoum Bahr Yusuf is to-day, and in continuation of it a massive earthen dam across the head of the El Bats ravine, which was cut in dangerously



(3)

LAKE MŒRIS.

Scale $\frac{1}{500.000}$.


MŒRIS
Desert
The Nile
Desert
Arsinoe
Pyramid
Labyrinth
Pyramid
Hawara el Makta
Dam
Hawara Eglan
Dam
Lahoun
The
Island
Nome
Desert
The Nile
Desert

high floods. On the line of this second dam is the existing village of Hawara El Makta, or "Ha-Uar of the breach"; the Ha-Uar pyramid, or pyramid of Ha-Uar, stands at its northern extremity. Between the pyramid and the great dam was the Labyrinth ("Lape-ro-hunt," "the temple of the dam"), in all probability a maze of outworks and barracks, temples and palaces, so arranged that no one from the mainland could approach the dam. The other end of the great dam was Hawara Makta, or "Ha-Uar of the breach," which was practically a fortified island surrounded by water. The two dams were six miles apart, and to gain possession of the lower great dam a fleet was essential. The cutting of the dam was easy enough, its reconstruction after the passing of the flood entailed an expense of labour which even an Egyptian Pharaoh considered excessive.

This Ha-Uar was the true key of Lower Egypt, especially was this so in the time of the Hyksos, when Upper and Lower Egypt were at war with each other. Archæologists who do not know that the Egyptian question is the irrigation question (as the late Nubar Pasha very wisely remarked), place the key of Lower Egypt near the Serbonian bog to the east of Port Said. It is as though one were to say that in the days of the wars between England and Scotland, Falmouth was the key of England, and Wick that of Scotland. This is no exaggeration. In all irrigated countries the key is the source of supply of water, and not the tail of the outlet. Mehemet Ali Pasha, the first viceroy of Egypt, used to say, "give me regulators at the heads of the canals, and I am master of Egypt." Not only in Egypt, but in Babylonia, the true solution of a question is not easily found without consulting irrigation, the oldest applied science in the world.

I now give translations by Brugsch Pasha of some of the inscriptions at El Kab.

(1.) From the tomb of Aahamas, son of Abana-Baba: "They besieged the town of Ha-Uar. My duty was to be valiant on foot before His Majesty. They fought by water on the Lake Pa-Zektu of Ha-Uar."

(2.) "After that there was a new battle at that place, and I fought again hand to hand."

(3.) "And they fought at the place Takena at the south of the city of Ha-Uar—I plunged into the water. They took Ha-Uar."

Brugsch says that "Ha-Uar" means "the house of the leg," and appears to have been connected with the river by a canal (page 96 of 'Egypt under the Pharaohs').

Hawara, Lake Mœris, and the connecting canal, all answer to the description of Ha-Uar given above. Pa-Zektu was the lake, while the Fayoum of to-day is only "Pa-ium," the lake country.

Another tomb of another Baba at El Kab contains an

inscription which states that during the continuous years of famine which occurred at the time, the occupants did much to relieve the distress of the city. Brugsch remarks: "Since Baba lived and worked under the native King Sequenen-Ra-Taa III., about the same time during which Joseph exercised his office under one of the Hyksos kings, there remains but one fair inference: the many years' famine of Baba are the seven years of famine of Joseph's Pharaoh."

History tells us that Joseph arrived in Egypt late in the time of the Hyksos, who ruled Lower Egypt, while Theban dynasties ruled Upper Egypt. Between the two crowns there was an unending war. At one time the Hyksos held the country as far south as Thebes. The fortune of war went gradually against Lower Egypt, and about the time that Joseph arrived the King of Upper Egypt was nearing Ha-Uar, the regulator of Lake Mœris and the key of Lower Egypt.

The very natural anxiety about the loss of the stronghold, and the dire consequences which would ensue, must have made Pharaoh dream of fat and lean kine, of full ears and ears blasted with the east wind. Joseph — a thoroughly capable and shrewd man, as well as a God-fearing one — while lying in prison for many years, would have learnt from his fellow-prisoners, many of them captives from Upper Egypt, that the aim of the Theban kings was the construction of a fleet and the capture of Ha-Uar. He took in the situation, and, when he stood before Pharaoh, boldly told the king to put away his flattering advisers and to realise the fact that Upper Egypt was preparing a strong fleet, and that when it was ready Ha-Uar might fall. The country had some years of grace, and he advised that it spend the time in storing corn and provisions for the coming years of drought which would follow the loss of the regulating dam. The collection of corn was set on foot on a gigantic scale. Ha-Uar fell into the hands of the Theban kings, and with it the dam. The Nile was opened into Lake Mœris and failed to overflow its banks in Lower Egypt. The predicted famine came. This famine was doubtless felt not only in Lower Egypt, but in that part of Upper Egypt immediately in front of and to the north of the Lake Mœris canal—such as the island Nome and the Nome of Memphis, which fell naturally under the sway of the Theban kings with the fortress of Ha-Uar. Baba was governor of these provinces, and helped to relieve the distress.

When Joseph advised the King of Lower Egypt to store corn against the years of famine, he doubtless encouraged him to construct a navy, make a supreme effort, and retake Ha-Uar. His advice was taken, and the retaking of Ha-Uar and reconstruction of the dam restored Egypt to its normal condition, and the

years of famine came to an end.

Before many decades passed the King of Upper Egypt took Ha-Uar for the second time (as we read in the rock-tombs at El Kab); and the recollection of one terrible and long-continued famine was enough for the inhabitants of Lower Egypt, and they surrendered. The King of Upper Egypt—*i.e.*, the Theban king—became master of the whole country, and there arose the "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph."

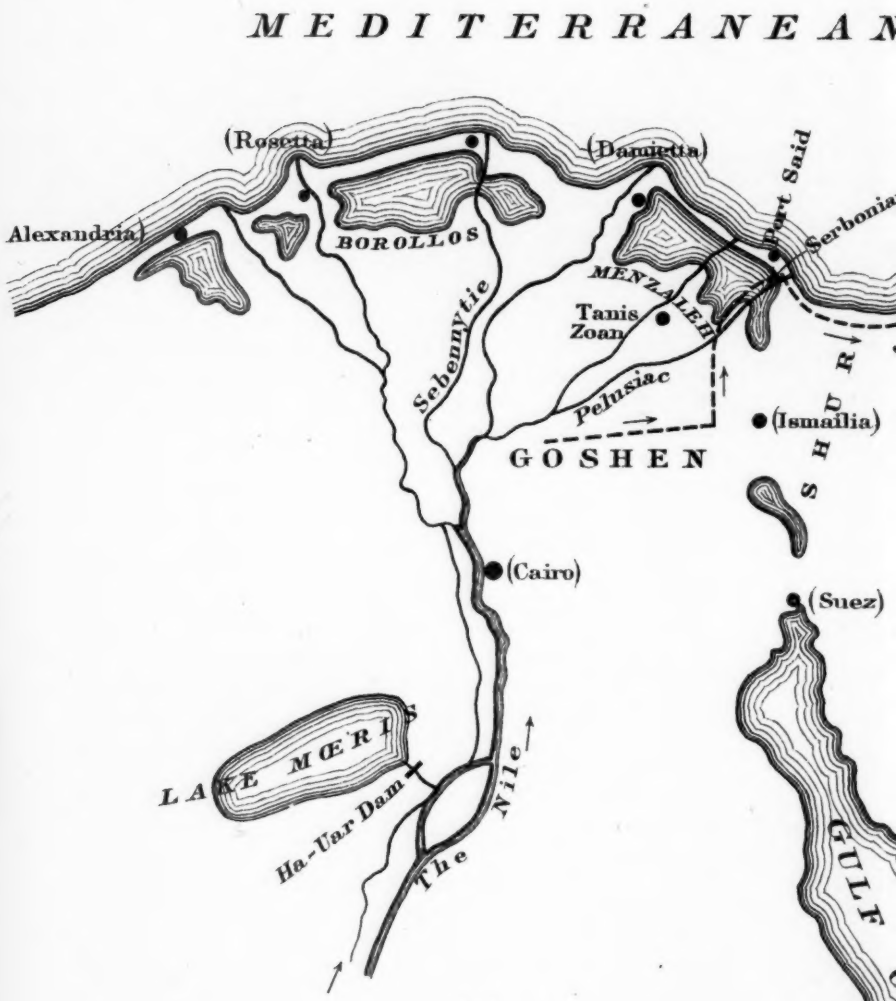
The descendants of the king that knew not Joseph had been for many years on the throne of Egypt when God chose Moses to lead the children of Israel out of the house of bondage. Moses was brought up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, but wrote his works in the Babylonian language, which even the Pharaohs of his time had to employ when corresponding with Asiatics. He might have learnt the use of the Babylonian script when in Horeb, or he might have travelled to Babylon and Ur of the Chaldees and studied in the libraries and temples so familiar to his ancestors. That Israelites from Goshen wandered freely over Western Asia is proved not only from inscriptions but from Chronicles. "And the sons of Ephraim, nine in all, whom the men of Gath, that were born in that land, slew, because they came down to take away their cattle. And Ephraim their father mourned many days" (1 Chronicles vii.) The wife of Moses is called in one place a daughter of Jethro the priest of Midian, and in another a Cushite or Babylonian woman (Exodus ii. and Numbers xii.) Jethro was in all probability a learned Babylonian, whose opinion was greatly valued by Moses. Moses was intimately acquainted with the Institutes of Khummurabi, the legal code of Western Asia of the time and written in the Babylonian script. He undoubtedly wrote the ten commandments on brick tablets after the Babylonian fashion and burnt them. He was therefore able to break them by throwing them on the ground, and then to make others in their place.

Brought up in the worship of Egypt's bleating gods, with their dull and monotonous ritual, the Babylonian religion, with its interesting speculations and noble hymns, entranced him. In the burning bush of the deserts he saw the footsteps of the Almighty, heavenly voices spoke to him out of the storms raging on the summit of Sinai. There were many reasons why the Babylonian religion should be superior to that of Egypt. Everything in Egypt was easy and to hand; the Nile was and is the most stately and majestic of rivers, and, carrying a moderate amount of deposit, creates no serious difficulties for the dwellers on its banks; the Garden of the Lord, the land of Egypt, is very fertile, and the climate is mild in winter and never parches in summer. Egypt therefore produced no world ideas. None of her sons were possessed of a fine frenzy, with

eyes glancing from heaven to earth and earth to heaven. It was far different with Babylonia. The Tigris and Euphrates in flood are raging torrents, and their ungoverned and turbid waters need curbing with no ordinary bridle. Babylonia's soil is very fertile, but the winters are severe indeed and the summers savage and prolonged. The range of temperature is between 20° and 120° in the shade. Brought up in a hard school, they possessed virile intellects. Certainly their conceptions were strangely interesting. The name of the old Sumerian deity "Ye hua," "It is He," Jehovah, appealed to Moses with extraordinary force. He was the God of Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, on the edge of the marshes, where he had his dwelling. To Moses the conceptions of God formed by the earliest Sumerians seemed far more worthy than those of the later Babylonians with Marduk as their deity. Jehovah was no other than the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. To Moses the discovery of this name, known to Abraham, as we can see in Genesis, was a revelation indeed; and in its strength he hurried from Horeb to the Court of Pharaoh. A weak and diffident man had been changed into a real hero.

Israel was chafing and restive under its long bondage. The taskmasters were severe, but not so absolutely unreasonable in their so-called demand for bricks without straw as the records have represented. I have picked out of old ruins in the Delta scores of bricks which contained nothing but straw daubed round with mud. These had undoubtedly been made by captives who were contemplating revolt. The taskmasters had furnished a sufficiency of straw for a certain tale of bricks. The captives had hurriedly wasted the straw and delivered a totally inadequate number of bricks. They were beaten and forced to collect stubble and complete their tasks. Captives who acted in this way had begun to feel that they were not utterly helpless. And this is borne out by statements in Exodus. The Israelites went up out of Egypt harnessed or carrying arms. Moses went out with a high hand, showing that he was nearly a match for Pharaoh. This has an important bearing on the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt. The statement that they borrowed from the Egyptians, and at the same time spoiled them, has always appeared to me as a plundering of the Egyptians, grimly described as a payment for many years' work done so far without any remuneration.

The children of Israel, with a mixed multitude of Asiatics, had lived in the land of Goshen on the extreme east of Egypt, and along the sluggish eastern branches of the Nile, full of reeds and bulrushes. Moses was placed in an ark of bulrushes daubed with pitch. (Some scribe who knew the Euphrates better than the Nile has darkened counsel with words and added bitumen.) It

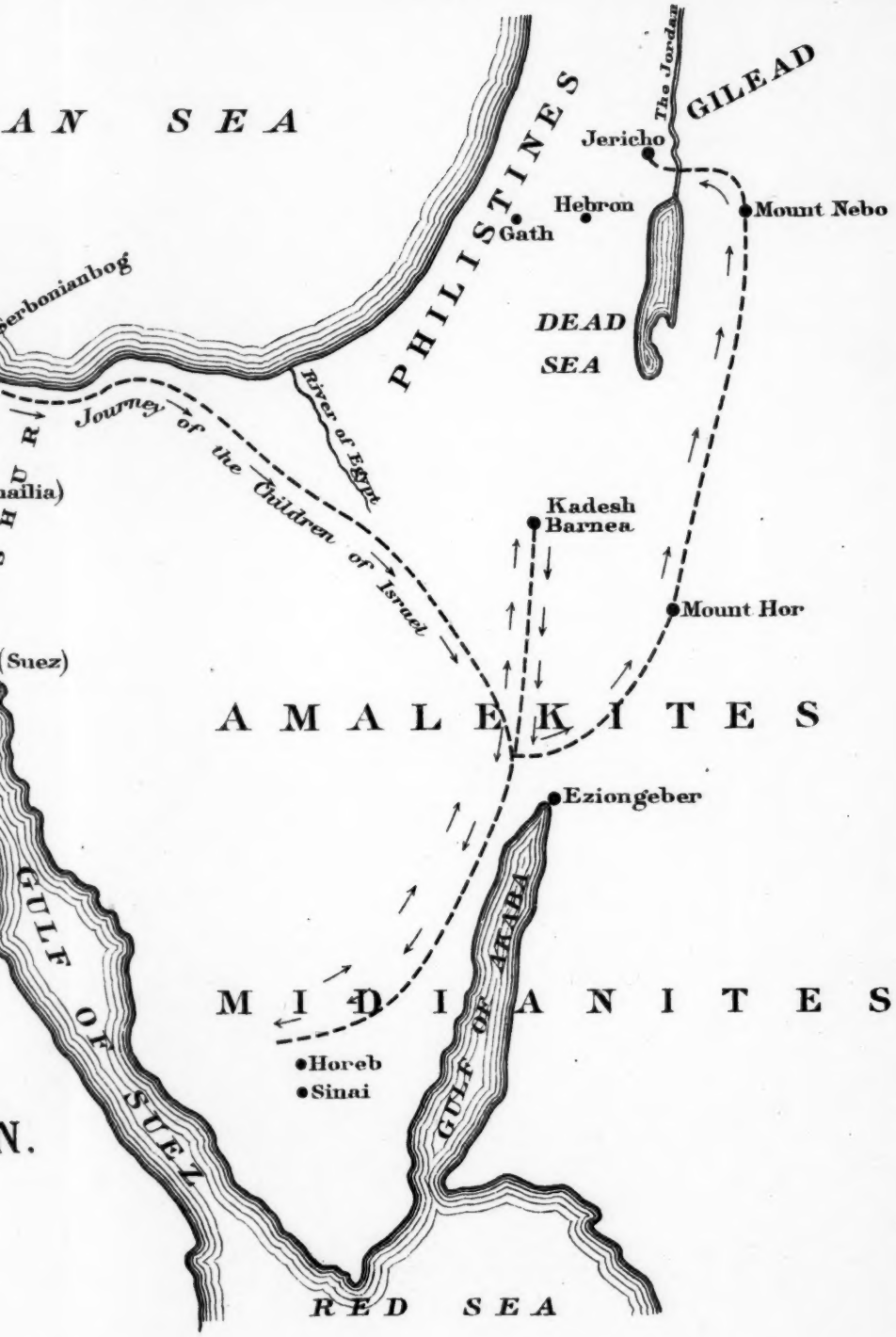


(4)

THE NILE TO THE JORDAN.

Scale $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$.

0 10 20 30 40 50 100 *Miles*


AN SEA
PHILISTINES
The Jordan
GILEAD
Jericho
Hebron
Gath
Mount Nebo
DEAD SEA
Journey of the Children of Israel
River of Egypt
Kadesh Barnea
Mount Hor
(Suez)
AMALEKITES
Eziongeber
GULF OF SUEZ
GULF OF AKABA
MIDIANITES
Horeb
Sinai
RED SEA

was in these tail branches that they witnessed the annual change of the waters of the Nile into blood and the destruction of the fish. When I first went to Egypt in 1883, before masonry regulators had been built on the inferior branches of the Nile, it was the custom to dam these streams with earthen dams some twenty miles above their tails, so that the waters they carried might overflow the country and irrigate the cotton-fields. On such occasions the sudden cutting off of the fresh water left the tail reaches of the canals open to the advance of sea water. The fresh-water fish were killed in myriads, and I have seen the canals almost white with them. Now, in the old days of basin irrigation, these same earthen dams were thrown across the inferior branches of the Nile on the arrival of the red water of the flood, so that the level might rise and the rich muddy water cover the land. The Israelites, who lived at the tails of the canals, saw annually myriads of fish die just at the time that the red water came; and they attributed their death to the red water, and, indeed, in a way they were right. This is one of the keys to the understanding of Moses' passage of what is called the Red Sea.

We now turn to another side of the question. If to-day you point to the Red Sea and ask an Egyptian what that is, he will say "Bahr el Ahmar." If you point to the Mediterranean he will say "Bahr el Abiad," or "the white sea," or the very name he gives to the White Nile. If you point to the Nile he will say "Il Bahr." He does not mean "The Sea," but he has only one word for *Sea* or *River*. He never says "The Nile." He has one word, "Il Bahr," "the Sea" or "the River." Salt and fresh water are the same. They are water, as distinct from land. Now it was the same in antiquity. Dr Pinches says that the Sumerians had no word for river. As a matter of fact they had one word for sea and river, just as they had one word for mountain and desert plain. To the Arab everything is simple. Salt or fresh water is one—it is water; hill or plain is one—it is desert; God is one. In the silence of the night while you sleep with Moslem troops in the desert, through the watches you hear only one word called: "Wâhid," "one," "God is one." It is difficult to understand the attraction this conception of unity and simplicity has for a traveller in the deserts where everything is simple and uniform. In Europe we see nature in her most variegated forms, and our conceptions of God and of His works are complex indeed compared with those of the Arabs. When asked my religion by an Arab I always answer in the simple kind of formula they use themselves. "Allah abûna, Sayedna Eesa akhûna." "God is our Father, Jesus is our Brother." We are immediately on terms of intimacy

and friendship. There is not a human being who does not understand the meaning of Father and Brother, and the duties we owe to them. Earnest missionaries have reproached me for always using the word "Sayedna" whenever I take Mahomed's name, but I use it because it is applied by the Moslems to Moses, Jesus Christ, and Mahomed; and discourteousness is in the East more reprehensible than untruthfulness.

In Nahum iii., Thebes, 600 miles up the Nile, is described as situated among the rivers, with her wall by the sea, and with the sea as a rampart. This is a palpable mistranslation. It should be described as situated among the canals, with her wall by the Nile, and with the Nile as a rampart. In exactly the same way the two words translated "Red Sea" do not mean "Red Sea," but mean "The reedy river," or "the reedy branch of the Nile," or "The Serbonian bog." This is how Diodorus Siculus describes this piece of water: "For between Cœla-Syria and Egypt there is a lake, of very narrow width, but of a wonderful depth, and extending in length about 200 stadia (20 miles), which is called Serbonis: and it exposes the traveller approaching it unawares to unforeseen dangers. For its basin being very narrow, like a riband, and surrounded on all sides by great banks of sand, when south winds blow for some time a quantity of sand is drifted over it. This sand hides the sheet of water and confuses the appearance of the lake with the dry land, so that they are indistinguishable. From which cause many have been swallowed up with their whole armies." I have taken this translation from Sir Hanbury Brown's 'Land of Goshen and the Exodus,' a book full of information which I have freely used, though I differ entirely from him in his conclusions; just as I have freely used Brugsch Pasha's 'Egypt under the Pharaohs,' differing entirely from him as to the location of Ha-Uar. But just as I was in accord with Mr Cope Whitehouse as to the position of Ha-Uar, so now I am entirely in accord with Brugsch Pasha as to the Serbonian bog being the site of the disaster which overtook Pharaoh's army. The description of the bog is exactly that of an old branch of the Nile which had had its water cut off, and the branch of the Nile of those parts was the Pelusiac branch. And mind, there was a steady tradition in antiquity, a tradition which Milton preserves in 'Paradise Lost,' that an Egyptian army had been swallowed up in the Serbonian bog. No such tradition has attached to the Gulf of Suez or any prolongation of the Gulf of Suez.

"Yam Suf" was the Hebrew expression for the water in which Pharaoh's host was drowned. Its literal translation is "Reedy Nile" or "Reedy Sea." In after years, when the children of Israel

had been long in Palestine, and become more familiar with the location of the Mount of Horeb than with that of the water in which Pharaoh's host was destroyed, they located the destruction in the arm of the sea near Horeb; and we read that Solomon built Eziongeber on the "Yam Suf," or the Gulf of Akabah. The Gulf of Akabah became the scene of the disaster, and so we read that "God did not lead Israel the way of the land of the Philistines, but the way of the wilderness of the Yam Suf"; in other words, "the Israelites did not advance straight on Palestine by the Philistine road, but by the Gulf of Akabah. The Gulf of Suez is not mentioned, and I doubt if any of the scribes even knew of its existence. The Red Sea has nothing whatever to do with any of the possible renderings. The water was not red, and it was not a sea.

That the Wells of Moses are located on the Gulf of Suez means absolutely nothing. Midway between Jerusalem and Jericho they show you the inn to which the Samaritan of the parable took the wounded man, while at Jericho itself is the Mosque of Moses and his tomb. When I told my informant that this was absurd, since Moses had been buried on the other side of the Dead Sea, far away on Mount Nebo, and that no man knew his sepulchre, he promptly replied, "Oh yes, that applies to ordinary men, but a Bedouin found his body all right and brought it here and buried it. Don't you leave this place with any false notions about Moses' burial-place."

That the Israelites were encamped on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea after their deliverance is proved by the fact that quails fell into their camp. This has been insisted on by Mr Villiers Stuart, and is absolutely unanswerable. Quails fly across the Mediterranean and drop down nearly exhausted on the southern shore in myriads. That any quails would be idiotic enough to leave the scrub and shelter of the Mediterranean shore and fly over the desert of Sinai to drop down on the shores of the Gulf of Suez in absolutely desert land, is not to be accepted for a second. The journey by the shores of the Gulf of Suez is also out of the question, on account of the waterless and desert character of the country. The Israelites had much cattle with them.

It was an east wind which gave Moses his opportunity to escape from Pharaoh. This is the very wind which would aid a host escaping from Egypt by the left bank of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile or the Serbonian bog. In the Gulf of Suez an east wind would have been useless. A north wind would have helped them. I remember well in the late eighties prolonging the Sebennytic branch of the Nile across the eastern arm of Lake Borollos, the middle lake of the Delta, and, like the eastern lake, a shallow piece of salt water about three feet deep. Know-

ing that strong east winds in April drove the whole of the lake into the western half of the basin, I engaged Mr Fred Murdoch of Mansurah, a determined and unconquerable contractor, to get together strong gangs of labourers, with the necessary stakes, brushwood, rope-netting, bricks, and other materials, and wait for this wind. It blew hard at last, and, working night and day, Mr Murdoch got the stakes, brushwood, and earth sufficiently advanced to enable us to finish our work and get the water across. As the fresh water entered the town of Beltim, the Moslem priest held a special thanksgiving service in the mosque, and called down blessings on the heads of us two Christians, coupling our names to that of H.H. the Khedive. This is the kind of bank Moses threw up. He went along the left bank of the Serbonian bog, with the bog itself as a protection on his right hand, and on his left the waters of Lake Menzaleh and its slimy bed. I remember in 1885 walking across Lake Borollos opposite Beltim while it was dried by an east wind, and sinking so deep into the mud that I could only cross by throwing away all my clothes and rolling round and floundering for hours. The distance was only four miles, but it took me the whole day to get across. During my struggles I often thought of Pharaoh's host in similar ground, and wondered why any one thought of taking the chariot-wheels off. With or without wheels the passage was quite impossible.

Sir Hanbury well remarks: "It is no undue straining of the text, 'the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left,' to conceive that the expanses of water on each side served as walls to prevent attacks on the flanks. Shakespeare in "Richard II." supports this view—

> 'This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall
> Or as a moat defensive to a house.'"

We shall consider one more matter, and then describe the passage of the water and the destruction of Pharaoh.

Sir Hanbury writes thus of the pillar of fire by day and the pillar of cloud by night.

"With reference to this method of directing the march of caravans across deserts, Linant Pasha points out how modern times furnish an illustration of it. The great caravan which every year sets out from Cairo to Mecca has a conductor on a camel leading the way. Day and night, whatever the weather is, he remains, without any covering, naked to the waist. With him march men with large torches, which are kept alight during the night and illuminate the column of smoke above them, so that it appears a pillar of fire. During the day, when the head of the caravan is difficult to see on account of intervening hills and mounds of sand, the torches are kept burning, so that instead of the

light which served during the night a column of smoke indicates to the straggling caravan from afar the direction of the march and the time and place of a halt."

The armed host of the Israelites under the guidance of Moses turned aside from the caravan road and took by force the two watch-towers on either bank of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile at Pi-Hairoth and Baal Zephon (the modern Tel Defenneh to the north of Ismailiyah). They dammed the branch and crossed over to the left bank. The Israelites, fully prepared, secured a passage for themselves and their cattle down the left bank of the branch, very much in the way that we did on the Sebennytic branch farther west. The thirty-six miles along the left bank of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile consisted of fields of barley and pastures with sand-dunes. Every here and there was a gap of water connecting the branch with Lake Menzaleh. It was the making of a causeway across these slimy gaps which enabled the Israelites to continue their journey. A capable man like Moses must have had everything ready to hand under the direction of some agent whose name was not Murdoch, but who could not have been more energetic or more full of resource. By damming the Pelusiac branch in the way they had often witnessed they secured themselves against overflow on that side, while the strong east wind kept them from being troubled by the waters of Lake Menzaleh. A west wind would have overthrown them. Moses meantime put Pharaoh off his guard by removing the pillars of fire and cloud from the head of the caravan to its tail. Pharaoh thought that the Israelites were frightened and hesitating what to do. They were really hurrying on to the shore of the Mediterranean. When all were safely over Moses himself crossed with the rearguard, destroying the highway which he had made, and delaying the following Egyptians. The final cutting of the dam and the return of the west wind completed the work of destruction, and Pharaoh and his riders were cast into the returning waters, or drowned in the deceptive Serbonian bog. Continuing along the left bank of the Pelusiac branch, the Israelites reached the sandy beach of the Mediterranean, and the way was open to the Promised Land. The strong north-west winds of the winter close up with sand, by the beginning of the summer, all the weak branches of the Nile, and the tail of the Sebennytic branch was a sand-bar over which the hosts of Israel passed.

The hand of God which had helped Israel out of the house of bondage helped them to enter the Promised Land. One is often tempted to ask why God should have interested Himself in the Israelites, since they showed themselves so unworthy of any favours. Hamlet's answer to Polonius is the best I have ever been able to give myself: "Use every man

after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?"

Whenever any of the leaders of the movement for settling Jews in Babylonia have asked me my opinion, I have invariably advised them to read the books of Moses and do exactly what Moses did. Let them lead the Jews out of the ghettos, train them in the deserts for forty years, feed them with unpalatable stuff like manna, kill off all the weaklings, breed hardy warriors, and then fall on the Euphrates delta and take it. Joshua advanced on the Jordan at the head of a rough Bedouin host. The river lay before him too deep to ford where the passage could not be resisted. The opportunity came at last—

"What aileth thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob" (Psalm cxiv.)

A severe earthquake dislodged a spongy shoulder of Mount Gilead and completely closed the Jordan valley. The waters of Jordan were cut off for months, and as the lake which formed rose gradually, it eventually cut a passage across the lowest ground. As I stood on the opposite side of the river I recalled to myself the passage in Joshua: "The waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, and those that came down toward the Dead Sea failed, and were cut off." The Israelites, however, could not cross as the backwater from the Dead Sea occupied the bed of the Jordan. To the sound of trumpets the Israelites threw a dam across the river, and found themselves safely in the Promised Land. The first place they took was Jericho, which gave them no difficulty. Its walls had already fallen or tottered under the same earthquake shock as had dammed the Jordan. Six days the town was summoned to surrender, and on the seventh it was taken by assault.

We can see that the waters of the Jordan were cut off by a landslip on the occasion of a very severe earthquake, while the Israelites thought they saw the Jordan fleeing as the feet of their priests touched its waters; but, so far, no son of man has seen sufficiently behind the veil to know why this earthquake occurred at a time so critical in the life of a race whose writers have given us truer insights into divine truths than the wisest of the Greeks, and of whom, according to the flesh, Christ came.

WITH THE IRISH AMBULANCE IN FRANCE, 1870-71.

THE Ambulance, to which I belonged, was fitted out by the Irish people, who bore the whole expense of it throughout the Campaign. It included two perfectly-equipped divisions, each complete in itself. The division of which I was a member consisted of a surgeon-in-chief, three surgeons, twenty dressers, and about thirty infirmiers.

We landed in France early in October 1870. After an enthusiastic reception in Havre, and a week of its rather demoralising hospitality, we received a sudden summons and started in the dark, on a horribly cold, sleety morning (winter came early that year and was bitter to the end), for nobody knew where. We had been a week in France, and had seen neither a Prussian nor a wound, yet by this time Sedan had been fought, the Empire was ended, the Third Republic was proclaimed, and Paris had been invested for nearly a month. For another five days we remained idle at the quiet little village of Conches, near Evreux, where the nearest approach to a soldier was the town-crier, and where the irrepressible Dublin medical students were driven to make adventures for themselves.

At last the long-looked-for orders came. We were hurried off to Evreux, where we arrived about midnight. From Evreux we continued our journey on foot towards Pacy —our first night-march, of fifteen miles. After several hours' walking a sudden call of "Qui va la?" told us we were at the "front." We were quickly directed to the town, with the warning to get what rest we could, as we should soon be wanted. But it was not until twenty-four hours later that we were roused by the news that the French were evacuating the place, and the Prussians expected every minute.

I was billeted in the same house as General Ladmirault, so got an early warning. The crowded streets were full of the desperate inhabitants of Pacy, fleeing as hastily as they could, cumbered by the weight of precious worldly possessions which they could not bring themselves to part with.

After an hour's march our division of the Ambulance came up with the main body of the French, entrenched across some fields. We were posted on the road, about a hundred yards behind the first line of entrenchments. As the sound for the first time of the musketry came rolling up, I confess that for my own part I found no pleasure in it. But we had not long to wait in trying idleness. First came two of our own waggons full of wounded, then French soldiers retreating before bodies of Prussians, firing as they pursued. Our Ambulance turned aside a couple of hundred yards, and whilst we were all at work

after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?"

Whenever any of the leaders of the movement for settling Jews in Babylonia have asked me my opinion, I have invariably advised them to read the books of Moses and do exactly what Moses did. Let them lead the Jews out of the ghettos, train them in the deserts for forty years, feed them with unpalatable stuff like manna, kill off all the weaklings, breed hardy warriors, and then fall on the Euphrates delta and take it. Joshua advanced on the Jordan at the head of a rough Bedouin host. The river lay before him too deep to ford where the passage could not be resisted. The opportunity came at last—

"What aileth thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob" (Psalm cxiv.)

A severe earthquake dislodged a spongy shoulder of Mount Gilead and completely closed the Jordan valley. The waters of Jordan were cut off for months, and as the lake which formed rose gradually, it eventually cut a passage across the lowest ground. As I stood on the opposite side of the river I recalled to myself the passage in Joshua: "The waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, and those that came down toward the Dead Sea failed, and were cut off." The Israelites, however, could not cross as the backwater from the Dead Sea occupied the bed of the Jordan. To the sound of trumpets the Israelites threw a dam across the river, and found themselves safely in the Promised Land. The first place they took was Jericho, which gave them no difficulty. Its walls had already fallen or tottered under the same earthquake shock as had dammed the Jordan. Six days the town was summoned to surrender, and on the seventh it was taken by assault.

We can see that the waters of the Jordan were cut off by a landslip on the occasion of a very severe earthquake, while the Israelites thought they saw the Jordan fleeing as the feet of their priests touched its waters; but, so far, no son of man has seen sufficiently behind the veil to know why this earthquake occurred at a time so critical in the life of a race whose writers have given us truer insights into divine truths than the wisest of the Greeks, and of whom, according to the flesh, Christ came.

WITH THE IRISH AMBULANCE IN FRANCE, 1870-71.

THE Ambulance, to which I belonged, was fitted out by the Irish people, who bore the whole expense of it throughout the Campaign. It included two perfectly-equipped divisions, each complete in itself. The division of which I was a member consisted of a surgeon-in-chief, three surgeons, twenty dressers, and about thirty infirmiers.

We landed in France early in October 1870. After an enthusiastic reception in Havre, and a week of its rather demoralising hospitality, we received a sudden summons and started in the dark, on a horribly cold, sleety morning (winter came early that year and was bitter to the end), for nobody knew where. We had been a week in France, and had seen neither a Prussian nor a wound, yet by this time Sedan had been fought, the Empire was ended, the Third Republic was proclaimed, and Paris had been invested for nearly a month. For another five days we remained idle at the quiet little village of Conches, near Evreux, where the nearest approach to a soldier was the town-crier, and where the irrepressible Dublin medical students were driven to make adventures for themselves.

At last the long-looked-for orders came. We were hurried off to Evreux, where we arrived about midnight. From Evreux we continued our journey on foot towards Pacy —our first night-march, of fifteen miles. After several hours' walking a sudden call of "Qui va la?" told us we were at the "front." We were quickly directed to the town, with the warning to get what rest we could, as we should soon be wanted. But it was not until twenty-four hours later that we were roused by the news that the French were evacuating the place, and the Prussians expected every minute.

I was billeted in the same house as General Ladmirault, so got an early warning. The crowded streets were full of the desperate inhabitants of Pacy, fleeing as hastily as they could, cumbered by the weight of precious worldly possessions which they could not bring themselves to part with.

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with the wounded, of whom more and more were being constantly brought to us by the infirmiers, the shells were crashing around us. We filled our waggons with all speed, and succeeded in getting back to Evreux without loss.

We were back again at Pacy in a couple of days. The Prussians had gone. The unfortunate inhabitants had ventured back to find every possible liftable thing requisitioned by the enemy. We found many wounded there, whom we carried back to Evreux and placed under the care of the good Sisters at the Hospice, for we were told that soon we should get our marching orders to join the wandering Army of the Loire.

Whilst at Evreux we were awakened one night by the news that the Prussians were shelling the town. We scrambled out into the street, which was full of terrified people, all gazing at the blood-red glare of the sky, lit from no one knew whither. After a while we began to pity some other town, for the conflagration was evidently not amongst us; but finally it dawned upon us that what we saw was a most magnificent Aurora Borealis, portent of an awful winter. As far as I remember, that was on the 29th of October, the day that Metz fell by treachery.

After leaving Evreux, we searched up and down the country for the Army of the Loire, and were coming to the conclusion, like many others, that it was a mythical army, when we found ourselves in the very midst of it at Chateaudun.

Just before our coming Chateaudun had gone through an awful baptism of fire; 1300 National Guards and a few Franc-Tireurs had fought for twelve hours against 12,000 Germans under Von Wittich, afterwards to be known as the "Butcher of Chateaudun." What the town had suffered we could guess, for the wanton destruction had been so great that it was hard to find a house with a habitable room in it.

The morning after our arrival we had orders to join the forces under General D'Aurelles de Paladine, and were quickly marching out in the rear of a column of 5000 troops. The rear may be a safe place in a fight, but it is a mighty inconvenient one on the march, when an ill-provisioned army requisitions every eatable thing on its way and leaves the country bare. After a seven-hours' tramp we found ourselves in the forest of Marchnoir, brilliant with dying autumn foliage, and passing through it came immediately in sight of the battlefield. In the foreground was the plain; dotted about it were a few scattered hamlets in smoking ruins; and beyond the plain, five miles away, was another wood. From the screen of that farther wood was constant artillery firing, and round about the nearer hamlets bodies of troops were dodging and doubling.

At the village of Baccon,

immediately in front of the wood, the Germans were posted, and as we arrived the French were converging from other villages, from which they had driven the Germans, on Baccon, where the severest struggle took place. Our particular column joined up to the main body, and eventually they carried the place, the enemy retreating, burning everything on its way.

Meanwhile we had set up our Ambulance in the village of Meuny, already choke-full of wounded. Our infirmiers, with stretchers and waggons, were soon out on the search for more. From Meuny we went on to Baccon, where many ambulances were at work. When we left at three o'clock in the morning all were crowded with wounded, and yet not more than half had been attended to. We drove back to Chateaudun in a blinding snowstorm, stumbling through burnt-out villages, at each of which were wounded to whom we could give little assistance, for our first duty was to those already in our care. We had to listen to and not heed piteous cries for help, for we had nothing more to give. When we got to headquarters at seven o'clock none of us had had anything to eat for twenty-four hours except one piece of moistened bread rubbed with onion.

Chateaudun now became the headquarters of General Chanzy, commanding the left wing of the Army of the Loire, of which much was expected. General D'Aurelles de Paladine, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had at this time a force of 200,000 men, mostly raw Mobiles, among them were many men who had fought well around Orleans and Baccon, who had indeed been within an ace of changing the whole fortunes of the war. It included also a number of Franc-Tireurs, who might be depended upon to fight to the death. There was no quarter for a Franc-Tireur. If captured, his was a short shrift. I was a good deal with them, and they were the bravest, jolliest, and most honourable men I met—and also the best shots, which probably explained the intense animosity which the Germans showed towards them. They were mostly men of birth and breeding, of various nationalities, who had no self-interest in the war, and who claimed no pay.

The success of the French at the battle of Baccon led to the capture of Orleans from the Germans, and De Paladine had his great opportunity, but Von Der Tann, to his own surprise, managed to escape towards Paris. The French general rested when he should have been pursuing, and his chance was lost, never to be regained.

Of course with the Ambulance we knew nothing of the progress of the war as a whole. One marched and countermarched, sometimes with dead and dying all around, sometimes in search of them, but what meant victory and what

defeat was hard to tell. At Chateaudun we knew nothing of the reason for the lull in the operations after the taking of Orleans, and were kept busy enough with the wounded in the little improvised "hospitals." On the morning of the 21st of November, however, we were ordered to make a forced march of thirty miles to Vendôme. We arrived pretty tired at the chateau of Fretvalle a little before midnight. After a ration of bread, sausage, and eau-de-vie had been served out to us, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and were soon fast asleep on the floor. A loud rappel awoke us at 5 A.M. We were not long in getting up, but before we got out of the courtyard a shell knocked off half a dozen chimneys, and soon the chateau was in flames. We could see nothing but smoke and flame in the darkness, we knew nothing of the whereabouts of either friend or foe, and even when daylight came we were little the wiser. There was the constant ear-splitting sound of artillery, but, as far as we could see, the result of all the monstrous noise was only about half a dozen casualties. We spent our day dodging shells, and our night in tramping back to Chateaudun, having marched the sixty miles in two days.

By the 29th of November fighting appeared to be very general, and in Chateaudun there were many white-lipped whisperers of trouble to come. A second assault was feared, and the first was in no danger of being forgotten. All day long the thunder of artillery firing was around us, and there was a constant stream of wounded into our ambulances. In the evening I was ordered to Varisse, a little village about ten miles off, which had been the centre of the fighting. Our party consisted of another dresser and myself (neither of us twenty years of age; but such were the exigences of the time that we had pretty big responsibilities thrust upon us), with two infirmiers, two waggons and their drivers. The snow was about a foot deep on the ground, the night so bitterly cold that we preferred to plod along on our feet rather than sit on the waggons and run the chance of being frost-bitten. Once through the barricades of Chateaudun, which the unwilling soldiers had practically to level to make a passage for our waggons, our way was fairly clear for nine miles or so. Then we knew we were nearing the scene of recent fighting, for we passed groups of dead horses, discarded guns, and scattered accoutrements. We passed by a wood with a loopholed wall, where there must have been a fierce struggle, judging from the number of dead men that fringed it. On entering the silent village, every house seemed to be completely demolished—for the length of the village we saw no habitable building. Half-way up the street our waggons were

forced to stop in front of an impassable barricade. This we climbed and continued our search on foot in the absolute silence of desolation. There was light enough from a pale moonlight and from sudden licks of flame from sullen fires in smouldering ruins. At the end of the street was the village church, and as we entered the churchyard we stopped short. There lay at least 300 men in the last sleep of death, some on their backs, some on their faces with their arms stretched out as if crucified, some like little children in a cot, locked in each other's arms. Some seemed so naturally asleep that we thought they must be alive, but there was not a breath of life in the place, except in a little dog crouched beside a dead man. One of us inadvertently stumbled over the dog and roused him from the numbness and stupefaction of intense cold. He licked the dead soldier's face and howled heart-rendingly, but he would not leave his post, coax him as we might. There were more dead inside the church, but no living soul, and we were glad to leave the place, to turn our faces from that dreadful picture.

We went back by a round-about way to our waggons, searching for wounded as we went. There at the barricade we found an old man, who having heard the creaking sound of our waggons in the snow, had come creeping out, and seeing the Red Cross flying, had ventured to our driver and whispered that there were wounded. He led us up a side street to an outhouse which had escaped the general ruin, and there we found about twenty wounded men. We heard their groans and cries before we entered. It was a miserable place. One tiny piece of candle cast a sickly light on its inmates. Some poor fellows were lying on the floor, some on a table, some were huddled together in a corner. Only one was able to move about, and he was shot through the arm, and not able to do much to help the old man, who was worn out by terror and fatigue. We soon got out some brandy and water, lit a fire, and proceeded to examine their wounds. Those who were mortally wounded we passed over. Precious time and precious material could only be expended on those for whom there was a chance of life.

From this wretched hovel we were led by our old guide to a little schoolroom where there were about thirty more wounded. Here things were not quite so bad; the old curé of the village, helped by a Sister of the "Bon Secours," was doing his best to relieve their sufferings. He was almost wild with delight at the unexpected help, and we got things into something like shipshape.

The worst cases were brought from the outhouse to the schoolroom, while some were carried to our ambulance waggons. At last, after five hours of the hardest work I ever had, we

got all finished and started for headquarters early in the morning. As we drew near to Chateaudun we heard the battle still proceeding, and regiment after regiment passed us on their way to join in the fighting. Getting through the barricades of Chateaudun was a cruel business for our poor wounded, one of whom was dead when we arrived at headquarters, and two had frost-bite. In the afternoon of the same day several of us were ordered to join our surgeon-in-chief at Patay. We had a good deal of difficulty in getting there, which ended by our being taken prisoners; but on being recognised by our chief when taken into Patay we got off all right. We found our men very busy in the large church, which had been made into a hospital. The vestry was the operating theatre, and the aisles the wards. The wounded lay on the flagstones, and thought themselves fortunate, for there were many of their comrades outside, walking about in the snow, with shattered arms and hands, hungry and shelterless. We worked all night, and early next morning sent off our full ambulances to Chateaudun.

The following day a party, consisting of a surgeon, another dresser and myself, with two infirmiers, were ordered to the village of Sougy, where the French were hurriedly throwing up earthworks and piling up barricades, and none too soon. In a very little while the noise of firing came nearer and nearer, and the French were obliged to fall back into Sougy, bringing their wounded with them. We had a large red cross over our "hospital," but were soon shelled out of it, so we packed up our charges into ambulance waggons and sent them off to Orleans. Our orders then were to wait just outside Sougy, to see how events would shape themselves, and while thus waiting I saw, for the only time, a cavalry charge.

About a mile from Sougy, to the right of the town looking towards the enemy, was a little clump of houses backed by a few tall trees. Towards this shelter we saw a French battery dash forward, probably with the intention of shelling Sougy from thence when the Germans should gain possession of the place, which now seemed inevitable. The gunners had got about half-way there when a cloud of German cavalry came down on them at a tremendous pace. The battery tore on, but their guard of a few cavalry stopped short, and turned to receive the onrush of the enemy with a hail of bullets. They succeeded in unhorsing many, but with overwhelming force the Germans simply rode them down and blotted them out, and, it seemed to us, in less time than one can write it, overtook the guns, unhorsed the gunners, and tore back again with their booty to the German lines. We got to the ground quickly, and carried the wounded to the group of houses which they had been

endeavouring to reach. There was only one sword wound amongst them, but plenty of bullet wounds.

We were busy at our work when news came that the French were in retreat towards Orleans, and that our orders were to retire as well. We managed to attend to our wounded, and then set off in the rear of the retreat.

It was an appalling experience, bad to begin with, worse as it went on. The wretched soldiers had been fighting continuously for three days, practically without food. Even we ambulance men had had very little time for food, and when we got it, it was poor and insufficient,—a little black sour bread, some vile horse sausage, and thin wine,—and I do not doubt that the soldiers had fared worse, for as they started to retire fragments of raw horse-flesh were given them, which they gnawed like wild animals as they went along. Many had no boots; through the slushy trodden snow they shuffled, with cut and bleeding or frost-bitten feet. Under just such conditions must some of their grandfathers have died in the retreat from Moscow. Our kindly infirmiers carried all the equipment that they could to help the weary laden soldiers; hundreds of guns and knapsacks were thrown away from sheer inability to bear the burden, though the severest punishment would be the penalty. Then, after a little while, the desire to sleep became unbearable. I know that I owed my life to a fellow-dresser, who shook me and pummelled me unmercifully. Men fell out on all sides, our ambulance waggons were full in the first half-hour, the stronger dragged along the weaker for a while, then the stronger failed and the weak fell and slept and never woke again, and we even envied them.

As we neared Orleans things became even worse. From byways and from across country came crowds of soldiers—artillery, cavalry, infantry, ambulances—all fleeing to the shelter of Orleans. The high-road was one awful mass of struggling humanity at its most desperate point, for now guns were firing in our rear, and terror was added to impotence. The last two miles into Orleans were two long hours of nightmare.

Just outside the town, some of the soldiers were deployed to right and left to defend the barricades against the advancing Prussians. Inside the city the streets were choked with refugees and soldiers in retreat. The whole army passed through that day and crossed the Loire, then the barricades were forsaken by its last defenders and the bridge over the river was blown up.

Our division was lost in the crowd, and, being quite incapable of further effort, we took our wounded to one of the Anglo-American ambulances, which had its headquarters at Orleans, found somehow a bed and a shelter, and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Whatever

happened to Orleans, sleep we must.

The next morning we awoke to find ourselves in a curious position. We had neither wounded nor orders. The French army had evacuated Orleans, the Germans had not yet taken possession of the place. So, after helping another ambulance to send the last train of wounded soldiers off to Tours, we laid in a good meal, provisioned our waggon, and started for our headquarters at Chateaudun. We tried several ways of getting out of Orleans, in order to evade the Germans, and at last managed to get as far as Meuny, where suddenly we were surrounded by Uhlans and rather roughly and ignominiously taken prisoners. In this guise we were brought to our objective, and found that Chateaudun was now in the possession of the Germans again. For some time after this our headquarters were in the German lines, with here and there a short interregnum of the French. This made very little difference to us, for though nominally attached to the French army, we of course treated all the wounded alike.

Although after the retreat from Orleans the French army was split up, a continuous warfare was kept up with varying results. Curiously enough, only five weeks after the first battle of Baccon, at which the French were successful, another battle was fought exactly on the same spot, between the same armies, with an opposite result. I saw them both from the edge of the forest of Marchnois, but at the second battle the golden leaves were gone, the trees were stark and bare.

For a while our work was not much in Chateaudun itself. We were sent from one village to another just according to the area of the fighting.

Battles became monotonous, and one got quite heedless and careless of the flying shells and rattling musketry, but never did the horror grow less of the midnight journeys in search of the wounded. The frost was so keen that it was almost impossible to bury the dead, so night after night we passed the same dead bodies frozen stiff in horribly lifelike attitudes. One knew them in time by heart, — in fact, we found our way about from place to place by the well-known groups of dead men which stared at us day after day with ghastly unseeing eyes. It was not only among the wounded soldiers that one saw suffering and misery,—the wretched villages, pillaged and burnt, still contained the miserable remnants of the folk of the countryside. In one house with neither door nor window we found a dead child on the chill hearthstone, while by it a woman with a living child at her breast sat still as a stone, dumb, witless with grief. She let herself be taken away by infirmiers without a word. In a house near by was another woman with three children. Her crippled hus-

band had been shot three days ago, and lay there unburied; they had not tasted food since then, for the Germans had not left one particle of food in the house, nor was one single thing that was breakable left unbroken.

In the "hospitals" at Chateaudun horror was added to horror. At first one by one soldiers were brought in suffering from smallpox, then they came in by dozens until the place was full of the loathsome disease. Under the conditions prevailing they died like flies in a frost. Where the malady began we did not know, but among an army of unvaccinated and ill-fed men it spread like fire in stubble. The town was full of it during the German occupation, yet the German army escaped the scourge, their soldiers having been revaccinated before leaving for the front.

Everywhere we saw evidence of ill-preparedness in the one army, of perfect organisation in the other. It was a wonderful sight to see a German division enter an evacuated town. Generally they came in, with the bands playing, to the central square or market-place; a short drill would be gone through, and then each company would get its billets and disperse. In a very few minutes the foraging parties would bring in hay, straw, and corn for the horses, and after a meal the soldiers could be seen on the doorsteps at all sorts of work—mending their clothes, cleaning their accoutrements, and repairing their boots. Every man carried the piece of leather for repairs across his chest—a good position, as half an inch of leather would often be sufficient to turn a nearly spent bullet.

Some time just before Christmas, under what circumstances I do not remember, Chateaudun was again in the hands of the French, the Germans being in the vicinity. One morning we saw several Franc-Tireurs dodging about the market-place, and presently a company of Uhlans rode in, but before they had crossed the square a volley from the hidden Franc-Tireurs laid about half of them low. The others bending down to their saddle-bows tried to gallop away, but a volley from another direction met them and then again from a third place came some shots, and only one Uhlan succeeded in making his escape. The good shooting of the Franc-Tireurs had bad consequences for Chateaudun. Before the day was over the German commander sent notice that the town would be shelled at dawn in punishment for the crime of harbouring Franc-Tireurs. Poor Chateaudun, with already no whole house in it, was in despair. At midnight, the Director of our ambulance—a French official—accompanied by the Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart, started for the German camp about nine miles away and beseeched for mercy because of the hundreds of sick and wounded in the town. After long efforts they succeeded in

making terms, the poor inhabitants of Chateaudun were to pay a fine of 50,000 francs, and the Germans were to come and go as they pleased through the town, without molestation in future.

The people of Chateaudun breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded to search for the money. How they got it is still a mystery to me. The Germans came in and out and on the whole behaved pretty well. The townspeople had a most pathetic trust in the power of the Red Cross. The humble infirmiers were always being borrowed to act as a bodyguard to the cafés or shops. For a few days there was quiet, and then an unfortunate and extraordinary incident occurred. At the church of the Madeleine a German soldier attempted to climb the altar, for what purpose I do not know, and as he was doing it he was shot, his arm being broken. There was an immediate commotion, and some German soldiers nearly succeeded in lynching the solitary National Guard who was in church. Of course Chateaudun was again threatened with immediate destruction if another fine of 50,000 francs was not forthcoming. The Germans then, as now, had a business-like capacity for making money out of beleaguered citizens. Our Director was employed to use his influence again, for it was quite impossible to find the money. Our Surgeon-in-Chief called up the National Guard who had witnessed the affair, and was convinced that the German had been shot by accident. He then went to the German commander, offered him 5000 francs on the spot if he would delay the bombardment for twenty-four hours, and asked if the injured man might be cared for in the Chief's own ambulance. The General consented. Before witnesses the bullet was extracted by one of our surgeons, and, as our Chief expected, it was found that it was not a rifle bullet at all, but a bullet from the German's own revolver which must have caught in some projection on the altar, and by it its owner was shot. Thus Chateaudun again escaped by the skin of its teeth. But our Chief's 5000 francs was not returned.

Towards the end of January the monotony of horrors was broken for me by my being sent to Orleans with two Franc-Tireurs who were convalescent and anxious to rejoin the French army, and who were of course liable to be shot if taken by the Germans.

We went on our way circumspectly. They were unarmed, and not in uniform. Lest they should be caught and examined, their papers were sewn in the hem of their trousers. Only once was I asked for my certificate on our way, and at Orleans we had the pleasure of dining at the Hotel du Trois Empereurs with a roomful of German officers. After seeing my friends safely off, I took the opportunity of having a look round Orleans. The cath-

edral at this time was used as a prison by the Germans; the magnificent interior was marked by the smoke of fires; the woodwork was smashed and the altar dismantled. The Orleans people seemed to take the German occupation very philosophically.

The armistice between Germany and France was signed at the end of January, but it was not until a month later that we got our orders to return. Just before leaving Chateaudun we sent a final convoy of wounded to Chartres and Tours, a continuous procession of carts for two days.

We hurried through Le Mans to Paris, from thence we were sent back to Le Mans, from Le Mans we went by train to St Malo. From St Malo we had to go by road to the little seaside village of Cancale. We left Cancale early the following morning in a fishing smack for Granville, with a fair wind, which played us false, and we spent the whole day trying to get the old tub along under two sweeps. There was neither water nor anything to eat on board, so we landed at Granville at night with a fine appetite and thirst. We had still a couple of days of wandering before we got to Havre, where we were as kindly treated, though not so luxuriously, as on our arrival in France. From Havre we sailed for home gladly, carrying with us recollections of sights never to be forgotten, and, one hopes, never to be repeated.

COLIN CAMPBELL, M.R.C.S.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

VII. THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

AMONG the higher English castes it is not good form to appear deeply interested in anything, or to hold any serious views about anything, or to possess any special knowledge about anything. In fact, the more you know the less you say, and the more passionately you are interested in a matter, the less you "enthuse" about it. That is the Public School Attitude in a nutshell. It is a pose which entirely misleads foreigners, and causes them to regard the English as an incredibly stupid or indifferent nation.

An American gentleman, we will say, with all an American's insatiable desire to "see the wheels go round" and get to the root of the matter, finds himself sitting beside a pleasant English stranger at a public dinner. They will converse, possibly about sport, or politics, or wireless telegraphy. The pleasant Englishman may be one of the best game shots in the country, or a Privy Councillor, or a scientist of European reputation, but the chances are that the American will never discover from the conversation that he is anything more than a rather superficial or diffident amateur. Again, supposing the identity of the stranger is known: the American, being an American, will endeavour to draw him out. But the expert will decline to enter deeply into his own subject, for that would be talking "shop"; and under no circumstances will he consent to discuss his own achievements therein, for that would be "side."

An Englishman dislikes brains almost as much as he worships force of character. If you call him "clever" he will regard you with resentment and suspicion. To his mind cleverness is associated with moral suppleness and sharp practice. In politics he may describe the leader of the other side as "clever"; but not his own leader. He is "able." But the things that he fears most are "shop" and "side." He is so frightened of being thought to take a pleasure in his work—he likes it to be understood that he only does it because he has to—and so terrified of being considered egotistical, that he prefers upon the whole to be regarded as lazy or dunderheaded. In most cases the brains are there, and the cleverness is there, and above all the passion for and pride in his work are there; but he prefers to keep these things to himself and present a careless or flippant front to the world.

From what does this national self-consciousness spring? It has its roots, as already indicated, in the English public school system.

Consider. The public school boy, like all primitive types, invents his own gods and worships them without assistance. Now the primitive mind recognises two kinds of god—lovable gods and gods which must be squared. Class A are worshipped from sheer admiration and reverence, because they are good and "able" gods, capable of god-like achievements. To Class B, however, homage is rendered as a pure measure of precaution, lest, being enormously powerful and remarkably uncertain in temper, they should turn and rend their votaries. Indeed, in their anxiety to avoid the unfavourable notice of these deities, the worshippers do not hesitate to sacrifice one another. So it is with the schoolboy. Class A consists of the gods he admires, Class B of the gods he is afraid of.

First, Class A.

What a boy admires most of all is ability—ability to do things, naturally and spontaneously. He worships bodily strength, bodily grace, swiftness of foot, straightness of eye, dashing courage, and ability to handle a bat or gun, or control the movements of a ball, with dexterity and —ease. Great emphasis must be placed on the ease. Owing to a curious kink in the schoolboy mind, these qualities depreciate at least fifty per cent if they are not *natural* qualities—that is, if they have been acquired by laborious practice or infinite pains. The waterfunk who ultimately schools himself into a brilliant high-diver, or the overgrown crock who trains himself, by taking thought, into an effective athlete, is a person of no standing. At school sports you often hear such a conversation as this—

"Good time for the mile, wasn't it?"

"Yes; but look at the way he has been sweating up for it. He's been in training for weeks. Did you see old Jinks in the high jump, though? He cleared five foot four, and never turned out to practice once. That's pretty hot stuff if you like!"

Or—

"Pretty useful, old Dobbin taking six wickets!"

"Oh, that rotter! Last year he could hardly get the ball within a yard of the crease. I hear he has been spending hours and hours in the holidays bowling by himself at a single stump. He's no earthly good, really."

It is the way of the world. The tortoise is a dreadfully unpopular winner. To an Englishman, a real hero is a man who wins a championship in the morning despite the fact that he was dead drunk the night before.

This contempt for the plodder extends also to the scholastic sphere. A boy has no great love or admiration for learning in itself, but he appreciates brilliance in scholarship — as opposed to hard work. If you come out top of your form, or

gain an entrance scholarship at the University, your friends will applaud you vigorously, but only if they are perfectly certain that your success is in no sense the outcome of honest toil. If you are suspected of midnight oil or systematic labour, the virtue is gone out of your performance. You are merely a "swot." The general attitude appears to be that unless you can take — or appear to take — an obstacle in your stride, that obstacle is not worth surmounting. This leads to a good deal of hypocrisy and make-believe. For instance—

"Pretty good, Sparkleigh getting a Schol, wasn't it?" remark the rank and file to one another. "He never did a stroke of work for it, and when he went up for his exam he went on the bust the night before. Jolly good score off the Head: he said he wouldn't get one! . . . Grubbe? Oh yes, he got one all right. I should just think so! The old sap! We'd have rooted him if he hadn't!"

But let us be quite frank about Sparkleigh. He has won his Scholarship, and has done it—in the eyes of the School—with one hand tied behind him. But Scholarships are not won in this way, and no one is better aware of the fact than Sparkleigh. His task, to tell the truth, has been far more difficult than that of the unheroic Grubbe. Grubbe was content to accept the stigma of "swot," because it carried with it permission to work as hard and as openly—one had almost said as flagrantly — as he pleased. But Sparkleigh, who had to maintain the attitude of a man of the world and a scholastic Gallio and yet work just as hard as Grubbe, was sorely put to it at times. He must work, and work desperately hard, yet never be seen working. None of the friends who slapped him on the back when the news of his success arrived knew of the desperate resorts to which the boy had had recourse in order to obtain the time and privacy necessary for his purpose. On Sunday afternoons he would disappear upon a country walk, ostentatiously exhibiting a cigarette-case and giving to his friends to understand that his walk was of a statutory three-mile nature. In reality he sat behind a hedge in an east wind and translated Demosthenes.

And there was his demeanour in school. On Thursdays, for instance, the Sixth came in from four till six and composed Latin Verses. On these occasions the Head seldom appeared, the task of presiding over the drowsy assembly falling to a scholarly but timid young man who was mortally afraid of the magnates who sat at the top bench. Sparkleigh would take down the appointed passage as it was dictated and read it through carelessly. In reality he was committing it to memory. Then—

"Wake me at a quarter to six," he would say to his neighbour, yawning. And laying his head upon his arms he would rest motionless until aroused at the appointed moment.

But he was not asleep. For

an hour and three-quarters that busy, fertile brain would be pulling and twisting the English verse into Latin shape, converting it into polished Elegiacs or rolling hexameters. Then, sleepily raising his head, and casting a last contemptuous glance over the English copy, Sparkleigh would take up his pen, and in the remaining quarter of an hour scribble out a full and complete set of Latin Verses—to the respectful admiration of his neighbour Grubbe, who, covered with ink and surrounded by waste paper, was laboriously grappling with the last couplet.

There are many Sparkleighs in school life—and in the larger world as well. They are not really deceitful or pretentious, but they are members of a society in which revealed ambition is not good form. That is all.

There is one curious relaxation of the schoolboy's vendetta against ostentatious industry. You may work if you are a member of the Army Class. The idea appears to be that to cultivate learning for its own sake is the act of a pedant and a prig, but if you have some loyal, patriotic, and gentlemanly object in view, such as the obtaining of the King's Commission, a little vulgar application of your nose to the grindstone may be excused and indeed justified. But you must be careful to explain that you are never never going to do any work again after this.

As already noted, these characteristics puzzle the foreigner. The Scotsman, for instance, though even more reserved than the Englishman, is not nearly so self-conscious; and to him "ma career"—to quote John Shand—is the most important business in life. Success is far too momentous a thing to be jeopardised by false modesty; so why waste time and spoil one's chances by pretending that it is a mere accident in life—the gift of chance or circumstance? The American, too, cannot understand the pose. His motto is "thorough." American oarsmen get their crew together a year before the race, and train continuously — even in winter they row in a stationary tub under cover—until by diligent practice they evolve a perfect combination. Englishmen would never dream of taking such pains. They have a vague feeling that such action is "unsportsmanlike." In their eyes it is rather improper to appear so anxious to win. Once more we find ourselves up against the shame of revealed ambition. The public school spirit again!

So much for the gods a boy admires. Now for the gods he is afraid of.

The greatest of these is Convention. The first, and perhaps the only, thing that a boy learns at a public school is to keep in his appointed place. If he strays out by so much as a single pace, he is "putting on side," and is promptly sacrificed. Presumption is the deadliest sin in school life, and is usually punished with a ferocity out of all proportion to the offence. In moderation, Convention is a very salutary

deity. None of us are of much use in this world until we have found our level and acquired the virtues of modesty and self-suppression. It is extremely good for a cheeky new boy, late cock of a small preparatory school and idol of a doting family, to have to learn by painful experience that it is not for him to raise his voice in the course of general conversation, or address himself to any but his own immediate order until he has been a member of the school for a year at least. These are what may be termed self-evident conventions, and it does no one any particular harm to learn to obey them. But the great god Convention, like most absolute monarchs, has grown distinctly cranky and eccentric in some of his whims. A sensible new boy knows better than to speak familiarly to a superior, or take a seat too near the fire, or answer back when unceremoniously treated. But there are certain laws of Convention which cannot be anticipated by the most intelligent and well-meaning beginner. For instance, it may be—and invariably is—"side" to wear your cap straight (or crooked), or your jacket buttoned (or unbuttoned), or your hair brushed (or not), or to walk upon this side of the street (or that). But which? It is impossible to solve these problems by any process save that of dismal experience. And, as in a maturer branch of criminology, ignorance of the Law is held to be no excuse for infraction of the Law. I once knew a small boy who, trotting back to his House from football and being pressed for time, tied his new white sweater round his neck by the sleeves instead of donning it in the ordinary fashion. That evening, to his great surprise and extreme discomfort, he was taken out and slippered by a self-appointed vigilance committee. To wear one's sweater tied round one's neck, it seemed, was the privilege of the First Fifteen alone. Who shall tell how oft he offendeth?

And even when the first years are past and a position of comparative prominence attained, the danger of Presumption is not outdistanced. A boy obtains his House colours, we will say. His friends congratulate him warmly, and then sit down to wait for symptoms of "side." The newly-born celebrity must walk warily. Too often he trips. Our first success in life is very, very sweet, and it is hard to swallow our exultation and preserve a modest or unconscious demeanour when our heart is singing. But the lesson must be learned, and ultimately is learned; but too often only after a cruel and utterly disproportionate banishment to the wilderness. Can we wonder that the Englishman who has achieved greatness in the world—the statesman, the soldier, the athlete—always exhibits an artificial indifference of manner when his deeds are mentioned in his presence? In nine cases out of ten this is not due to proverbial heroic modesty: it is caused by painful and last-

ing memories of the results which followed his first essays in self-esteem.

The other god which schoolboys dread is Public Opinion. They have little fear of their masters, and none whatever of their parents; but they are mortally afraid of one another. Moral courage is the rarest thing in schoolboy life. Physical courage, on the other hand, is a *sine qua non:* so much so that if a boy does not possess it he must pretend that he does. But if he exhibits moral courage the great majority of his fellows will fail to recognise it, and will certainly not appreciate it. They do not know its meaning. Their fathers have extolled it to them, and they have heard it warmly commended in sermons in chapel; but they seldom know it when they meet it. If an obscure and unathletic prefect reports a muscular and prominent member of the House to the Headmaster for some gross and demoralising offence, they will not regard the prefect as a hero. Probably they will consider him a prig, and certainly a sneak. The fact that he has sacrificed all that makes schoolboy life worth living in the exercise of his simple duty will not occur to the rank and file at all. Admiration for that sort of thing they regard as an idiosyncrasy of pastors and masters.

It is not until he becomes a prefect himself that the average boy discovers the meaning of the word character, and whether he possesses any of his own. If he does, he begins straightway to make up for lost time. He sets yet another god upon his Olympus, and keeps him at the very summit thereof from that day forth for the rest of his life. As already noted, the Englishman is suspicious of brains, despises intellectuality, and thoroughly mistrusts any superficial appearance of cleverness; but he worships character, character, character all the time. And that is the main—the only—difference between the English man and the English boy. The man appreciates moral courage, because it is a sign of character. It is the only respect in which the English Peter Pan grows up.

Finally, we note a new factor in the composition of the Public School Type — the military factor. Ten years ago school Cadet Corps were few in number, lacking in efficiency, and thoroughly lax in discipline. Routine consisted of some very inert company drills and some very intermittent class-firing, varied by an occasional and very disorderly field-day. Real keenness was confined to those boys who had a chance of going to Bisley as members of the shooting eight. The officers were middle-aged and short-winded. It was not quite "the thing" to belong to the Corps—presumably because *anybody* could belong to it—and in any case it was not decorous to be enthusiastic about it.

But the Officers' Training Corps has changed all that. At last the hand of peace-loving and somnolent Headmasters has been forced by the

action of a higher power. Now the smallest public school has its Corps, subsidised by the State and supervised by the War Office. Three years ago, in Windsor Great Park, King George reviewed a perfectly equipped and splendidly organised body of seventeen thousand schoolboys and undergraduates; and these were a mere fraction of the whole. The O.T.C. is undeniably efficient. Its officers hold His Majesty's commission, and have to qualify for their posts by a course of attachment to a regular body. Frequently the C.O. is an old soldier. Discipline and obedience of a kind hitherto unknown in schools have come into existence. That is to say, B has learned to obey an order from A with promptitude and despatch, not because A is in the Fifteen while B is not, but because A is a sergeant and B is a private; or to put the matter more simply still, because it is an Order. Conversely, A gives his orders clearly and confidently because he knows that he has the whole weight of military law behind him, and need not pause to worry about athletic status or caste distinctions.

It may be objected that we are merely substituting a military caste for an athletic caste; but no one who knows anything about boys will support such a view. The new caste will help to modify the despotism of the old: that is all. And undoubtedly the system breeds *initiative*, which is not the strong point of the average schoolboy. In the Army every one looks automatically for instruction to the soldier of highest rank present, whether he be a brigadier in charge of a field-day or the oldest soldier of three privates engaged in guarding a gap in a hedge. It is these low-grade delegations of authority which force initiative and responsibility upon boys who otherwise would shrink from putting themselves forward, not through lack of ability or character, but through fear of Presumption. And here we encounter another thoroughly British characteristic. A Briton has a great capacity for minding his own business. He dislikes undertaking a responsibility which is not his by right. But persuade him that a task is indubitably and *officially* his, and he will devote his life to it, however unthankful or exacting it may be. In the same way many a schoolboy never takes his rightful place in his House or School simply because he does not happen to possess any of the restricted and accidental qualifications which school law demands of its leaders. Now, aided by the initiative and independence which elementary military training bestows, he is encouraged to come forward and take a share in the life of the school from which his own respect for schoolboy standards of merit has previously debarred him. All he wants is a little confidence in himself and a little training in responsibility. The Officers' Training Corps is doing the same work among the public school boys to-day that the Boy

Scout movement is doing so magnificently for his brethren in other walks of life.

Incidentally, Lord Kitchener is thanking Providence for the existence of the O.T.C. to-day.

II.

But we need not dip into the future: we are concerned here only with the past and its effect upon the present.

What manner of man is he that the English public school system has contributed to the service of the State and the Empire? (With the English public schools we ought fairly to include Scottish public schools conducted on English lines.) How far are the characteristics of the Boy discernible in the Man? The answer is: — Through and through.

In the first place, the Man is usually a Conservative. So are all schoolboys. (Who shall forget the turmoil which arose when a new and iconoclastic House-master decreed that the comfortable double collar which had hitherto been the exclusive property of the aristocracy might—nay, must—be worn by all the House irrespective of rank?)

Secondly, he is very averse to putting himself forward until he has achieved a certain *locus standi*. A newly elected Member of Parliament, if he happens to be an old public school boy, rarely if ever addresses the House during his first session. He leaves that to Radical thrusters and Scotsmen on the make. He does this because he remembers the day upon which he was rash enough to rise to his feet and offer a few halting but sensible observations on the occasion of his first attendance at a meeting of the Middle School Debating Society. ("Who are you," inquired his friends afterwards, "to get up and jaw? Have you got your House colours?")

Thirdly, he declines upon all occasions, be he scholar, or soldier, or lawyer, to discuss matters of interest relating to his profession; for this is "shop." He remembers the historic "ragging" of two harmless but eccentric members of the Fifth at school, who, dwelling in different Houses, were discovered to be in the habit of posting one of Cicero's letters to one another every evening for purposes of clandestine and unsociable perusal at breakfast next morning.

If he rises to a position of eminence in life or performs great deeds for the State, he laughs his achievements to scorn, and attributes them to "a rotten fluke," remembering that that was what one of the greatest heroes of his youth, one Slogsby, used to do when he had made a hundred in a school match.

If he is created a Judge or a Magistrate or a District Commissioner he is especially severe upon sneaks and bullies, for he knows what sneaking

and bullying can be. For the open lawbreaker he has a much kindlier feeling, for he was once one himself. He is intensely loyal to any institution with which he happens to be connected, such as the British Empire or the M.C.C., because loyalty to School and House is one of the fundamental virtues of the public school boy.

Lastly, compulsory games at school have bred in him an almost passionate desire to keep himself physically fit at all times in after life.

He has grave faults. Loving tradition, he dislikes change, and often stands mulishly in the way of necessary progress. Mistrusting precocity, he often snubs genuine and valuable enthusiasm. His anxiety to mind only his own business sometimes leads him into deciding that some urgent matter does not concern him when in point of fact it does. As a schoolboy he was the avowed enemy of all "cads," and his views on what constituted a cad were rather too comprehensive. Riper years do not always correct this fault, and he is considered — too often, rightly — cliquey and stuck-up. Disliking a bounder, he sometimes fails to appreciate a man of real ability. Similarly his loyalty to his friends sometimes leads him to believe that there can be no real ability or integrity of character outside his own circle; with the result that in filling up offices he is sometimes guilty of nepotism. The fact that the offence is world-old and world-wide does not excuse it in a public school man.

Finally, all public school boys are intensely reserved about their private ambitions and private feelings. So is the public school man. Consequently soulful and communicative persons who do not understand him regard him as stodgy and unsociable.

But he serves his purpose. Like most things British, he is essentially a compromise. He is a type, not an individual; and when the daily, hourly business of a nation is to govern hundreds of other nations, perhaps it is as well to do so through the medium of men who, by merging their own individuality in a common stock, have evolved a standard of character and manners which, while never meteoric, seldom brilliant, too often hopelessly dull, is always conscientious, generally efficient, and never, never tyrannical or corrupt. If this be mediocrity, who would soar?

To-day the enemy is at our gate, and thousands of public school boys are there to meet him. Such as are unable to obtain commissions — and the supply of qualified aspirants greatly exceeds even the present enormous demand — are flocking cheerfully and automatically into the rank and file. Let the detractors of our public school system consider these things, and hang their heads.

THE END.

AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

BY DOWHILL.

OF David Campbell, younger of Inchlaggan, it might with truth be said that his sword was his fortune, for wishing to save the allowance that was his by right of birth to meet temporary difficulties on the estate, he elected to serve in His Majesty's Indian Army, where the pay and allowances would button round his monthly requirements. He was not the first of his House to serve in India. An uncle had worn the drab uniform of the gallant Piffers under the old John Company, and in the stirring days of 1857 had served it full well and liberally, laying down his all ere the game was in full play. Like many another whose names are recorded on Britain's roll of honour, he gave of his life freely and without stint. He fell upon the world-famed ridge—that puny, rock-strewn excrescence—where during the flaming months of a prickly Indian summer a little band of bulldogs—Sikhs and Britishers, Pathans and Goorkhas—held a host at bay until able with John Lawrence's assistance to seize it by the throat, they, in a bloody but successful offensive, squeezed out its treacherous breath. So it was but natural when David Campbell transferred from the gallant Gordons to the Indian Staff Corps, as his Majesty's Indian Army was then called, that he should be appointed to the same battalion. Was not the name of Campbell enshrined within its heart, just as from the whitewashed walls of its mess dining-room the sword of his gallant uncle told to each and all, better than tongue could say, of a grand and glorious death, and an honourable example to be followed? Bitter wrench indeed it was to sever connection with his regiment, with men of his own land and his own clan, whom in the brief passing of three years he had learned to love with an affection of which those ignorant of the fighting services have no knowledge. But the claims of far-away Inchlaggan came ever first, and, having taken the plunge, he found the water none too cold, for the family of the brave is wider flung than dreamed of by those who spend a lifetime in one unit. And herein lies, for those who know, an unwritten charm of the profession, for all soldiers whose hearts are rightly placed belong to one great "jât," whether in command of blacks in the stomach of waterless African deserts, serving with polyglot units in dust-laden India, or commanding the King's guard at Buckingham Palace.

A few years to pass the various tests—linguistic and other—to prove his fitness for

retention in the Indian Army, and then the Adjutancy of the battalion came his way. But that coveted appointment was not to be his for long. Enteric claimed him as a plaything, and after tossing him for weeks from life to death and back again, drove him to his Highland home on sick leave. But idling is inimical to the active brain, and the world called so that once the necessary medical examination could be passed he was away to the heart of Russia to learn the language in a Russian family, and complete convalescence in the most magnificent of climates. The reason of his going to Russia was the brilliantly economical idea of slaying two birds with the proverbial single pellet. Long had fear of Russia's might given sleepless nights to the Government of India, which has ever rejected the Downing Street theory that the incoming tide can be arrested by a line pencilled across a map, and it was unwilling to keep more than the tribal loaded pistol beneath its pillow. The Russian Question was now becoming one of the perennial scares, consequent on exaggerated reports concerning the annual movement of conscript recruits into Turkestan from Europe. From the flood of writing on the subject that leaked into every niche of every Government Office, the fact stood clear that the bogey was clothed by the official mind with flesh and blood. Consequently, the smaller fry who were ambitious to be early in the field anticipated that knowledge of the Russian language would be no disadvantage, but sure guarantee of future promotion. Hence David Campbell's determination to study it while the opportunity of enforced absence from India made this possible.

To Moscow, the national capital of that mighty Empire, the city of golden domes set in the bluest of blue backgrounds, he travelled, and, taking up his residence in a family where English was unknown, struggled and wrestled with the language. And it was while engaged in this seemingly hopeless effort that Ivan Carlovitch came upon the scene.

Ivan Carlovitch Akhimov, to give him his full name, was a pure Russian, although born and reared in the Polish town of Lodz. His father, a native of Smolensk, on completing his time with the regular army, had taken employment in an electrician's at Lodz, where his regiment had been stationed. Hence the reason why Ivan and his brothers first saw the light in Jew-infested Poland instead of "svataya" (holy) Russia. As a lad Ivan worked in the shop where his father was employed, and being of sharp intellect, as are the city-bred of all countries, possessed by the time he had attained military age a useful knowledge of mechanics and a thorough acquaintance with the Polish language. But at twenty-one came the summons to appear in the autumn before the

"prisutstvie" (recruiting committee) of the town, and to take his chance with fickle fortune at the ballot-box as to the manner in which he would fulfil his military obligations—whether with the active army or whether with the opolchenie. Luck failing him in the drawings, and there being no claim to exemption, it befell that January of the following year saw him don the uniform of the gallant "red boots" at Moscow, and duly entered upon its rolls as a recruit. Magnificent regiment indeed this is, and second to none in Russia's vast array, for is it not specially privileged to wear red tops to its long boots in memory of its gallantry at Poltava, when, according to history, it waded knee-deep in blood to victory? But history appeals little to the matter-of-fact recruit whose brain of mud receives daily fresh impressions. During the next three years Ivan's was the special business of learning to defend his country, to drill and to shoot, and, last but not the least important, to suffer in silence and obey. Less easy for the town-bred lad than those of duller understanding who, born and grown to manhood in remote districts of the heart of Russia, were illiterate. But his zeal and sharpness brought reward at the end of his first year in promotion to non-commissioned rank—not the welcome metallic-sounding reward that pleases the ear and whets the stomach of the mercenary, but escape from hated sentry-go.

Nevertheless the monotonous daily routine and mechanical obedience without question were irksome to the thinking lad, and, refusing at the expiration of his obligatory four years with the colours to re-engage for further service, he gladly took his discharge into the reserve. But work, that had come to him so easily before, now that he was once more in need of it, was difficult to find. Times were slack and trade was bad. Thus, after receiving the cold shoulder from more than one electrician's, where he had sought employment, he invested his small savings in a pony and "izvozchik," and started to ply for hire in the streets of Moscow. It was in this capacity that he made acquaintance with David Campbell.

It was the second day of the trotting races outside Moscow, where the best Russian trotters from the Orlov stables were competing against imported American winners, and all the city was present to support its own. Ivan and his little vehicle were lined up with many others outside the principal gate on the look-out for fares. David Campbell was by himself, and as he passed down the line offering to each driver the price he was disposed to give to be driven to his destination, after the manner of Asiatic Europe, Ivan, who was anxious not to risk losing a fare, closed with the offer. But it was a long run into Moscow, and Babushka was tired. Never a Tetrarch at the best of times, Babushka that day was

slow; so slow indeed that, although he fed her on many exhortations, to say nothing of the whip, Ivan wondered if he would reach his destination, pondering as to the nature of the English "barin's" discontent if such bad luck befell. However, the house near the Krasnaya Vorota was at last reached, and, strange to say, never a word of anger or abuse did he receive. Paying the full fare, the "barin" pointed to the tired pony, and chatted to Ivan. What was the price of Babushka? Would Ivan sell her? To which Ivan, thinking to make a bargain with this strange-tongued foreigner, but curious as to the latter's reason for desiring to make so poor a purchase, asked for what she might be wanted.

"Want her for," said David Campbell. "Why, to enter her for next year's trotting races!"

Ivan stared at the grave face, in doubt as to the correctness of his hearing, and then, as the joke became apparent, laughed and laughed again. Far more did he enjoy the joke than David. Never before in his experience as a driver had he been treated with such kindness or humanity. Bad luck, however, dogged his footsteps, and less than a fortnight after this event poor tired Babushka fell in her tracks, passing to that glorious animal land where all is pasture and the pasture is all clover. Again Ivan was without employment. Again he was hard put to it. Again he abused himself for not having re-engaged. But the empty stomach sharpens wonderfully the wits, and after some hard thinking on few meals the idea fortunately occurred to him to try the sympathetic Scot with the human face, the kind sense of humour, and the generous hand. So to young Campbell he told his story, and was to his surprise given two roubles, with instructions to return on a later date. And on that later date the "barin" announced his intention of travelling down the Volga, and in the Caucasus; he wanted a servant—would Ivan come with him?

During the wanderings of the subsequent two months, when Ivan was teacher, servant, councillor, and friend to his employer, the friendship between them was fast welded. Both were loth to sever it at the expiration of David's leave, when he was obliged to quit Russia for his own country. It was most improbable that he would ever meet Ivan again, as their lives lay in different spheres, but, when able, Ivan was to write to India and tell of how he fared with the new pony which David presented to him on leaving. And then they parted, the Russian affectionate, demonstrative; the Scot apparently cold and indifferent.

After the passage of six years David Campbell was again in England working for the Staff College. In the intervening years he had only twice heard from Ivan—once to say that he was doing well, and again to tell of the ill-luck that followed him and how the pony had died of colic. That was within six months of their parting. Campbell had in-

tended to write to him, but the intervening chasm of great distances makes letter-writing difficult, while want of practice made writing Russian irksome. Stirring times too had been his fortune upon that blood-splotched frontier which breeds not scribes but men. First the Waziristan border had given trouble, calling punitive columns, of which his regiment had formed a portion, to harry the country. And later Umra Khan, of frontier fame, had at the Malakand introduced the tribes to British bayonets, to their infinite discomfiture. In the latter act young Campbell had been exceeding lucky, playing a leading part in countering that spiteful ghazi rush which welcomed his regiment at the Kotal top. A smart affair and quickly spent, but bringing in its train to the victors in the *mêlée* a glow of pleasurable satisfaction akin to that experienced in bygone ages and historic setting by strong-armed Henry Wynd, the Gow Chrom, and the ten crippled survivors of Clan Chattan.

Despite loss of British life and expenditure of money in no way commensurate to the ends achieved, the usual order followed at the close of this campaign to evacuate the hornets' nest, leaving it stirred and sting-full for the next occasion. Ever the way upon the Indian border since civilian theorists in Whitehall, while canting of the wickedness of war, have in their criminal ignorance of it shown themselves to be devotees of the great Goddess Kali. So long as the army is the instrument of policy those politicians who dare to use it, while ignorant of war, are as guilty of foul murder as any desperado caught red-handed in the act. At the close of the campaign units marched back to India brown, ragged, but valuable, to don the garb of peace, soon becoming once more absorbed in the local doings of their small cantonments. To Campbell came two years of peace soldiering, intermingled with the usual promotion examinations and courses that prick the soldier onward up the path to high command; and then furlough once more to England, where Camberley, the goal of his immediate ambition, lay. But the Staff College was not to see him. Scarcely had he been a couple of months at work in London than rumours trickled home of possible fresh trouble on the self-same frontier. The wasps were on the move and to some purpose.

The independent tribes that eke out their lawless existence within the "hedge" had for some weeks been restless and fretful. What in particular lit the spark of discontent on this occasion would be difficult to determine, for in those parts where all rifles have a hair-trigger a breath of air from an unexpected direction suffices to let them off. Jirgahs had been meeting in conference, grey-beards had been pouring oil on troubled waters, but all of little avail, since for long the jawans (young men) had not drunk of blood in proper quantities. So it happened that they preferred

to listen to the inflammatory oratory of an independent Larkinite prophet, and under the influences of his Islamic provocations, perorations, and exhortations had fired the Khyber hay-stack. The general simmering discontent had laid the train efficiently throughout border territory, from restless Dir and Swat to long-haired Zhob, so that the lighted hay-stack was but the beacon required to make the conflagration general. And, as a consequence, the "sirkar," which as usual had sat blinking, refusing to see the coming cyclone, was obliged at last to act, and to act with promptitude. Tic-a-tic, tic-tic, tic-a-tic, flashed the mobilisation orders throughout the length and breadth of Ind; and within the space of hours the ever-restive mastiffs were again being taken in the leash towards their quarry. Units were mobilised, officers recalled from leave, and David among the others. On a Tuesday the cable came. "Rejoin service" was all it said; terse and to the point, but sufficient to bring joy and sorrow to many an anxious heart.

When he eventually joined his regiment in the field bullets were cheap, cheaper only than men's lives, which in the eyes of a commander should be of no account, since his primary duty is ever, regardless of other issues, to force a favourable decision with as great rapidity as possible — to bring the bloody business to an end. Indeed, he who fears to send men to their long account, or lose his life, is no great captain, and never will be able to carry to a successful conclusion the great business of war. When he reached his battalion after a slow passage up the line of communications, it was one of the advanced fighting brigades in the belly of the enemy's country, and opportune was the moment of his arrival, as in a disappointing skirmish of a few days back two brother officers had been badly wounded. The battalion had experienced the discomfort of having to fight the usual rearguard action into its new bivouac, and, although in doing so it had to some effect stung the more enterprising tribesmen that pricked its tail, it resented having been taken somewhat at a disadvantage, and was sore to teach the enemy what it knew. A retirement in mountain warfare in the presence of an active foe is ever difficult, and when cumbered with wounded men becomes a ticklish operation. It goes against the grain to be followed up, to be, so to speak, driven within the shelter of the piquets, and the only compensating feature in the business is the skill required to flick death into the midst of the enterprising enemy while taking none of the fatal draught oneself.

On the day of his arrival his company was detailed for night piquet on a barren rocky eminence above the camp, whence, if it were not occupied by the King's men, the sniper would with absolute impunity pump leaden missiles

of all shapes, sorts, and sizes, and with varied tunes, into the British bivouac, which it commanded. The tactical advantages of that hill were, however, equally well known to the Orakzai, who had no intention of easily surrendering them, so that eventually four companies of his battalion had to be detailed to capture it under cover of a mountain battery's vomit; thus quite a pretty little action was the consequence, and his welcome to his unit. After assisting, as is usual, in making "snug" the piquet which was to hold the hill against all-comers—that is to say, helping it to build its sangars and strengthen the ground with artificial expedients—the remaining companies withdrew, wishing him the best of luck in his lonely, dangerous, and all-night chilly vigil. For, be it known, that piquets cannot be reinforced over broken mountainous country in the black of night, and, as they must hold their ground, they are forbidden under any circumstances to fall back or look for succour. Theirs are the orders to hold fast at all costs and under all circumstances, for on their so doing the safety of the camp depends. For a space of hours all was as happy as a marriage feast, and the company on piquet began to hope that theirs was to be a quiet night. At 1 A.M., however, the sentries heard the movements of men about, and the tribesmen approaching close up in the darkness began to be wasteful of their abuse, hurling every imaginable insult upon the men, their mothers, sisters, and other female relations, as is the playful manner of their kind. At three o'clock fire was opened on the piquet's sangars, and half an hour later a deliberate attempt was made to rush them. Till the roseate tint of early dawn was showing at half-past four the struggle for the hill continued, but the piquet gallantly held on despite the loss of ten of its number. When daylight came the position was secure, for the enemy never aspired to be a target when the odds were on the man behind the wall—or when the hated feringhee could sufficiently see the ground to up and at him with the bayonet.

Day in day out there was always similar work, as the brigade was gnawing at the enemy's vitals in virgin land hitherto trodden by no alien foot, contact with the enemy being always established. Within ten days of his arrival the brigade was detailed to visit the country of the Sakha Khel, who inhabited a prosperous valley two days distant. It was thought that a display of force in the midst of their sacred villages might accelerate the despatch of the jirgahs, which they had been ordered to send to headquarters in Saidan. The road led through a tract of country belonging to the Pakha Khel, a fierce and savage section of the Afridis. No opposition was made to the advance, as is the general custom in savage mountain

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warfare, and wise custom too, for the tail of the British lion is ever pleasanter to play with than his mouth. Two days were spent in foraging, in destroying certain defences, ringing walnut-trees, and, most important, in setting alight the possessions of a fanatical self-advertising mullah, who had been as quick to enlarge the distance between him and the "sirkar's" troops at their coming as before he had been obstinate in preaching the innocuous nature of their bullets. And then the retirement back across a Kotal into Saidan had to be effected, and those knowing the meaning of rearguard actions over such ground, and the revengeful pertinacity of both Sakha and Pakha Khel, foretold a troublesome day.

Thus, in consequence thereof, the wise in war determined to make elaborate arrangements, and, besides ordering a start of all the baggage at the first streak of dawn, David's battalion, being more than usually skilled in mountain warfare, was detailed to take up a strong position on the Kotal in rear, which it was to hold until the morning's rearguard had passed through, when it in turn would become the rearguard to the force. The night passed quietly, two only of the piquets being engaged. Truth to tell, the Gurkha scouts had on the previous night stalked some snipers, and given these gentry their bellyful of sport. At the first peep of dawn, however, when the main body and the transport heading for Saidan began to trickle through the hedge-like perimeter of the bivouac, the crack, crack, crack from the heights above indicated that the enemy was aware of the intended movement, and would make as difficult as possible the withdrawal of the piquets from the heights around. No coffee and rolls to-day for breakfast, Tommy Atkins! A bit of lead more like, and with this consolation only, that if it must be taken internally, 'tis best so taken on an empty stomach.

The commander of the rearguard, with his signallers and staff, took up a position in the centre of the bivouac, rapidly being evacuated, and his countenance grew grave as the irregular crackle of musketry rolling from one hill-top to another told of other piquets becoming linked up with the foe. But he knew his work, and loved it most on occasions such as this, when the situation promised to develop awkwardly and every nerve was strained. And what was quite as important was that the pawns shivering on the hill-tops knew he knew it; the piquets thanked the gods when he was in command, for theirs was the certain knowledge that their withdrawal would be rightly nursed, and none would be accidentally or carelessly left derelict on the beach. As the slowly moving transport, which ever seems to crawl when daylight means men's lives, filed away out of camp, he saw that the time had come, and gave the signal for the piquets

to withdraw, commencing with those most distant. One after another, only too eager for the signal, they slithered down the barren rocky khuds, the men jumping and running, for all the world like frightened chamois, till they reached and joined the rearguard. Slowly the work was carried through, but not by any means with ease. Now two companies, with two guns of the mule battery, had to move out to support a piquet that was in difficulties; now one piquet had to be told to support another. And ever the rule was religiously observed that till the farthest piquet was safely down the next to it must hold its ground. The enemy became more and more determined, and pressed with an unusual and surprising vigour, which was the more difficult to cope with, as dead and wounded had to be carried down to safety. In such country the ordinary method of a piquet's retirement is at a given signal to tear down the hill at break-neck speed, trusting to be out of range by the time the enemy has gained the hill-top. Thus it is not difficult to imagine that when men have to carry a wounded comrade down, and over appalling ground at that, the matter is complicated, to say nothing of the target that a group of men gives to the hawk-like savage. But, though slowly, the work was successfully accomplished, so that at last the commander had the satisfaction of seeing the force under his command, with but a small proportion of casualties, pass over the Kotal in rear and through the battalion holding it. But the day was far spent. It was now 3 P.M., and there remained barely two hours for the new rearguard commander to get his rearguard into camp.

Sangars had been erected on the Kotal and the high ground on the flanks was piqueted. But the enemy was in considerable force, and delighted in nothing better than biting the tail of a column forced to hobble wearily along rocky tracks that are ever a serious impediment to movement. As the battalion now began to draw in its piquets the enemy pressed close, with the result that these had several wounded, and experienced greater and greater difficulty in getting them away. Eventually the rearmost company, of which Campbell was in command, found itself almost surrounded by the tribesmen, who seemed to be lying behind every rock, and exalted at their success pressed ever closer. Ammunition began to run short. There were three dead and several wounded to be got away to the rear before he could think of following them. Meanwhile there would be more wounded. And thus the tale of woe would pass round in a vicious circle. So he signalled back that he was unable to withdraw farther without assistance, and in order to relieve the immediate pressure to his front called on the half company round him to fall on the nearest of the enemy with the bayonet. The

remainder were to support the movement with their fire and endeavour with unerring eye to pick off such of the tribesmen as forsook the vantage of their rocks to run.

Attack, attack, attack—the only operation in war that can succeed, as successful always as a passive defence is the reverse. So they snarled, that hard-pressed little band, and showed their teeth to the over-confident foe, checking them to some purpose. Waving his revolver in the air and shouting the order to charge, David doubled round the corner of the sangar at the head of his men and fell upon the foe. And in that onslaught many a gallant soul was hastened to his dreamed-of paradise. Time had for the moment been gained, but there were more dead and wounded than before to be got away, and the position was no less critical. Causing the wounded to be gathered in behind the shelter of the sangar and tended to, he warned the men to husband their ammunition and aim low; and again told the signalling Naick to flag back a message to the effect that he was unable to retire without support.

Within half an hour three companies came back, spraying themselves into the firing line upon the Kotal which but a bare hour since they had left. Their arrival at this critical juncture resulted in that superiority of fire necessary to turn the scale and enable the retirement to continue once more in methodical order. But as to regain camp before dark was impossible, the officer in command quickly decided to take up a position in some houses lying in his rear half a mile to the flank and to hold them for the night; and David's company, which had got away first from the Kotal, was detailed to rush them. No difficult matter this, as few of the enemy had occupied them, but none the less unpleasant, for till within the defences there was no certainty of what might not lie in store. But in the matter of eating steel the Afridi was no less fastidious than brother Boer, possessing no wealth of silly sentiment regarding death with honour. As Campbell, closely followed by his native officer and his "dogra" orderly, walked rapidly between the houses, ears and firearms cocked, expecting anything and everything, they came suddenly upon two of the enemy at scarcely twenty yards. Bang—bang—bang, bang, bang. The work of not a moment—snapshots, and not long at that, and both were down. With your life against the other man's there's little room for false and frothy sentiment. 'Tis odds on the man who gets first sight of his enemy, and no time wasted on an examination of his armament. Alas! both were found to be unarmed; bad luck indeed—the lack of daylight and the men's own folly. Fortune had played them a scurvy trick, as is oft the mood of that capricious jade. Wise indeed the sage who christened her a woman. Of the two, one

had reached the blessed sanctuary of eternal rest. The other, desperately wounded with a bullet in his chest, was emitting an impotent, sickly gurgle, while the rocky soil took taste of his crimson blood. Shouting to those behind him, "Mut maro—doctor sahib ko khubr do" (don't kill him, let the doctor know), David passed on to the farthermost end of the hamlet, which he rapidly proceeded to put into a state of defence.

An hour later, when thinking it possible to snatch some rest, an orderly approached him with a message. Would the sahib come and see the doctor sahib about a "shaitan" who was wounded and unfortunately had not yet died? The doctor sahib was anxious for the Captain sahib's advice.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Malum nahin, sahib" (I don't know), but the doctor babu says the man is not talking pashtu."

In one of the houses that had been promptly turned into a dressing station by the doctor of the battalion, a keen young officer of the Indian Medical Service, the Afridi was lying on the floor, his head resting upon a soldier's "coat warm British." As David entered, the medical officer told him the prisoner was mortally wounded, but had rallied for the last half-hour, and when the hæmorrhage ceased had begun talking in a strange language and asking for Campbell by name. Two strides across the hut to the man's side—but the explanation was not forthcoming; and yet, in the patient's features there was something curiously familiar. Then the sick man spoke; the riddle was solved.

"Agh! Barin zabuili-li vui Babushka" (Ah! sir, have you forgotten Babushka?)

"Ivan—kak tui! what in heaven's name are you doing here?"

Silence reigned for a few moments, and David knelt by the side of the dying man, his mind speeding across continents in the flash of thought to memories of the past.

"Tak — skaju (I will tell you), but give me some brandy first." And this is the story told in the flickering light of a camp lantern that cast its ominous shadows across the mud-plastered hut. By jerks and at intervals the telling of the tragedy was made, but the piecing together required not even the intellect of a pinchbeck Solomon.

Soon after Campbell had left Russia bad luck again followed Ivan, and his pony died. Unable to buy another, he consequently found himself once more in difficulties for food and bed. During the passing of these evil days, he was one day accosted in a "traktir" (public-house) by a stranger who entered into a conversation with him, and, to make a long story short, offered him employment at Berlin, if he were willing to do some secret service work for the Prussian General Staff. The stranger was no other than a

secret service agent, who, finding that Ivan seemed a suitable subject, and knew Polish, had thrown his net over him. But Ivan was cunning and Ivan was honest. He wanted the money—badly; he didn't want to play the traitor to his country. No Pole was he, even though his tongue proclaimed him. So as many another has done, he devised the clever plan of accepting the offer, and then straight away going to the Chief of the Staff of the Moscow Military District, reporting the matter to him and suggesting that while seemingly a German secret service agent he could do good work for Russia. And this he did. Colonel Slavomirski was taken with the plan, reported it to St Petersburg, and in the end Ivan received instructions to take service with the Prussians, but always to keep the General Staff at Petersburg informed in detail of every instruction he received. Questions were to be sent to Petersburg where written answers would be furnished to pass on. Questions about the German army would be sent to him that he must try and answer. For over a year Ivan played this *rôle*, during which, on four occasions, he visited Berlin to learn his work. He drew more pay than ever in his life before and times were rosy. But not long could such a state of affairs continue. He wanted more money: gambling and drink had become his boon companions. And as, except for a small regular wage from the German General Staff, he was paid by work done, he bethought him of getting some important Russian secrets—of, in fact, playing the spy against Russia in earnest. So from then onwards he played the double *rôle* of spy against both countries, with its doubly dangerous risks, receiving good pay from both. But the Russians, learned above all others in the work of espionage, were not so easily deceived as their German neighbours. They soon suspected him, they soon set a trap for him, and soon caught him. The end was short and sharp. Three years' hard labour, ten years with a disciplinary battalion in Turkestan. A tragic, sordid story, tragic from beginning to end, because he had meant so well, started so well, only to throw his life away.

Five years from the date when he had parted with the English "barin" he was trudging with that clanking band of fettered souls away eastwards and ever eastwards into Turkestan, an embittered vagabond, ready to commit any crime under heaven. And his age was little more than one-and-thirty now. Posted to a company at work at Termez on the banks of the sluggish Oxus, many weary days he passed doing the hardest of unpaid labour. But though the climate was of the worst, Termez had the advantage of being on the confines of the empire, where escape was less difficult than elsewhere—perhaps even possible. Day in day out, never was the thought

of escape absent from Ivan's mind, and to him, as to many, the chance eventually came. Seizing his opportunity, on a darker night than usual, he swam the river, delivering himself up a prisoner to the Afghan piquet on the left bank, as many a service-weary Russian has done before and is doing to-day. Thence he was passed rearward to the Governor of Mazar-i-Sharif, who, after working him for some months, despatched him, as in duty bound, to Kabul. The goal of Ivan's ambition was India —India of which David had so often spoken,—where he believed freedom to await him. But the passage of Afghanistan was a longer matter than he had wotted of; and when eventually, having embraced the Moslem faith, he was permitted to leave the country and journey southwards, he found the intervening independent tribal hive a-buzz. No true follower of the Prophet he who did not fight. And so he was compelled to take the field. But the opportunity for winning through was not unfavourable, and he bethought himself of how, while pretending to fight under the green banner, he could get into an English camp. And he had succeeded. Not just as he had expected, not just as he had hoped, not just as others do; but that was his bad luck. And cruel luck indeed it was that brought him through those months of anguish and expectancy just to see his goal and die.

For die he did. The inventor of a narrative would doubtless have brought the man to life and happiness. Alas! life feeds on tragedies, and is more fond of them than fiction is, for although such rude medical assistance as could be given him in that trans-border hut was freely given, and with both hands, it was of no avail. The clock had chimed for Ivan Carlovitch Akhimov, once of the gallant "Red Boots," and he breathed his last in his old master's arms, gaining an even greater freedom than he had striven for.

A FRANCO-BELGIAN WALK.

BY EDMUND VALE.

WHEN my friend and I presented our tickets to the official at Rochefort Station, he asked us whither we were bound. Dieppe I told him was our destination.

"Where are the bicycles?" said he.

"One does not require bicycles when one has feet," said I. He laughed.

"One must have boots to put one's feet into," said he. This remark was to me, the reason being as follows. I had left England in a pair of boots that, although they had been built expressly for me to walk in from Rochefort to Dieppe, fitted me so ill that I first found them pinch as I came over the gangway at Antwerp. From this they grew worse and worse till, the evening before, as the train left us at Namur Station, I declared to my companion that I could stand it no longer. Yet what was to be done? I could not afford more boots. There was only one thing to be done. I must purchase a pair of rubber sand-shoes, send the offenders back, and telegraph to my gyp at Cambridge—I was a blissful undergraduate then—to send an ancient pair of veterans to waylay me on my walk. It was to these sand-shoes, therefore, that the station official referred when he said, "One must have boots to put one's feet into."

My companion was a man I knew very little of. He had no particular tastes for anything, so far as I could make out. Occasional bursts of enthusiasm characterised him. It was in one of these fits that he begged me to let him accompany me on my walk. He was a man of voluminous speech and an endless chain of anecdotes, which one got to recognise link by link as those members appeared and reappeared in the mechanical process of conversation. We had only one thing in common, the fact that we both belonged to the same college at Cambridge. There were certain dons and certain men of which I approved and of which he disapproved. And on this bed-rock of our mutual bond of friendship we invariably foundered as soon as any prospect of amity discovered itself.

We set off from Rochefort in brave spirits, and followed the big road that led zigzag about the spurs of a thickly-wooded hill which stood up on our left, while the river Lesse swept past us on our right. There was a light railway by the wayside going down to Han. I am not a person who attaches any importance to a meal. Jay, however, insisted that we should feed before proceeding. So we went into an unpretentious café and ate what was put before us.

"We wish to see the grottoes of Han," said I to the landlady.

"Ah," said she, "I am afraid they will be too full of water, we have had so much rain, but I will try and persuade the guide."

Having prevailed upon this official, he appeared—a stout little Belgian in a peaked cap.

Going through two or three meadows, we came to the face of a cliff. Here was a great cave, out of whose mouth there ran in a smooth, unhastening stream a river of pure water. The day had been overcast till now, but the clouds were blowing away. And this river, that had flowed in complete silence and darkness for over a mile through the secret places of the hill, was not sullen but full of light and of life as it issued forth. Our guide unmoored a boat, prepared two paraffin torches, and made a low whistle, on which there appeared a much more unofficial-looking person that might indeed have been a cave-dweller. Then, taking the oars, he pulled the boat into the stream and started for the grotto. I felt a great thrill of joy go through me at the thought of rowing into the middle of a hill. As we entered the cavern the oars echoed as they kicked at the rowlocks and plunged in the water. And the drippings of their blades echoed too. The profound shadow of the hill fell upon us, but in the depth below light merged slower into darkness.

In feeble and rarefied French I tried to point out to the guide the great serenity of the place. But he in turn staggered me with a list of English celebrities and information concerning the tips they had given him at the end. We soon put in at a landing and left the boat. The place was full of strange echoes, and a low thunder where some cataract spent its volume in solitude and darkness came to our ears. Now up staircases and slipways we went, through natural galleries and passages in the rock, under stalactite canopy and through stalagmite triforium, around hills whose immensity the eye could not gauge, with sometimes a gleam in the distance where our torches caught a crystalline vein, and sometimes a great splash of red where the light of our flambeaux tossed on that subterranean river that was never far from us. If the guides had not existed it would doubtless have been a wonderful thing to be in these grottoes. Even Jay was somewhat impressed.

The daylight seemed singularly beautiful when we came out into it again, and a little bird singing on a bough thick with opening buds was merely the same idea transmuted into music. The little man in the official cap now solemnly asked me for his tip, on which the cave-dweller, to the great distress of my nervous system, fired a cannon and then came and appeached me in the same manner.

Leaving Han, Jay and I had the first of a long series of disputes. It was about the road. Whereas I always preferred to go lane-wise and across country, Jay preferred sticking to the grand routes. I was the holder

of the maps and the undisputed guide of the party, and I pointed out to my companion how much time we should save by going across this hill instead of round it. Now Jay had brought with him upon our expedition a toy which he was pleased to regard as a scientific instrument. It was a compass, and the biggest fool of a compass I have ever seen. It would dither and ramble about for an immense time before declaring its polar judgment, and then it would usually alter its mind again. On this occasion Jay produced his compass for the first time. He took it out of the wash-leather bag where it lived and held it out in his hand. It dipped and shuddered a great deal, and finally pointed at me.

"Come, Jay," said I, "the thing is pointing at me. It is obviously my way that we are to go!"

So up the hill we went by the little track that led through gorse and heather and scrubby dwarf trees. After about a mile and a half we began to descend, and came by another mile into a most exquisite little village called Belvaux. I remember it as a place of rivers and water-wheels and bridges, a place of old things and old people, where one might live perpetually at peace. Several meadows were under water here, and one which had a hump in the middle of it was become an island—a treasure island ripe with golden daffodils—daffodils growing thick up to the top of the mound and standing up to their nodding chins in the flood. One water-wheel was spinning much more rapidly than its creaking gear seemed to like, for the air was full of a most melancholy concert of shock and abrasion. I asked a boy if there were any trout in these rivers. He said that there were, and told me that he had had one only that morning. He said that if I were to go with him he would show me where I could have plenty of trout. I was sorry to go away from Belvaux, but the air was very invigorating and I was full of the spirit of the walk. The views on the hill-tops of the country all round were beautiful; and the valleys were lovely too. Therefore, as almost every place we were on was either a hill-top or a valley, it seemed such a walk as I had never even hoped for. So we came to Tellin.

Beyond Tellin I again inveigled Jay into a byway. His anecdotes were getting fewer by now, and his speech was beginning to fail. By the time we joined the grand route again his fountain of eloquence had ceased utterly, and he strode on in front of me consumed in wrath. Just about then we were coming up a long sweep of road, bounded on the right and partly overhung by little fir-trees. To the left it was all open country, going down to a long valley. There was a haystack and a little grey pond of water just in front of us. They looked nothing, for the faint afternoon sun was shining in our faces. But as soon as we had passed them I turned round. Lo! now the

pool was bright blue and the stack a rich harvest yellow. And the whole landscape of the Ardennes, right into the misty distance, lived doubly by virtue of the little pool and the little stack.

A little farther on Jay, who was still walking ahead, declared it was tea-time. As there was no house in sight, I suggested that he should use his compass to discover the whereabouts of a teapot.

"In this rotundity of space ——" I began, whereon he recited to me an anecdote that told of a retired naval officer in which the word *rotundity* occurred several times. So in bliss the anecdotes brought us on another mile, and we came to a little café at a four cross-roads. On asking refreshment, we were invited into the parlour-kitchen of the little abode. The man was a forester, and at the time was busy preparing bird-snares out of horse-hairs. His wife was a dear old woman, and there were several children with timid faces and soft eyes. One little girl went and buried her head in Jay's lap, and he, no whit abashed, addressed her in a boisterous mixture of French and English. At last he put some questions to her, chiefly in her mother-tongue, but which wound up with a sonorous *madame*. Without moving her body, she put her head right back and looked up at him.

"Je ne suis pas mariée, monsieur!" said she.

When we started forth again, I was beginning to feel the force of the stationman's remark at Rochefort: "One must have boots to put one's feet into." Sand-shoes are very nice for a mile or two, but after that foot-soreness sets in and increases painfully fast.

"Those boots have only just time to arrive in Bouillon before we do," said I to Jay. "It will be great wonder if they do so."

It was now almost dark, and rain was falling. We had each a mackintosh cape, but save for a pair of puttees our lower portions were defenceless. Some worthy friend of mine at Cambridge had said, "Do not take an extra pair of bags in your rüksak; every ounce tells in a walk." Let me grasp the opportunity of warning the public that this is a fallacy. The showers turned into a steady torrent, and I have no recollection of how we got to Maizain, except that we got there. They made no difficulty, however, about putting us up, and we feasted on bacon and eggs before we retired.

Next morning Jay was bursting and bubbling with good-humour. Indeed his spirits were so breezy that I was altogether carried away with them. The morning was fresh and sweet after the rain, and had in it that indescribable chill fragrance that is the lure of travellers. Moreover, our bill for supper, bed, and breakfast only amounted to the equivalent of two shillings a head each. So altogether when we left Maizain we were so merry we could hardly

walk straight. The anecdote machine was at work again, so that we disregarded such stuff as rain when it came upon us; but by-and-by the rain turned into hail, which stung so sharp that it rather blighted our discourse.

"We should have brought another pair of bags after all," said I, "or something in the line of high leggings."

"Couldn't we make some?" said Jay.

"Why not?" said I.

"We could get some yards of mackintoshing and make to ourselves aprons," said Jay with great enthusiasm.

"I don't see where you'd get the stuff you call mackintoshing from in this part of the country," said I.

"Well, I suppose, you wouldn't," said Jay, easily relinquishing his brilliant project. But I clave to it.

"American cloth is the stuff," said I.

"Is it?" said Jay.

Every now and then the storm held off, and we had most exquisite little views revealed for an instant under the chasing clouds. The country about here is like Sheringham in Norfolk. In about five or six miles we came to a place called Paliseul, a little clump of houses situated on a cross-road, or rather on a sort of star centre, from which roads radiated out at at least seven points. I wondered immediately if in this place of limited possibilities there could lurk such a thing as American cloth. We went into a shop of general merchandise, and got to work at trying to explain what it was I wanted. Jay was convinced that American cloth was goods of a rubber description, and spasmodically crowed out "Catch oo! catch oo!" It transpired eventually, however, that what we wanted was called in French *toile cirée*, and that the old lady at the other shop was said to possess some.

"How much *toile cirée*," said that old lady, "do you want?"

"Madame," said I, "we want sufficient to make two pairs of trousers out of."

She looked at us over the tops of her spectacles, at our upper portions you will observe, and then said that three yards would be sufficient to construct two pairs of trousers out of. Thereto we purchased two needles and a reel of cotton. Then we went back to the first shop, where we bought some biscuits, and borrowed a pair of scissors. The weather had now thrown over hail and taken to snow. And it was snowing in good earnest, too. So surrounding ourselves in the middle of the shop-floor with biscuits and the things we had recently come by, we commenced our sartorial experiment. The garments, when completed, consisted of a pair of tubular leggings, extending from the ankle to the thigh, where they terminated in a system of tapes for purposes of security. Then in the fulness of my heart I treated a little lad to a hap'orth of sweets, on which he went and offered one to Jay, who, being absorbed in his labours, took the whole lot as a gift and pocketed them. As I was not

looking we did not discover this mishap till too late.

It was with feelings of triumph that we sallied forth in our new weather-proof creations. We judged by the ringing laughter of the inhabitants of Paliseul that they too were immensely pleased. Our knees did not bend quite so freely as they had been wont, otherwise our efforts had been successful. Some coldness, however, occurred between us on my insisting on a byway route. But the cessation of hostilities on the part of the weather cheered our spirits. After we had gone about six miles we came to a little place for all the world like an old Kentish village. Ancient barns and spaly-propped byres abutted on the roadside, and middens were open to public scrutiny. There seemed to be no café here, but in spite of that Jay declared it was lunch-time. We went into a farmhouse. There was an old woman knitting by the fire. I asked her if we could have some food. She asked me what I should like, and I said chocolate and an omelette. She said we should have it. Fancy expecting such things in an English farmhouse!

She made what she called an *omelette jambon* in one saucepan and served the chocolate in another, and we fed at one end of the great farm table. Whilst we partook several workmen came in and had a meal at the other end. They each bowed to us before they sat down, and said some commonplace, to which we replied to the best of our ability. The old woman went on knitting all the while, and we had a very delightful meal.

Then we continued our march on Bouillon. A fit of gloom was enveloping Jay, and he strode on in front deigning no speech. I also was coming to the limits of endurance on account of my sand-shoes, that were now rapidly going to pieces, so I stalked darkly in the rear; and thus we traversed many miles, till we came into the broad and many-elbowed way that descends into the valley of the Meuse at Bouillon. Just then a little train passed us and went on into the town.

"I wonder if my boots are in that train," said I to Jay. But he maintained a reproachful silence. I swore in my heart that I would punish him for his indifference. My delight was therefore unbounded when I found that my boots had actually been in that little train, and that I could conclusively prove the fact. I endeavoured to do this—it was before I learned that conclusive proofs impress nobody; but Jay, whose soul was somewhat relaxed by the products of the restaurant and the good offices of the waitress, merely told me an alarming anecdote about an ex-naval chaplain who had missed a train. These anecdotes were beginning to set my teeth on edge, and I was preparing to be definitely disagreeable, when a little man in a billy-cock hat came and stood in the door, twirling his mustachios, which were of the sort worn by the wild boar of Ardennes. In his left hand he carried a gun and a brace of woodcock.

"Surely, sir," said I, "you do not shoot woodcock as late as the twentieth of March?"

"Why not?" said he with great assumption of distance, "it is all sport." Other patrons of the café addressed remarks to him which he only answered in monosyllables, and having gazed round on us all once or twice, never ceasing to twiddle his mustachios, he departed. I concluded his visit had been merely to exhibit the result of his prowess.

"Ah! he is a very great sportsman," said a feeble little man with a wizened face. And another, who was seated next to him figured like Humpty-Dumpty, except for a black beard, said the same thing. There were two other men at a neighbouring table, but I noticed that the individual who had most remarks addressed to him was the feeble little man with the wizened face, who, however, seemed to be in a sort of dose most of the time.

"About how far is it to Sedan?" said I.

"You are going to Sedan?" said the man with the black beard.

"Why are you going to Sedan?" said another.

"To see it," said I.

"Êtes vous Allemands?" The words rang out like a terrific challenge, and there fell a crash of two fists descending on one of the marble tables and a tumbler smashing on the floor. The little man with the wizened face was standing up shaking with emotion. His eyes were blazing at us, and he was flushed save for a great jagged scar that seemed to shine and writhe on his neck.

"We are English," said I.

"Ah!" said he, sinking back again, "the English are the friends of France."

"Sedan," mused Jay; "what about Sedan?

"What does your comrade say?" asked the man with the black beard.

"He says he does not remember about Sedan," said I.

The little man leaped to his feet again. "The world may have forgotten about Sedan," said he, "but by God France will never forget. You shall see some day that France has not forgotten about Sedan. You mark this?" pointing to his scar—"that was Sedan, and there is one like it on the heart of France herself." He then sank back, apparently exhausted.

The full and lordly note of Bouillon is struck by the great chateau that forces its strong lines upon the eye from the midst of the greenery of the Meuse valley. The little town is on the east bank, then comes the great river, present with us for just the period of one reach, and on the far side, out from where the pine-trees carry their sweeping branches rib on rib to the sky, stands the fortress, russet in colour, straight of wall, and robust of bastion. A power of war in the forgotten ages, it is destitute now of all possibilities save one, that of casting its shadow—the shadow of the medieval lesson—on the civilised world of the twentieth century.

When we had crossed the river and passed below the

chateau daylight began to fail. There was no wind, and we looked back from the hill-top on a picture of absolute peace, a Bouillon of blue haze and smoke and sunset. We were now within half a mile or so of the French frontier, and as, though I had visited many countries, ranging from the Arctic circle to the Equator, I had never set foot in France, I was all excitement at the immediate prospect of arriving there by the simple process of walking. Jay, however, was not thrilled. Those sand-shoes that I had worn absolutely to pieces in two days had been left to their fate in a Bouillon gutter, and my good old boots had carried me gallantly on considerably in advance of Jay. A little clearing in the woods, a stone rather like an old-fashioned milestone, another step, and I was in France. I stooped down and kissed the earth, for I have always venerated the French nation. Jay plodded past me and rejected further intercourse.

Downhill we went through the great forest in the twilight. Still downhill towards the plains of France and the end of the Ardennes. After about three miles we came into a little village where two men with fixed bayonets rushed out on us, crying out "Halt! Halt!" and dropping their h's as they did it. Having been captured, we were taken into the guard-room, and the insides of our rüksaks emptied, while Jay read in a loud voice the contents of a French conversation manual, as if he were reciting the burial service. After each sentence he astonished us by his tremendous bursts of laughter. From here we proceeded in the direction of Sedan, and enjoyed an amount of polite conversation such as we had not indulged in since we left Brussels. At Givonne we discovered that we were spent, and decided to put up for the night there. We were surprised to be rejected from every inn in the place with a polite but firm "Il n'y a pas de place, messieurs." We had yet to learn that in this region of France it is the rule of the ordinary *auberge* not to take in visitors after half-past nine o'clock at night. Anyhow, at the sign of the Golden Cannon we feasted off an unknown dish, washed down by good red wine, cheek by jowl with two commercial travellers. I believe commercial travellers are the same all the world over; always good-humoured, sound-sensed, generous-hearted fellows. The first great lesson every traveller seems naturally to acquire is tolerance. Then he realises that every man is the guest of the world, and so every man is expected to do his share in the world's entertainment.

These two commercials that we now sat alongside of were most agreeable and interesting to talk to. They said that Sedan was not more than six kilometres. The night was clear and the stars were bright when we sallied forth again. At last, having somewhat wearily dusted two miles off the map, we picked up the first gas lamp of Sedan, and then we passed through that weird

area, the purlieus of a town by night. There was a gasworks where by the fiery mouths of retort chambers shadowy human figures toiled at the creation of a midnight oil, occasionally eclipsed by a leaky and thereto squeaky locomotive busy with the mobilisation of coal trucks. In another place hard by a building where spick-and-span dynamos hummed at their task of generation, where boiler pumps banged and engines throbbed, and condensers gulped and coughed; one or two arc-lamps glared on high, discovering to us patches of poor scarified country giving place to the town in the worst possible aspect of the two elements, —blasted vegetation merging into squalid habitation. And yet by night, as our footsteps rang on the paving-stones, as one by one the gas lamps passed us going into Sedan, how romantic and wonderful it all seemed!

Presently we got into conversation with a man who was going in the same direction as ourselves, and I asked him about the hotels at Sedan. He gave me some information, and then asked what nationality we were. I told him "English."

"Ah," said he, after the fashion of the little man at Bouillon, "the English are the friends of France."

"Are not the Germans?" said I.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, stopping and holding both his hands to his heart, "here is where they struck us—terrible. You will see at Bazailles tomorrow where it was — terrible!"

Jay, who was impressed by this personal expression of patriotism, offered him a cigarette to console his feelings, which he accepted with alacrity.

The next day had by no means an inspiring dawn. Into Sedan, down the valley of the Meuse, a thin mizzling rain was coming, giving to the streets and all the traffic that moved therein the most depressing appearance. Under those circumstances Jay and I regarded each other over the breakfast-table with distrust. We made clammy remarks to each other about the distress such weather would bring to the poor, or the joy it would bring to the agriculturist. We did not allude to our own predicament and the imminent opportunity for those distinguished garments we had made the day before. I opened the subject first of all.

"I don't think we need put on those American-cloth bags, do you?" said I.

"Then there's three francs gone," muttered Jay. "I should never have thought of making such things."

"You are right," I agreed solemnly, seizing his sentence by its ambiguosity; "you never should have done so."

After this an impenetrable gloom settled down on the two of us. That grave student of human nature, the waiter, discerning our plight,

came and offered us pictorial post-cards for sale, which we bought without hesitation. Half an hour later observe us in the rainy streets of Sedan clothed in indignation and American cloth. Jay was on ahead. The topmost stitches of his cylindrical protectors had given way, and now by two elegant corners displayed their white lining flapping doggedly at every step he took. I shouted this news to him, and he, quite without authority, shouted back that mine were doing exactly the same. As we were crossing the bridge over the Meuse Jay dropped a tooth-brush out of his rüksak. Therefore, to heap coals of fire on his head, I picked it up. On this the fastening of my own patent trunk hose burst asunder, and I beheld them at my feet telescoped in the mire. I called on Jay to stop. He said we had dallied long enough. Therefore in a fit of wrath I hurled his tooth-brush after him. It fell into the Meuse, and matters had to be explained to Jay. Our relations had almost reached the breaking-point, added to which the drizzle was growing into full-blown rain. We loathed the sight of each other. The American cloth worn by Jay was an abomination unto me, and I suppose the sentiment was reciprocated. We kept at a great distance from each other, and what little intercourse took place between us was perfectly brutal.

At a street corner I found a cavalry officer chatting with a civilian. I stopped and begged him to point out to me the direction of Bazailles, where the French had suffered their great defeat at the hands of the Germans in 1870. He did so, and told me in a few words the ghastly details of the whole affair. Then he spoke of that monstrous indemnity calculated to cripple France for ever. All this, one could have read in a history book. But to hear this man speak was another matter. Like the other two men, he spoke as if the disaster had been an affair of yesterday, not in the cold voice of the historian who has noticed the congealed facts of an epoch round its date, but with a voice hot with indignation, in which one knew that the lapse of time had not starved, but ripened, the hate of France for her oppressor.

When I took to the march again, Jay had utterly dwindled out of sight. I found him, however, after a mile, sitting under a hedge in sheer prostration of spirit. He got up again without a word, and we tramped on in silence. I felt that something desperate must be done.

"Jay," said I, "you look a bit fagged; why don't you go by train for to-day."

"Humph!" said he gloomily. Just then an engine whistle blew quite close at hand. Jay looked up as if a new thing had been revealed to him. "I could meet you to-night," said he quite affably. We hastily bent our steps in the direction of the railway station. Jay had quite recovered his spirits. He rushed up to the booking-

office, and thrust as much of him as space allowed in through the ticket window, to the great confusion of the clerk, who quickly asked him where he wanted to go.

"I want to go *this* way," said Jay, extricating himself and gesticulating and pointing to the west.

"À Paris?" suggested the clerk.

"Nong! nong!" shouted Jay. "Only—what the devil is the French for *only*, Vale? Only a pity distongoe, a very pity distongoe!" Then he spun a franc on the booking counter, and the booking-clerk, being a man of some sense, issued a ticket for nine pennorths of railway journey to the west, and handed Jay back a penny. At that instant a train going the way we wanted it to, rattled into the station.

"Where shall we meet?" said Jay airily, as he rushed through the glass door on to the platform.

"Est-ce que vous avez un billet?" said the official at the door to me.

Whilst I hesitated to explain that I was merely going to see a friend off, he shut-to and locked the glass door in my face. I saw Jay bound into the last carriage with the glee of a schoolboy. I shouted out something, but nothing save light could pass that barrier. Jay and I were irrevocably separated. The door official was blowing on a meagre little trumpet for the train to start. I seized a map out of my rüksak, two sheets ahead of where we were, and saw on our line of march Hirson. The train was off. I rushed outside the station, and, clearing a low railing, dashed into the midst of a doubtless valuable shrubbery. Going, however, round the buildings, I shouted out—

"Hirson! leave your address there at the Post Office for me."

"How spell?" cried out Jay airily.

"HIRSON!" And then I was not at all sure whether he had heard.

I now returned out of the shrubbery in cold blood to face the task of walking in the rain to Hirson (wherever that might be). Laying my maps along a bench in the booking office, I measured off the distance by means of a discarded hairpin made to perform the function of dividers, and found that it was forty miles.

When I started I felt that Jay would have been in his element, for I had no alternative but to keep to the grand route the whole way. The country was perfectly flat, and the road was perfectly dull, with enormous telegraph posts and kilometre marks and distance boards. It was a great and sudden change from lovely little Belgium. To express myself adequately I must use a Cheshire dialect verb. I *trapsed* along ten miles into Mézières with only one event befalling me—*i.e.*, the final breakdown of my American-cloth rig. It happened by the dismal process of dissolution, first a tape giving out, then a stitch, then the shiny surface began to wear away through friction, so that

the white backing underneath became the source of little rivulets which descended to the earth on the inside of my leggings. On top of this a "searching" wind began to blow in my face, making the bottom parts of my mackintosh cape of no avail, so that the rain now drove boldly into the top of my leggings.

It was about two o'clock when I passed through Mézières, which had all the appearance of a busy manufacturing centre. The wind was now blowing very strongly, and the rain was taking off. Presently it cleared altogether and revealed the surrounding country, which had very few commendable features. I continued at a good smart pace and reached Cluny at something after five o'clock. Here I had a belated lunch, and started off again. My clothes were dry by now, and I was walking in great comfort, with that strange kind of enjoyment, the sober thrill of walking at a good swing, which is the inevitable third day's reward of the persevering pedestrian. The road swung past me easily, and my soul was dwelling on the simplicity of real human pleasures, when it came on to rain again. Darkness was at hand, and the great stolid poplar-trees which lined the grand route made that phase complete.

I had given up the idea of getting to Hirson that night, and destined Maubert Fontaine as my resting-place. On and on I walked in the glimmerless way, directing my steps as nearly as possible by the crown of the road. The rain was coming down in large weighty drops, and I was again sodden with it. A little gleam wavered ahead on my right. It came from a cottage window where the blinds were not drawn. As I passed it, I observed a peasant couple, both of an extraordinary size, creeping to rest in an enormous bed apparently built into the wall. There is something uncanny in seeing people's faces when they cannot see you, but more particularly when they are suddenly revealed by candle-light in the midst of desolation. I gave a little laugh as I passed. On this I heard a whisper in the darkness just ahead of me, and the next instant I felt myself seized by the shoulder, while a bright weapon gleamed by the light in the cottage, which almost at the same moment became extinct. Also I was conscious of another pair of hands feeling round the back of my neck for my other shoulder. Either sheer fright or some other power of surprise kept me silent, for I never uttered a sound. The creatures that had hold of me thrust me a bit back, and I heard the fist of one of them knocking on the door of the cottage, and a gruff voice, which, however, brought cheerful news, cried out, "Les gendarmes!" Those peaceful occupants that I had so recently observed suffered from no such vocal paralysis as I had done, for smothered cries and screams were heard within, and I gathered from the sound that they had their origin from under a mountain of bedclothes.

More knocking and more

"Les gendarmes." Presently the candle was restored to life, and a bolt being drawn, the door was opened ajar, on which the candle expired again. The gendarmes, however, disregarding the darkness, pushed the door open, and when we were all inside, shut it to again. Then the light was restored, and we all beheld each other. The two men, with great show of bravery, kept me in hand, whilst the woman shrank back as if I had been a mad dog ready to bite her, pouring out at the same time an incredible number of questions.

Just about now half of Europe was living on a Paris sensation known as the motor bandits. Apparently I was suspected of being a motor bandit. The first official question put to me was, "Where had I come from?" I said Rochefort.

"How?"

"On foot."

This they dismissed as quite improbable.

The next—"Where was I going to?"

"Dieppe."

"How?"

"On foot."

This idea was also pooh-poohed.

They took off my rüksak, and emptied it. The first thing they found was my sketch-book. That excited them; they kept on crying out, "Ah, so-and-so!" They were engaged on the study of my first sketch. It was an outline of a stalactite in the Grotto d'Han—merely an outline, as I had done it hastily by the torchlight. They seemed to consider this the plan of some military work. Next to my sketch-book they found my maps, which were French Ordnance, answering to our inch to the mile survey. A great many "Ahs!" were spent over them. The American-cloth outfit seemed to puzzle them considerably. They asked me my name, and asked me how I could prove I was such a person. I produced a letter addressed to me. They opened it. It was from a friend of mine at the College of St John the Divine at Cambridge, and began "Dear old Fool." They pointed out that the name inside did not agree with that on the envelope. I explained that if I had occasion to write to them I should put "Messieurs les Gendarmes" on the envelope, but inside I should put "My dear old idiots." That was the correct thing in my country. The woman who had approached me with caution and given heed to what was being said now spoke.

"Ask him," said she, "what 'Deare ol ful' means in French."

I told them as literally as I could. Immediately their scowling, swashbuckling aspect changed. Some sort of veil seemed torn aside with respect to my doings in France. They regarded me with a sort of pity, as one by one they packed my things back in my rüksak. The woman gave a jolly laugh, and ran into the next room to tell the upshot of our doings to her spouse, who, I doubt not, was waiting anxiously at the roots of that

mountain of bedclothes. Then she reappeared, gaily humming a snatch of something, and placed before us three little glasses containing rum. We all drank and were merry. After this the gendarmes made a general motion of departure, and I stepped out of the lake which my wet clothes had created, and we all went into the night once more, and I was left to take my way towards Maubert Fontaine.

The heavy rain had increased in vehemence. The drops felt prodigious. And the darkness being double-dyed, I soon found myself walking into the trunk of a poplar-tree that swished deluges off its lofty swinging pinnacle. After this, however, I managed to keep the road. When I had gone about a mile my heart stood still at an extraordinary sight. It seemed that a pale flame was running along the ground like an ignited train of gunpowder. Silently and swiftly it cut through the darkness, passed me on my right hand, and was gone. I then realised that it must be the luminous steam of a train in a deep cutting.

Presently the lights of Maubert Fontaine twinkled through the rain, and my heavy footsteps were encouraged. I inquired the way to the leading *auberge* from an umbrellaed individual whom I passed. He pointed it out, and I went there. On the door being opened by a stout burly man, I espied warmth and comfort and two men feeding off well-savoured dishes. There seemed to be plenty of ease and room to spare. It was therefore with the greatest surprise and disgust that I heard the landlord pronounce that baleful doom, "Il n'y a pas de place, monsieur."

I turned back into the darkness and rain with a congealed heart and leaden feet, and went the round of the cafés in Maubert Fontaine, and they all dismissed me with the same prevarication. I was still ten miles from Hirson, and my soul loathed the thought of going there. I went back to the first place, and when the landlord opened the door I thrust myself bodily in and sat down. "If I leave here to-night," said I, "you must carry me out." The good man actually laughed. Then he went on talking to the other two men.

At last one of them said, "They call us Johnny Crapaud in England." On this mine host turned to me and said in a stentorian voice, "Can you eat frogs?" I told him I loved doing so. He took a great many frizzling remnants out of a frying-pan and set them before me, instructing me how to eat them. The company seemed surprised with my voracity. They said that only an Englishman would eat so cheerfully whilst a stream of water that a tadpole might easily navigate was flowing from him along the floor. I reminded them that I had walked over thirty miles that day. Whereupon they laughed, and said that only an Englishman would have done that.

The room had that look of

comfortable security which old fashion bestows. It was wainscotted. You could see where perhaps a hundred years ago a bit here and there had been broken off the mouldings or a crack had occurred. Such conditions had now become reverent with age and generations of paint.

"I expect this old room has had a history?" said I.

The landlord all the time had been making little witty sallies, chiefly at my expense, till at last, when I had taken off my wet things and affected a suit of pyjamas, he fairly sparkled with humour. But immediately I had made the above remark he became serious. This surprised me, and I began to wonder. Was it a murder——? What was it? I ventured to ask him.

"Here, monsieur," said he, touching almost reverently the table where my place was, "Napoleon Buonaparte sat on the day when the battle of Waterloo was fought."

"Waterloo?" said I. "But in Belgium, monsieur——"

"Ah, so! But here he fled in his carriage with his staff; here he sat—Napoleon—and there he slept," directing his hand to a part of the ceiling.

The countenances of the other two men who had been so lively now assumed the utmost gravity. We were all silent for a moment. Such was still the power of that tragic note—the man Napoleon after Waterloo.

That night as I lay in the inn bedroom in the darkness, with the rain pattering on the window-pane, I still felt it throb. Not as Napoleon the conqueror of the world, not as Napoleon master of that cold thing doomed to corruption—mind over matter—but as Napoleon the man.

The next morning the sun was mocking the humanity for being cast down by a little rain. Nothing was left of the wry faces and graces of yesterday but the miry clay. The road towards Hirson was much more interesting. It undulates, and the distant views are not displeasing. When I had gone about eight miles I saw advancing towards me a man wearing a capacious pair of knee-breeches, a kind of military tunic, and an official peaked cap. He had a tall wand in his hand, and a cylindrical pack was on his back. A woman dressed in the feminine equivalent of this costume walked a few paces behind, and another man similarly attired brought up the rear. They were coming at a furious pace. But something in the way that they handled their wands gave them the appearance of flying or fluttering along over the ground as an owl does in the gloaming. The first man made a bee-line for me and saluted me in the most cordial manner. (I noticed he only had three teeth.) He asked me if I was making the "Tour de France." I told him I was only out for a stroll. Whereat, with more protestations of comradeship, he presented me with a pictorial post-card, on which the three of them were portrayed with their names below. Then, waving

me an affectionate farewell, he hurried away. The others passed me at a great pace, waving their hands. I waved mine and cried out "Vive la France!" The second man, not being able to discern my nationality, put his cap on the top of his staff, and, flourishing it in the air, cried out, "Vive tout le monde!"

At Hirson I made most diligent inquiries about Jay from the post office to the railway station, but could find no clue. With regard to France, I considered my poor companion in terms of the needle in the bundle of hay. Leaving the great highway, with its dead white surface and its stolid poplar-trees, I continued on a country byway, much to my relief. I did not expect to get far, as my right foot was paining me.

It was a very misty sunset when I came into the little village of Wimy. My foot was so bad I could go no farther, so I turned into the little café of one Monsieur Torlet. It was a singularly nice little place, with none of the usual display of bottles and fluids of different sorts and hues. Madame Torlet was not to be persuaded that I, being an Englishman, could understand French as it is ordinarily spoken. If ever she required to address a remark to me she would come up close to me, and, putting her face within a few inches of mine, she would shout at the top of her voice and gesticulate with the most unusual extravagance.

Later on some official—I believe he was a postman—called and gossiped with Monsieur Torlet. Finally, he turned his attention to me, and, setting his cap at an imposing angle, asked me who I was. I told him. He asked me to prove my identity. I presented him with the same convincing proofs I had submitted to the gendarmes the night before. He asked me if I had a passport. I told him "No."

"When you are travelling," said he, fingering his peaked cap to a nicer adjustment, "it is necessary for you to have beaucoup de papiers. Toujours," he reiterated, making the most horrible faces and flinging his arms out, "beaucoup de papiers!"

A cold drizzle was falling the next day when I bade farewell to Wimy and the Torlets. They had kept on insisting on the proximity of a railway station, and I had kept on resisting their protestations, knowing, however, that when I turned my back on it I should not find another line of rail for some miles if my foot got worse. That useful member was by no means in good health, and what with this and the depressing influence of the rain, I suffered from an irritating little malady known as *home-sickness*. I went and sat under a dripping bramble-bush, and let my soul swoop into the abyss of dejection. The abyss of dejection is not a bad place if you close your wings and let yourself drop into it without resistance. I gave in altogether now. I even allowed that I would go by train to Dieppe. Then I

thought of Jay. Fancy having lost him in the middle of France—such a pleasant fellow! I would have given anything to have seen Jay appear at that minute. I would have heard his anecdotes with relish. Anybody speaking one word of the English language in an English way I would have welcomed. I grovelled at the bottom of the abyss, in the slime of self-pity and pathos that, had I been a boy, would have moved me to tears. And then my malady began to abate, and I came from my wet bramble-cover with my feet making Dieppe by yards, and spurning the road to the railway station, I soon got, by a sharp turning to the left, into the little village of Etréaupont. This bore quite a different character to any other I had yet gone through. There was a certain abiding peace that old fashion gives, and a relaxation of the up-to-date and the prim order about its buildings and its people, a place where the kerbstone was of no significance. Having gone down the street I turned sharp to the right, into the road to Guise.

The sky was rapidly uncovering; rain had ceased to be. On my left the ground rose up in green slopes with trees, and now and then broke into little cliffs. There were beautiful big cowslips and primroses by the wayside. To my right a river meandered through broad marshy lands, and wooded hills rose up on the farther side. Every now and then a bed of red osiers would startle the landscape into life and beauty. I gathered that I was in the country of the basket-maker. I was not wrong, for I soon passed a man with a bundle of stripped withies over his shoulder, and in another mile I met a man and woman wheeling a barrow laden with baskets. I stopped them and examined their freight. They were all waste-paper baskets of the square office type. The people told me that almost everybody about this region were basket-makers. My spirits were getting merry. "At any rate," said I to myself, "the birds and the flowers do not talk French." I came to a little stream with a clear gravel bed, where I found great quantity of water-cresses, of which I partook. The supreme spirit of happiness possessed me, and I took off my boots and stockings and paddled for a while. In the distance I saw a train. "What fools those people must be," said I, "to be in a train when they could be walking!"

Through pleasant orchards I came to Autreppes, a village quite medieval and comfortably tumble-down. It was scarcely more than three o'clock when into the many winding, many intersecting streets of ancient and lordly Guise I directed my steps. My right foot had gone out of gear again, so I allowed myself the afternoon and night in this very fascinating old place.

Guise has quite peculiar features. To begin with, its plan is like a medieval dining-hall. The great ones sit on an elevated platform, the rest sit below. Here at Guise is a cliff

sheer as the curtain wall of a castle. Immediately below is the town, immediately above the chateau. So haughtily does this fortress dominate the situation that it makes no mean background in one's historical imagination for the great name of Duc de Guise. In old days at sunset the whole town must have been darkened by the shadow of the castle, and the silhouettes of the men on its battlements must have stalked like ghosts of giants over the fields beyond the river. Now, however, this ancient site of chivalry is occupied by the less picturesque soldiery of the present day, so I had no opportunity of examining the ruins, which, however, are very fragmentary.

The river—that same which fed the osier beds at Etréaupont — dissipates itself into several lesser streams, so that you never know when you are on the mainland or whether you are on an island. These by-waters, running through stony ways, in and out the old houses, whose mullioned windows and drooping eaves nod and bow themselves in the sleep of the ages, are like nothing I have seen before or since. They pass unnoticed in culverts under the main thoroughfares; but a hundred little stone-flagged bridges, without parapet or railing, span them in other places. It was under one of such, linking two back gardens and sub-navigated by a squadron of ducks, that I passed out of Guise upon the sixth day of my pilgrimage. It was Sunday, and as it should be on such a day the early morning lights were sober and restrained. Guise, by the way, that we are all brought up to call Geeze, is not so spoken of by the inhabitants thereof, but pronounced Gooeeze.

Climbing the steep brow that passes the north flank of the chateau I came in the twinkling of an eye into open country out of sight of the town and out of sound of its Sabbath morning bells. I compassed a couple of miles without event, and then came down to the river Sambre, whose pastoral waters, mewed into a canal with locks and tow-paths, are made to perform the offices of commerce. The margins of this waterway were reedy and restful to look upon. I therefore, when I had crossed a lock, followed the tow-path for some distance and came into the road again below Haute Ville. At a village farther on I was struck by the quaintness of its little church. I went to draw it. Whilst I was doing this two little boys came up, each with a handful of stones. They watched the growth of my artistic product for a little, then I said to them—

"What have you got those stones in your hands for?"

They would not tell me, but looked at each other, and doubling their bodies up and diving their hands between their legs, as boys do at these times, they went off into explosion after explosion of laughter. Still, as they would not tell me, and as I was determined to see, I started another sketch. There was nobody else about; I supposed

they were all in the church. The boys watched me finish my second drawing with evident relief. Again I asked them, but getting no answer I started on a third picture. They looked woe-begone but resigned. After chatting briskly for a moment they withdrew a little. Then the younger flung a stone on to the church roof, the other kept an eye on me. They paused a second, then another stone was sent spinning on to the roof; and yet a third. At the fourth essay, however, there was a whirring noise, and a flock of pigeons rushed out of the dovecot in the old belfry. At that the elder boy got to work with his handful. But the third shy had not left his hand when an old gentleman of a bulbiferous countenance issued from the door, dancing with rage and shaking a stick. The boys dropped their stones, skipped a few turns in the air, and then, both pointing at me, ran away. I did not finish my third sketch.

The wind was freshening out of the west, and as I came down one long slope I found it so violent that I could hardly stand against it. The country here is like the Isle of Thanet —windy and open and free, with great rolling hedgeless domes of cultivation, through whose pale vegetation the powdery chalk outcrops,—such country where a ploughman and his team are seen at their best. I now discerned my old enemies, the poplar-trees, marching in a gaunt obliquity towards me, and I knew my fate would shortly be to file between them.

It was so, for in another mile I pounded along the grand route bound for St Quentin. I soon discerned that ancient town crowded darkly before the windy March sky, its lofty basilica rising from its midst with all the dignity assumed by a high-naved church that has no tower or spire or pinnacle. I recalled Motley's vivid account of Egmont's brilliant exploit against the French cavalry, and how, of that wreath of laurels he had won the verdure withered and the poison survived.

Into my dreams of the past there broke a strange company advancing in column of six along the road towards me. It was composed of upwards of a hundred boys dressed in sky-blue sailor suits, such as our infants wear (the straight open knicker kind), with broad-brimmed sailor hats. They were boys of all ages, from, I suppose, seventeen downwards. In front of them strolled a band whose musical exertions were suspended. They were leading their troop at a pace of somewhere about two miles an hour, and every unit of the company was a straggler. The majority were smoking cigarettes. I inquired of one of the bandsmen what in the name of fortune they were. He looked at me as one who beholds a person knowing nothing.

"They are," said he, "the Gymnasts." Who are the Gymnasts?

Coming into St Quentin, I

crossed the river by a noble bridge and wended my way to the post office, as this was a prearranged point of call for my letters. Amongst others was a post-card with a French stamp on it. Its pencilling ran as follows—

"If you should happen to be in this place, call at the Hotel de la Paix, where you will find me. Tootle-oo.—JAY."

As I entered the post office I noted the clerk's moustache to be of a singularly officious turn, and I was offended in it. Now as I left I thought it very becoming indeed. Such had been the glamour of Jay's post-card. Proceeding to the Hotel de la Paix, I found Jay in his bedroom bursting with exuberant spirits. My own overflowed by electric induction. In disconnected charges he hurled his adventures into my ears, interlarding them with many a well-known anecdote.

Later I attended service in the basilica. Oh, the heavy incensed atmosphere, the inspiring devotions of the worshippers, regardless of the clothes they wore and the voices they sang in, thinking only of their worship; oh, the sudden swellings of the organ and the perpetual rhythm of the Gregorian chant; oh, the effect of all these things with the tradition of the building and the place it was in on the heart of the traveller whose tired feet had beaten down a hundred miles of road! I began then to feel something of what the ancient pilgrims undoubtedly felt. He who would see the miracles of Rome must walk there. He who has slept on the Swiss Vitesse and dined on the Florentine express can only expect to see sights.

After the conclusion of the Office I was standing in the south aisle, thinking such thoughts as the great building inspired, when a little old door opened on my right and under a multi-foliated portico of middle Gothic came the choir-boys. In red cassocks they were. Mouse-quiet they passed by me, little princes of history. And after them came the choir-master. I stopped him and talked to him. I was surprised to find that he was enthusiastic not only about the voices of his boys but about their welfare. Would to Jove all choir-masters were as this man was. Such stars in the dark night of life does the walker discern. For who arriving by train would ever have had the boldness to talk to a choir-master?

At about six o'clock Jay and I left St Quentin. We lost half an hour in trying to find the inconspicuous road that led to Vermand. To my horror Jay produced his compass. We thereby lost another half-hour. The sun had set before we were in the right thoroughfare. Vermand was only seven or eight miles. It was moonlight, but not really late by the time we got there. We went to a substantial café and begged a night's accommodation, receiving for our answer the usual thing, "Il n'y a pas de place, messieurs." The only

other likely people expressed the same formula. We went to a farmer and begged a straw bed in a stable. He was on the point of acquiescing, when his wife, a lady with a face remarkably like a cow, advised him not. So we were left out of doors, and it was beginning to rain.

"Let us," said I at last, "go to the priest." I had an idea that it was the tradition of the Church to afford shelter to wayfarers. There were no lights in the windows of the parsonage, or such windows as we could see, for it stood back behind a garden whose precincts were walled. The gate was locked, but there was a bell-handle there. At this I pulled. A loud and offensive jangle within told that our presence was announced. Nothing happened, so Jay followed my manœuvre. Then lights appeared in one window, and presently we heard the cleric approaching.

"Monsieur le curé," I began.

"Monsieur le curé," rolled out Jay. "Ah, great, Vale great! That's the way to tackle him."

I put my case to him, but this unfortunate ebullition on the part of my companion seemed to have aroused his cautious mind, already pregnant with suspicion concerning us.

"Are you Catholic?" said he.

"I am Protestant," said I.

"His father is a Monsieur le curé!" put in Jay with eagerness — wretched man. The worthy pastor shook his head.

"We are Christians," said I. "At any rate we are men!"

But he shook his head again, and I saw the light of a neighbouring window glint ironically on the crucifix he bore about him as he closed to and locked the gate.

Imitating my tactics at Maubert Fontaine, we went back to the first place we had tried. Suffice it that we prevailed, and slept in a lumber-room.

"Why do you walk to places instead of going there by train like an ordinary mortal?" is the question I have had so frequently pressed upon me. I am never able to answer them by mouth. I will try and make my pen do so. It is because I picture all places with halos of romance and tradition round them. I do not consider them as isolated integrals in the railway time-tables that you can take a ticket to and detrain at when you see particular names written up on a hoarding. I like to approach a place through the whole sphere of its influence, to feel the power of getting gradually into touch with it as I go along; to notice how, from scarcely even knowing its name, people begin to tell you how far it is, till they tell you they have been there or have relations there, till they tell you that in certain winds they can hear the sound of its bells; and, finally, till you find people that cannot imagine anything in commonplace life without the metaphor of that place and all that is done or has been done there prompting at the background of their speech. Then, my

Interlocutors, when I get to that place I know something of what it *means*.

For the above reasons I was, the following morning, in a state of excitement that Jay could in no wise fathom. All I could tell him was that in a quarter of a mile we should be in a road that, without turning to the right hand or to the left, would lead us into Amiens, thirty-six miles away. I thought it must be a Roman road, for it goes across the map as if the cartographer had used a ruler. Of course, to start with, it is a wonderful thing to walk along a Roman road. But to go in a straight line, where every pace you take tells definitely — where the inhabitants of every house you pass along the road are nearer to the issue of your hopes, and where, in this case, the influence and significance of Amiens would pass from a casual thought in people's minds to a fever throb of reality.

So let it be a thing excused that I gave a cry of joy when I beheld my turning. It strayed inconsequently off the road we were in as if it might have been any ordinary little bypath. But then, when we came into it, it stretched straight for as far as we could see, and that was a long long way, for the country had gone as flat as a pancake again. A great crucifix stood up by the wayside. The road, thought I, undoubtedly owes its presence to Rome; to which does this figure owe its presence, Rome or Bethlehem of Judea?

The wind blew clear and cold out of the North, opening up rifts of blue sky and piling up the clouds round the far-rolling horizon. And there was a stir about things, an indefinite gleaming among the elements that told of spring. So on we went over the long straight road, that people and nations had made who were dead and gone, actually thinking of the springtime.

At the little village of Mons we suddenly realised that, saving for an odd franc, we had no French money left. There was a line of rail here that crossed our way at right angles. And there was a suspicion of joy in Jay's face when he declared he would go by train, procure French coins, and meet me at my destination to-night. A mile back there had been another prospect of strained relations, so there was a suspicion of alacrity in my voice when I acquiesced. It was agreed that Jay should travel north to a large town marked on the map, and then, retiring south again by a devious system, should meet me at a point six hours ahead of the march. As we completed our arrangements, a train arrived in the station going the wrong way. Jay immediately climbed into it.

"Never mind," said he. "I'll find a town this way, no doubt, and pick you up somewhere."

I glanced hastily at the maps and saw a place called Estrées-Déniécourt. It was about two hours' walk, but it seemed simple for him to effect a junction with me from the south at the four cross-roads of that

place. As Jay copied down the last letter of this rather extravagant name, the train started.

"What if I have lost him again?" I mused as I pushed on down the Roman road. On such a day as I have tried to describe, when the Daughter of Spring is stirring in her sleep, it is always evident when you are near a river. Perhaps fishermen are more susceptible than other people to this. Anyhow, long before I came to Brie I divined the thrill of water, and on the other side of that hamlet I came down to the Somme, that great sluggish river that, nevertheless, like our own rivers in the East, has a tradition ancient and illustrious. I doubt not these two have seen a lot together, this road and this river. Firminius, the Roman—for all I know the first missioner in France—came hereabouts, perhaps on this very Roman road. His blood stained the Somme. It is said that the *fleur-de-lis* first flourished on this river, where Firmin's blood was spilt. And hereabouts Clovis reigned when he was a boy of fifteen.

At the point where I was crossing the Somme, its waters were pent between artificial banks, as those of the Sambre had been, and since it was navigable, a leaf in the long iron bridge was made to swing. The thing that struck me at once as remarkable, was the enormous margin of sedges and pampas grasses that fringed the right bank. They were, as if on purpose, watered by the overflow from the river. In places large patches of these rushes had been reaped, and a great quantity of this aqueous harvest was stacked on the bank. Nay, even as I looked, a large cart heaped with them came creaking on to the bridge. I asked the driver what people wanted with such a soft, fat, brittle rush as this. He told me that they were used to stuff arm-chairs, sofas, and such-like furniture. Poor things! thought I, for I cannot imagine a more appalling doom than to be taken from the luscious, rooty fragrance of a fen-land, and put to end one's days supporting lazy people in a billiard-room, a drawing-room, or an hotel lounge.

At two o'clock I got to Estrées-Déniécourt. I thought that probably Jay would have been before me at the cross-roads, but he was not. There was a café there, so I entered it for purposes of refreshment and observation. An hour elapsed and no Jay! Another hour went by, and after that I began to spread the news abroad that I had lost my companion, and prosecuted diligent inquiries concerning whether he had been seen or not. After that I went melancholy expeditions up and down the road to the station without result. After dark, as late as half-past seven, I still expected my elusive comrade-in-arms. Everybody who came into the café was talking about him. "It was an easy thing," they said, "to lose oneself on the railway. You get by mistake into an express train, and *chut!*"—the little man, who was the organ of the explanation party, shot his hand

across the table,—"you are in Italy!"

The idea of Jay arriving in Italy instead of this particular cross-road struck me as so ludicrous that I burst out laughing. The little man, who, by the way, was not absolutely sober, thought I had not grasped his proposition. He therefore got on his feet and made a huge demonstration of Jay's Franco-Italian express, overturning with regrettable reality every object that impeded the progress of that lightning train. Things upset and spilled on the table, and a coffee glass went to pieces on the floor. Immediately there was a hubbub, landlord and landlady and the friends of the little man all in an uproar. As I felt seriously implicated in the affair, I went over and offered to make good the damage. But no one would pay any attention, except the little man, who touched me confidentially on the shoulder, and began demonstrating express trains on another table. I had to restrain him by force, whereat the whole company descended on me, calling out that I was a stranger, probably a German, and the cause of all the trouble. I have never been in such a pandemonium. Yet though they all surged about me, making the most appalling faces and noises, nobody attempted to lay hands on me. Just at the moment when the place seemed perfectly alive with faces and hands, and I expected by a sudden wave of enthusiasm to be swept bodily into the street, other shouts were heard outside. "Ah! Votre camarade! Votre camarade!" There was an instant's lull in the café, when Jay, effervescing with Cambridge commonplaces, hove jubilant through the door, attended by an enormous crowd. The menacing spirit of my own particular mob switched with a velocity of the proposed express train on to another track. They applauded wildly.

Scarcely realising the absurdity of the thing—so is the mind of one man swayed by the multitude—I stepped forward and shook hands with Jay, and as though we were the most loving brothers in the world, we sat down to a little table and ordered *café au lait*. The *aubergiste* that a moment before had been a howling maniac now hurried about our business, while approving murmurs of "They are English" were heard on all sides. The little man, whose railway theories had been conclusively exploded, came forward and shook us by the hand, and we treated him to a non-intoxicant.

My lost comrade's explanation was that he, after changing the money, had bought a map. A motor map it was, of several miles to the inch, with the name of Estrées-Déniécourt splayed out in large letters along the road. And he, being unused to map-reading, had made for the first letter instead of the last, which had landed him six miles nearer Amiens.

Little more is to be told of this day. We struck off across ploughed fields to the lights of a little village called

Proyart. The ploughed fields put Jay out of temper, so that he maintained his old attitude of protest by stalking ahead in dark silence. As we walked through the little moonlit street of whitewashed farms and cottages, I heard a most extraordinarily faëry sound. At first I thought it was water dripping into some full-sounding well. But, lo, it occurred everywhere in all places. I did not think it could be of a bird, animal, or reptile. Could it be elfin musicians performing on some instrument unknown to mankind? We found lodgings.

The next morning I asked the landlord what this noise was, explaining it to the best of my ability.

"It is the song of the *caille*," said he.

While I was turning in my mind what sort of a being, mortal or immortal, the *caille* might be, he led me into the yard, and behold in a cage a little quail.

At a place called Villers Bretonneux Jay exhibited a sudden alacrity to go by train. So once more he vanished in a cloud of steam out of my ken.

Since we had started from Proyart my main thought had been, "When shall I see Amiens Cathedral?" I thought perhaps four or five miles from the city I might see it standing up in the distance as only a cathedral can stand up. As I passed the eighteen-kilometre stone I said to myself, "In ten kilometres at most I shall see it." The road was still inflexible in its gaunt geometric persistence, though it had grown from a byway into a grand route, which made the force of the proximity of Amiens grow upon me, and made me long more than ever to see it. I was going up a hill through a pretty wood where anemone and aconite ran riot along the ground. At the top of this hill the woods suddenly ceased, and again there was a great expanse of rolling country going down into a plain. Far away, a blue smirch in the distance, were the clustered houses of a town. Was this Amiens? If so, I was deeply disappointed. A tree stood before me in the foreground of the picture. It looked so pretty I hardly liked to move for fear that I should spoil the composition of the view. At last I moved. Like a magic scale falling from the eye the whole distance altered. For there, where my tree had been, stood the great cathedral. The town was indeed Amiens.

If the rest of our adventures must be told, it shall be done in two sentences. Jay went by train to Boulogne. My foot was done, alack, so I went by train to Dieppe.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

WE have had a long time to wait for a "full dress" biography of Mr Bagehot. Thirty-seven years have passed away since his death, and in that interval the lives of countless men of much less consequence than he was have been duly published, duly perused, and duly forgotten. Not until this summer was the authentic record of his career presented to the public,[1] though it will be none the less welcome for its tardy appearance. Mrs Barrington has performed her pious task with anxious care and laudable industry. She might, indeed, have abridged her book with advantage. Several topics are laboured with an exaggerated conscientiousness, and the copious quotations from her brother-in-law's published works might well have been omitted. Also the misprints are more numerous than they should have been. But, upon the whole, the work has been well done, and in parts exceedingly well done. The description, for example, of Bagehot's domestic life after his marriage is delightful. We seem to be transported into the serene, refined, and typically English atmosphere in which Miss Austen's characters for the most part move and have their being; and we are once more fortified in our conviction that the English woman of the Victorian era—that victim of conventional obloquy and scorn—was no less intelligent and was much better read than her modern representative, the product of so much "higher education." There is nothing sensational, to be sure, about Mrs Barrington's narrative. There are no startling revelations, no thrilling disclosures. Bagehot's life-history was no more eventful than that of most prosperous bankers. Nor is there any surprising merit about his correspondence or about the reported fragments of his conversation, which are strongly reminiscent of his writings. But no reader who has once fallen under Bagehot's spell will withhold from his biographer a proper share of gratitude for this interesting volume. Having gladly discharged our part of the debt, we proceed briefly to consider the significance and import of Bagehot's work.

He was born in 1826 in the Bank House at Langport, a little market-town in Somersetshire, which the iconoclastic hand of the legislature has wantonly robbed of its port-reeve and its ancient municipal status. On both sides he sprang from that stratum of the middle class, peculiar to England, which, intimately connected

[1] Life of Walter Bagehot. By his sister-in-law, Mrs Russell Barrington. Longmans: 1914.

with the landed gentry by the ties of a common kinship and a common civilisation, owes its immediate fortunes to commercial enterprise, and looks out upon the world from an independent point of view. His father was for many years the managing director of Stuckey's Bank, a flourishing local institution now merged in one of the joint-stock banking companies, and his mother was a niece and bore the name of its original founder. To her he owed much, and what he owed was nobly repaid by his steadfast personal devotion when she had become subject to periodical attacks of mental derangement. After going to school at Bristol, Walter was sent at the age of sixteen to complete his education at University College, London. The elder Mr Bagehot was an old-fashioned Unitarian, with a strong antipathy to religious tests, though the son followed in his mother's footsteps and became a Church of England man. We may regret that neither of the old Universities can claim him for a son, and we may cherish the belief that either might have communicated to him something which he lacked; but the late Mr R. H. Hutton, with whom Bagehot formed a lifelong friendship in the forbidding precincts of Gower Street, gives his emphatic assurance that the adjacent pavements, including "the dreary chain of squares from Euston to Bloomsbury," were the scene of "discussions as eager and as abstract as ever were the sedate cloisters or the flowery river-meadows of Cambridge or Oxford."

Graduation was followed by a special pleader's chambers and the bar. Special pleading, Bagehot himself characteristically declares, "was a very pretty art, and the only trade in which the logical faculties appear to be of any particular service, and was therefore the champagne of life." Unluckily it ceased to exist soon after Bagehot's call in 1852, and the exhilarating beverage was thus cut off at the source. This furnished him with a pretext for the course he presently took, though the real reason was the state of his mother's health. He abandoned the law, returned to the parental roof, and went into business and the bank. Had he remained in London and kept his health, professional success might have been predicted for him with more confidence than for most men. Yet it would be ungenerous as well as idle to grudge to finance the qualities which might have brought him a fortune in Westminster Hall. Nor should it be forgotten that only the comparative leisure of a banker's existence rendered possible the copious outflow of commentary and speculation with which he enriched the English-speaking world for a quarter of a century.

The principal channels through which this beneficent stream was distributed to the public were the 'Prospective Review,' the old 'National Review,' and, of course, the 'Economist,' to the promised

volume of selections from which we look forward with pleasurable anticipation. Bagehot had married in 1858 the eldest daughter of Mr James Wilson, the founder of that once important periodical, and when Mr Wilson, who had sat in Parliament, and had served as Financial Secretary of the Treasury and as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, went out to India at the end of 1859 as Financial Member of the Indian Council, his son-in-law took over the control of the paper, and occupied the editorial chair until his death in 1877. There can be no question that this intimate connection with the proprietor of the 'Economist' was eminently serviceable to its editor. Wilson was "far ben," as the significant trope of his native land has it, in the councils of the Whig party, and Bagehot was consequently brought into contact with the leading men in public life to an extent which would otherwise have been impossible. His classical treatise on 'The English Constitution' is obviously indebted for much of its peculiar value to the insight which he thus obtained at close quarters into the working of the political machine.

As time went on Bagehot grew steadily in weight and influence. Statesmen on both sides sought his guidance and advice in matters of finance, nor did they seek in vain. The now familiar device of Treasury Bills was of his invention. Yet the power he exercised was independent of whips and wire-pullers, and was indeed wholly extra-parliamentary. He never sat in the House of Commons. The one election which he fought was at Bridgewater in 1866, when he was defeated by Mr George Patton, afterwards Lord Advocate and Lord Justice-Clerk. It need scarcely be said that Bridgewater, in common with many similar constituencies in that quarter of the globe, was notorious for corrupt practices. Bagehot was beaten by the narrow margin of seven votes, and it is therefore highly improbable that the normal and well recognised methods of electioneering were not employed on his behalf. He had, however, no difficulty in exculpating himself before the Commission of Inquiry from the charge of personal implication in those methods. After all, the old system was thoroughly intelligible and comparatively honest. The free and independent elector — burgess, freeman, or potwalloper — possessed something which he conceived had only a value in exchange. He naturally desired to convert it into cash, and it so happened that what the voter was anxious so to convert was precisely that which the candidate was anxious to obtain. It does not require the science of "catallactics" to teach us that in such circumstances a transaction was likely to take place. The completion of the bargain to the satisfaction of both parties was delayed merely by the necessity of

ascertaining a price by the higgling of the market or otherwise. In most of these boroughs there was a regular tariff, although sometimes the more speculative seller might try to squeeze the competing purchasers by holding out till the last moment, at the risk of losing his market altogether. But one thing is certain. The candidate paid for the "delivery of the goods" out of his own pocket or out of the party funds. And we do not doubt that Bagehot would have held the old system of barefaced bribery to be infinitely less demoralising than the new, under which the electorate are tempted by promises to pay, not at the expense of those who make them, but at the expense of the helpless taxpayer.

If we were asked to name Bagehot's outstanding characteristics, we should specify without a moment's hesitation his high spirits and his candour. To borrow his own dialect, he had, like Fielding, the "enjoying," and, *un*like Lord Macaulay, the "experiencing" mind. He was by nature what those diverting partners in the cloak-and-suit trade, Messrs Potash & Perlmutter, have taught us to call an "optician." "I have such a flow of good spirits," he writes, "as no calamities, I think, could long interrupt, much less exhaust. . . . I am not over-sanguine as to the future in general, but I have a sort of reckless cheerfulness that gets on very well without the aid of hope." Fox-hunting was to him the most fascinating of amusements. The human theatre was to him the most absorbing of spectacles, though he looked upon stage-players as "pitiable people who made fools of themselves." "It is all nonsense or morbidness, as you say," so he writes to his *fiancée*, "to call the world all hollow. It is an object of the greatest *intellectual* interest to those who have the mind and opportunity to study it:" exactly Mr Lockhart's way of looking at the great world, by the bye. It is plain, moreover, that he practised the art of writing with as much gusto as the art of observation. Bishop Butler, he has pointed out, "so far from having the pleasures of eloquence, had not even the comfort of perspicuity." But "composition is pleasant work for men of ready words, fine ears, and thick coming illustrations." To that class of men Bagehot unmistakably belonged. Every now and then he delivers a stroke after which we almost hear the chuckle of satisfaction: as when he remarks that, as a rule, "those become most eminent in the sheepfold who partake most eminently of the qualities of the wolf"; or that "the only point in which Sterne resembles a clergyman of our own time is that he lost his voice"; or that "poetry should be memorable and emphatic, intense and *soon over*." Such dicta remind us of the best of Mr Jowett's apophthegms, genuine and apocryphal.

And then his frankness, his candour. "It is horribly against my own interest," he

acknowledges, "but I have a certain abstract love of truth which is much in the way." Mr Matthew Arnold bears this out, attributing to him "a concern for the *simple truth* which is rare in English literature as it is in English politics." He jestingly betrays the secret of the review-like essay and the essay-like review. "A real reviewer always spends his first and best pages on the parts of a subject on which he wishes to write, the easy comfortable parts which he knows. The formidable difficulties which he acknowledges, you foresee by a strange fatality that he will only reach two pages before the end; to his great grief there is no opportunity for discussing them." Bagehot was probably inclined, after the fashion of his time, to vilipend the Middle Ages, about which he has not very much to say. He may have thought too little of Lord Lyndhurst and Mr Perceval, too much of Mr Cobden and Sir George Cornewall Lewis. We think he did. But he never consciously sinned against the light. Only once or twice does he descend to language that savours of the common partisan. "It is absurd to say that the greatest political intellect of his time [meaning thereby, John Singleton Copley's] really believed that the Catholics should not be emancipated; that the Corn-laws should be maintained; that there should be no reform in Parliament." So inept an utterance is rare. Even in minute details it is not easy to catch him tripping. He thought that, when we speak of the "mystery" of (say) felt-hat-making, the word derives from the Greek instead of standing for the Latin "ministerium." The error is trivial, and had best be pardoned by those who have, it seems, been cheerfully talking to an awestruck world for a couple of centuries of *trinōda*, in place of *trimŏda, necessitas.*

Bagehot was a realist in the sense in which Sir Walter Scott, of whom he was an ardent admirer, was a realist. It is one of his most famous remarks that if the author of 'Waverley' had given us the English side of the race to Derby "he would have described the Bank of England paying in sixpences, and also the loves of the cashier." The observation is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to Bagehot himself. He endeavoured to express every abstract proposition in familiar and concrete terms, for it did not really present itself to his mind as an abstract proposition. If you generalised about mankind, he saw the men; if you generalised about the forest, he saw the trees. The knack in style, he thought, was "to write like a human being." He clung tenaciously to the visible and the tangible: the paraphernalia of life were ever present to his glowing imagination. A good many imaginative people, he acknowledges, are irritated by Cowper's provincial and domestic muse. "Everything is so comfortable, the tea-urn hisses so plainly, the toast is so

warm, the breakfast so neat, the food so edible." But, while he understood, and perhaps in certain moods shared, that feeling, he delighted in authentic and relevant detail. He cannot sketch the career of the author of the 'Analogy' without wondering what he did with his mines and his lands, his royalties and his rectories, his curacies and his coal-dues. "In most of Shelley's poems," he tells us, and tells us truly, "there is an extreme suspicion of aged persons." Most critics would have stopped there. Bagehot continues: "In real life he had plainly encountered many old gentlemen who had no belief in the complete and philosophical reformation of mankind." This added touch—the graphic hint of a dialogue between such an old gentleman and the ineffectual angel—drives the proposition home with immense force. "Those who really enjoy the best books," he held, "take an interest in human life concerning which those books are entirely written," and he notes with amused surprise, though with respect rather than contempt, the eagerness with which a German scholar like Niebuhr "withdraws from the living realities of life to the driest technicalities—to grammar and philology, to Basque refreshments and Polynesian recreations; and, what is more strange still, he does not feel that his taste is queer or extraordinary." No one had a better title than Bagehot to use the hackneyed Terentian tag for his own.

And for that very reason—just because human nature and human life are so *interesting*—he will have no make-believes, and no dressing up, either in poetry or in prose. Mr Hutton has well noted that one of his most distinctive qualities was "his comparative inaccessibility to the contagion of blind sympathy." It is a characteristic as rare as it is precious. That most pernicious and fraudulent of the emotions which has been called "the enthusiasm of humanity," knocked in vain for admission to Bagehot's breast. Hence he is suspicious of the "ornate" school of poetry as exemplified by Tennyson. He dislikes "the style in which nothing is described as it is: everything has about it an atmosphere of something else." A fishing village is invested with "a softness and a fascination which such villages scarcely possess in reality." "People who sell fish about the country are never beautiful. A dirty sailor who did *not* go home to his wife is not an agreeable being; a varnish must be put on him to make him shine." In some such summary fashion he makes mincemeat of "Enoch Arden." The trenchant sentences once more recall Mr Jowett and his prototype and exemplar, Dr Johnson. Yet it is to be feared that the application of the test proposed would carry us alarmingly far. Shepherds and shepherdesses are probably no better favoured than fishermen and fishwives. It is a hard saying that we

must on that account put Theocritus and honest Allan to the door.

Men endowed with Bagehot's intensely practical temperament are not seldom afflicted with the defects of their qualities in a very striking degree. They are apt to be unaffectedly contemptuous of those who seem to them to have "failed" in life—supercilious, and even patronising. And they are inclined on utilitarian grounds to ignore the whole realm of feeling and speculation on many topics which in every period have engaged the interest of the human race. From these failings Bagehot was extraordinarily free. In one solitary instance he permits himself to speak disparagingly of a great man of letters—the case of Southey, who annoyed Bagehot partly because he was a medieval and a rather muddle-headed Tory, and partly because he wrote on an infinity of subjects on which his knowledge was necessarily "strained through books." But no one could have written with more genuine kindness or more sympathetic appreciation of Hartley Coleridge, who can scarcely be charged with having been a success either in literature or in life. Bagehot was not accustomed to waste much time on fools, but he was no quencher of the smoking flax. And if there is one theme on which he writes with a surer touch, a deeper emotion, a profounder understanding, and a more penetrating insight into essentials, than another, that theme is religion. We cannot think of any professional philosopher or theologian who has given so impressive and so convincing an account of the origin of religion in the human soul as Bagehot has done in his essay on "Bishop Butler."

He begins by pointing out that there are two sorts of religion. There is, on the one hand, the religion of imagination, of poetry, of nature, which we find embodied in the Greek mythology. There is, on the other hand, the religion of the supernatural, of superstition (if you choose so to call it), of the conscience. And then he proceeds as follows:—

> "The moral principle . . . is really and to most men a principle of fear. The delights of a good conscience may be preserved for better things, but few men who know themselves will say that they have often felt them by vivid and actual experience. A sensation of shame, of reproach, of remorse, of sin (to use the word we instinctively shrink from because it expresses the meaning), is what the moral principle really and practically thrusts on most men. Conscience is the condemnation of ourselves. We expect a penalty. As the Greek proverb teaches, 'Where there is shame there is fear,' where there is the deep and intimate anxiety of guilt—the feeling which has driven murderers, and other than murderers, forth to wastes, and rocks, and stones, and tempests—we see, as it were in a single complex and indivisible sensation, the pain and sense of guilt, and the painful anticipation of its punishment. How to be free from this is the question. How to get loose from this—how to be rid of the secret tie which binds the strong man and cramps his pride, and makes him angry at the beauty of the universe—which will not let him go forth like a great animal, like the king of the forest, in the glory of his might, but restrains him with an inner fear and

a secret foreboding, that if he do but exhaust himself he will be abased; if he do but set forth his own dignity he will offend ONE who will deprive him of it. This, as has often been pointed out, is the source of the bloody rites of heathendom. You are going to battle, you are going out in the bright sun with dancing plumes and glittering spear; your shield shines, and your feathers wave, and your limbs are glad with the consciousness of strength, and your mind is warm with glory and renown,—with coming glory and unobtained renown—for who are you to hope for these—who are *you*, to go forth proudly against the pride of the sun with your secret sin, and your haunting shame, and your real fear? First lie down and abase yourself—strike your back with hard stripes—cut deep with a sharp knife as if you would eradicate the consciousness—cry aloud—put ashes on your head—bruise yourself with stones, then perhaps God may pardon you; or, better still—so runs the incoherent feeling—give Him something—your ox, your ass, whole hecatombs, if you are rich enough; anything, it is but a chance—you do not know what will please Him—at any rate what you love best yourself—that is, most likely, your first-born son; then, after such gifts and such humiliation, He may be appeased, He may let you off,—He may without anger let you go forth Achilles-like in the glory of your shield—He may *not* send you home as He would else, the victim of rout and treachery, with broken arms and foul limbs, in weariness and humiliation."

We make no apology for quoting *ad longum* a passage where Bagehot reaches a height of eloquence which he seldom attempted. It is characteristic that in summing up, he freely admits that the religion of the conscience may become selfish and morbid "if it be allowed to eat into the fibre of the character, and to supersede the manliness by which it should be supported." He seldom states a truth without carefully adjecting the necessary qualifications. But his conclusion is emphatic though very "Butlerian." "So long as men are very imperfect, the sense of great imperfection should cleave to them, and, while the consciousness of sin is on the mind, the consequent apprehension of a deserved punishment seems in its proper degree to be a reasonable service." This, surely, goes to the very root of the matter.

As a literary critic Bagehot did not trouble himself with theories about art. But he was wonderfully sagacious in detecting the distinctive qualities of every variety of author. He wrote equally well—and what he wrote was the very acme of shrewd good sense—on Macaulay and on Scott, on Béranger and on Shelley, on Gibbon and on Milton, on Cowper and on Shakespeare. He had a keen relish of all that was good. He appeared to approach everything with a mind singularly fresh and susceptible of impressions. Moreover, his was the enviable gift, which he attributes to Sir Robert Peel, of usually making a remark which seemed to have been left by every one on purpose for him: "It was so sensible when made that every one believed he could have made it." We know of few things better in their way than his estimate of Mr Thackeray. The stock parallel

to Thackeray in the text-books is Fielding. But Fielding's was "a bold spirit of bounding happiness," and a closer analogy is Sterne, though *his* sensibility did not make him irritable. "By the constitution of his mind, he [Thackeray] thought much of social distinctions; and yet he was in his writings too severe on those who in cruder or baser ways showed that they also were thinking much." He did not easily rely upon his own judgment; he could not help wondering what the footman behind his chair would think and say. So runs the judicial pronouncement, and one feels that there is no loophole for an appeal. We must not, however, linger upon Bagehot the literary critic, nor upon Bagehot the political economist either. We should dearly love to know what he would have thought of our recent reversion to the primitive notion of taxation, that "when a government sees much money it should take some of it, and that if it sees more money, it should take more of it." And we should like to conjecture what he would have retorted to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who coolly told him that he ought to pool his brains with the stupid and the lazy and the vicious. But the remainder of this article must be devoted to Bagehot as a writer on politics.

He was brought up in a mildly Whig atmosphere, and there was undoubtedly much in the Whigs which made a strong appeal to his habit of mind—their freedom from the pedantry of logic, their brisk practicality, their plausible common-sense, their abstention from heroics (unless about the glorious Revolution), their distaste for democracy. He was never a party man in the ordinary sense of the expression; but the condition of parties in the middle of the nineteenth century was abnormal, and not the least damaging count in the charge against Sir Robert Peel is that he split the forces of conservatism beyond repair, and permanently attached men like Lord Palmerston and Sir George Lewis to the nominally Liberal side. Thus Bagehot always seemed to stand nearer to the Liberals than to the Tories. Yet there never was a more thorough or a more resolute conservative. That he should have laughed at Lord Eldon was a matter of common form. The plain truth is that not the great Chancellor himself nourished a stronger antipathy to change or a more passionate attachment to the *status quo*. Let us endeavour to justify this high compliment.

Take, first of all, Bagehot's statement of the heavy price which had to be paid for the first Reform Act. What more damning indictment of that measure could the most truculent of Tories desire? Or take his essay on "The Metaphysical Basis of Toleration"

and compare it with Mill on "Liberty." The two pieces are poles asunder. No doubt Bagehot arrives at the result that the wise statesman will not as a rule interfere with the public expression of political or religious opinion. But he makes the all-important reservation, that "no Government is bound to permit a controversy which will annihilate itself." If Diocletian thought that the existence of the Roman Empire was inconsistent with the existence of Christianity, it was his duty to preserve the Empire. Nor is that all. Though the Government had better hold its hand, "society" is under no obligation to do so, but ought rather to "discountenance" persons whose opinions or conduct it suspects of a dangerous tendency. "Society as we now have it cannot exist at all unless certain acts are prohibited. It goes on much better because many other acts are prohibited also." Society, too, "can deal much more severely than the law with many kinds of acts, because it need be far less strict in the evidence it requires." In such matters "society is a discriminating agent, the law is but a blind one." All this admirable doctrine is, of course, wholly inconsistent with the commonplaces of Liberalism. We can readily imagine the rage it would inspire in the bosom of a sentimental worshipper of Mr Mill.

But the matter does not end there. For Bagehot the first duty of society is the preservation of society. "By the sound work of old-fashioned generations — by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards — by dull care —by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work and to find work to employ them actually until the evening, body and soul are kept together, and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble. To keep up this system we must sacrifice everything. Parliaments, liberty, leading articles, essays, eloquence,—all are good, but they are secondary; at all hazards, and if we can, mankind must be kept alive." He echoed Hallam's admiration of the reign of George II. as the happiest period in our history —"the age of substantial comfort," when "the advantages of material civilisation were enjoyed, and its penalties scarcely foreseen." It is easy to invent constitutions, to compose polities, he sardonically remarks, if you neglect the one essential condition of protecting the hearths and homes of men. A political situation in which "no man likes to take a long bill," is above all things to be averted. These opinions are brought to a point in the remarkable series of letters which he sent from Paris to an Unitarian newspaper shortly after the *Coup d'État* of December 1851. Mr Hutton obviously found

them extremely difficult of digestion, but he wisely included them in his collection of Bagehot's 'Literary Studies.' The sum and substance of these letters is that by the *Coup d'État* Louis Napoleon delivered France from certain anarchy, and it is highly significant that this view was shared by Mr Frederick Greenwood,[1] who was by no means disposed to look with too partial an eye upon "the nephew of his uncle."

The truth is that even at the age of twenty-five Bagehot had grasped the principle inculcated by Burke "that politics are made of time and place — that institutions are shifting things, to be tried by and adjusted to the shifting conditions of a mutable world —that, in fact, politics are but a piece of business—to be determined in every case by the exact exigencies of that case; in plain English — by sense and circumstances." He had furthermore arrived at the conclusion that, of all the circumstances affecting political problems, "by far and out of all question the most important is *national character*." He believed that the national character of the French disqualified them for free institutions, for a form of government, that is to say, in which a single decision is not absolute, and "where argument has an office." Now the essential quality for a free people is "much *stupidity*"; and "in real sound stupidity the English are unrivalled." "The best security for people's doing their duty is that they should not know anything else to do; the best security for fixedness of opinion is that people should be incapable of comprehending what is to be said on the other side."

The very opposite condition, he conceived, was what was wrong with the French. They were too quick-witted, too fond of arguing for argument's sake. "Nothing is so bad for public matters as that they should be treated as a topic or background for displaying the shining qualities of public writers." And the cardinal advantage which Louis Napoleon possessed over other French statesmen was this, that he had never been a professor, nor a journalist, nor a promising barrister, nor, by taste, a *littérateur*. "He has not confused himself with history; he does not think in leading articles, in long speeches, or in agreeable essays. But he is capable of observing facts rightly, of reflecting on them simply, and acting on them discreetly."

What, then, it may be asked, is the special virtue of free institutions planted in a congenial soil and among a sufficiently "stupid" people? Bagehot's answer (it will be found in what is perhaps his masterpiece) is unhesitating. Their great merit is that they

[1] See his 'Life of Napoleon the Third, Emperor of the French.' London, 1855. An interesting little book, long since forgotten.

effectually retard the pace of legislative change. "For the purpose of preventing hasty action and ensuring elaborate consideration there is no device like a polity of discussion."

"The enemies of this object—the people who want to act quickly—" he continues, "see this very distinctly. They are for ever explaining that the present is 'an age of committees,' that the committees do nothing, that all evaporates in talk. . . . All these invectives are perpetual and many-sided; they come from philosophers, each of whom wants some scheme tried; from philanthropists, who want some evil abated; from revolutionists, who want some old institution destroyed; from new aeraists, who want their new aera started forthwith. And they all are distinct admissions that a polity of discussion is the greatest hindrance to the inherited mistake of human nature, to the desire to act promptly, which in a simple age is so excellent, but which in a later and complex time leads to so much evil." ('Physics and Politics,' 1872, p. 193.)

Lord Eldon or Mr Perceval could hardly have spoken to better purpose.

These views are evidently expressed with some of the intellectual arrogance which Mr Hutton predicates of Bagehot in his University College days, and with not a little of the whimsicality and love of paradox to which all clever young men are prone. But their substance contains a lesson of the most wholesome consequence, and one that could never be more seasonable than at the present day. For years we have all been engaged in a conspiracy to destroy the "stupidity" upon which the success of our institutions depends and to replace it by a sort of debating-society cast of mind well calculated to unfit a grown man for the business of life. The most grievous sinners in that respect have been the members of the educational profession, more particularly in its higher spheres. It is the business of the ancient Universities to turn a deaf ear and a cold shoulder to impudent quacks of every description. They can do much to "discountenance" sciolists who are ambitious of academic distinction. They ought to be the home of that sane and rational conservatism which alone can preserve the fabric of civilised society in this country. They tend instead to become the refuge of every craze and crotchet which can find an utterance, nor is any project too mischievous nor any projector too offensive to find a cordial welcome in many of their common rooms. If the older foundations so much mistake their duty, it is not surprising that the new Universities, which do not enjoy the blessing of a long-standing conservative tradition, should be joined with them in the same condemnation. The result is that even on questions which lie at the very foundation of society—marriage, the family, the bringing up of children, and so forth—the public discussion of which is instinctively avoided by right-thinking people, ostensible deference is paid to the

brazen rhetoric of beings whose opinions on such topics are of precisely the same value as the views of a wedder-hog upon the breeding and rearing of sheep-stock. Lord Stowell once foretold that, "if you provide a larger amount of highly cultivated talent than there is a demand for, the surplus is very likely to turn sour." We are beginning to find out the truth of that prediction, and it is cold comfort to know that we are but reaping as we have sown and gathering as we have strawed. How salutary a corrective to the raw and headstrong spirit of some of the young academic teachers of to-day is furnished by the writings of Bagehot need not be pointed out. But they are heavily handicapped in their useful mission. They abound in wit and good humour, and knowledge of life; they have no solemn airs and graces; they can be understood by anybody; they are as English as Fielding or Cobbett. And therefore they are liable to be discarded in favour of the fantastic speculations of the last fashionable pedant, who broods over the problems of politics on the plains of Germany.

Three great exponents of conservatism flourished in the second half of last century: Henry Sumner Maine, Frederick Greenwood, and Walter Bagehot. Each worked in his own corner of the vineyard, and each had his own special excellences. But we are inclined to think that, upon a just comparison, the greatest and most inspiring of the three was Bagehot.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

A SOUTHERN INDIA KHEDDAH.

THE first operation of a Kheddah consists in driving in from the jungles one, two, or three herds, the actual number of which is governed by the distribution of elephants throughout the State concerned. In the present instance three herds were assembled; of these, two were driven some time before our visit into forest enclosures three or four acres in extent, and the third was shepherded to the bank of a river, and there collected nearly opposite to the entrance of a stockade, on the farther bank, into which we were to see them driven.

Each of these herds had been pushed through forest and jungle from distances up to three hundred miles, and while a description of that operation is beyond the scope of this article, which will only be concerned with the actual capture of one herd, it may be accepted that it is an extremely difficult one, occupying a varying number of skilful men for several months.

Leaving camp late one afternoon, our party made its way to the bed of the river near which the third herd had been collected: the stream was wide and from three to four feet deep, and ran swiftly through a glorious forest of bamboo interspersed with teak and other magnificent trees. The bamboo in these parts grows in great clumps, sixty or more feet in height, each clump occupying the space of an ordinary tennis lawn, its branches spreading upwards and falling over like a bunch of gigantic ostrich feathers.

On the hither bank of the river the arrangements for the actual Kheddah were as follows:—

Leading up from the river was a stockaded gangway, the scarped river bank being ramped into a steep slope till the flat ground on the top was reached. The gangway or passage of stout timber, deeply buried in the ground, and rising fifteen feet above it, was some seventy yards long and ten broad. At its mouth in the river bed—*i.e.*, at the bottom of the ramp or slope—gate No. 1 was placed. Fifty yards farther in there was a second and subsidiary one, used only during the exit of elephants, and not for their entrance, while at another twenty-five yards farther in again, the third and last gate opened into a circular stockade about thirty yards in diameter and crowned with a gallery, high up and more or less screened from view from the interior, for the accommodation of spectators. The first gate, as subsequently became apparent, was ill-placed, and should have been at the top instead of at the bottom of the ramp or slope.

Arriving at the river bank, we took up our position to one

side of the stockade and upon the steep bank of the river. From here we could see the herd of elephants bunched together upon the opposite shore, perhaps five-and-forty of them of all ages and sizes, ranging from little fellows of a month or so old to an enormous old tusker, the leader of the herd, who towered above the rest. Suddenly the beaters burst into hideous noise from the far side of the stationary beasts, and for some minutes this pandemonium continued without the elephants thinking it necessary to move. At length, however, the old tusker, who had stationed himself on the dangerous side, came to the conclusion that the clamour could no longer be ignored, and obediently to his orders the whole party took to the water, and, still with great deliberation, crossed the river. It was an imposing spectacle as they splashed across and slowly emerged upon our bank; but as they landed, other beaters sprang into activity, and at last, fairly alarmed by the shouts of these and by the clattering of the split bamboo sticks of the beaters, the elephants turned down-stream and crashed past us at full pace. As they arrived opposite the entrance to the stockade the herd was turned into it left-handed by the sudden appearance of more beaters and of tame elephants, and their suspicions being now awakened the pace began to slow down. With a single exception they traversed the length of the stockaded passage, and reaching the third and final gate passed through this with characteristic caution and pushed into the absurdly small circular enclosure.

Two or three of us had now, by hard running, reached the gallery which topped the enclosure; here we knelt and, remaining perfectly silent, watched the mob of elephants slowly and carefully enter the final gate, and feel their way into the sham jungle with which the enclosure had been planted. But the suspicions of the herd had by this time been fully roused, and a mistake in the arrangements now led to a most distressing catastrophe.

It had been intended that the majority of the spectators should enter the gallery only when the final gate had been closed behind the final elephant; by some error, however, the guests were admitted too quickly, and their noisy arrival in the gallery, when only about half the elephants had entered the enclosure, converted suspicion into panic. Seeing, hearing, smelling this crowd, the score or so of elephants within the enclosure turned, and charging back to the entrance, began to push and jostle their way out against the stream of those who were still seeking to enter. In a moment all had turned on their tracks, and were hurrying at speed back along the passage towards the river. In no time they reached the top of the slope which led down the bank, but it was now wet and greasy with the water which had dripped from the elephants emerging from the stream, and at its lower end

the heavy gate had been closed. The scene which ensued was dreadful; the gate barred the way, and against it there was crashed a mass of panic-stricken elephants, sliding and falling down that dreadful slope, trampling each other, and shrieking in their pain and fear. It was a horrid and grievous sight.

Directly the panic had started the spectators were removed from the gallery into which they had so prematurely come, and in order to get them out of the way and facilitate the re-entry of the elephants into the enclosure they were sent back to camp. I, however, remained, and making my way towards the gate at the foot of the slope, watched the efforts that were being made to repair the disaster.

To drive the frightened elephants back into the circular enclosure, a fire was lit within the stockade at the top of the slope, the effect being to push forward such of them as were not engulfed in the V-shaped pit formed by the slope and the shut gate at the bottom of it. The great tusker, previously alluded to, was, however, not amenable to this procedure, and refused to move forward from the margin of the slope, and to induce him to do so a spear was plunged into his quarters. In a trice he was round, and made a terrific charge at the stockade. The impact was tremendous, and threw the palisade many degrees out of the perpendicular. His next charge was even stronger, and a third would have effected his escape, but for some reason he did not make it.

Slowly the unengulfed animals moved clear of the slope, and were joined by two or three who had been walking or plunging about on the top of the wallowing mass in the pit, and as they advanced fresh fires were continually lit behind them, so that the rear elephants, being burnt by the flames, kept forcing onwards those in front.

At last the leaders, who had been standing with their trunks just inside the circular enclosure, crept in slowly and unwillingly; finally, with a tremendous scrimmage, the remainder followed, and the heavy gate was closed behind all, save those which had been left dead or dying at the foot of the fatal slope.

It had taken three hours to accomplish the capture, and a more distressing spectacle it would be impossible to imagine. There was so much suffering, so much waste of life, that could well have been avoided; the placing of the first gate at the top instead of at the foot of the slope, a very little more care in looking after the spectators, and the unfortunate animals might have been spared all their pains and most of their terrors. Even now it was distressing to watch this mob of monsters confined within the narrow limits of the enclosure, pushing, jostling, struggling round and round in a tangled mass, the members of which were always trying to keep as much distance as

possible between themselves and the timbers of the stockade.

I left them thus, their backs steaming in the moonlight, and made my way once more to the slope which had been the final cause of catastrophe. Here were five dead elephants, two of them big, two of medium size, and one that was quite a baby; one big and two small elephants were still alive—the former was in a state of collapse, having no strength to climb the slippery slope or even to rise. As two others had by some means succeeded in getting clear, I thought that these three might also be saved; and eventually they did manage to squeeze themselves out under the gate, which had been much battered by the tremendous pressure brought against it by the fallen. This, however, they could not have effected but for the presence of a couple of Englishmen; for the natives, ever callous with regard to suffering, had come to the conclusion that nothing lying there could be saved.

Eventually, when I came away for the night, there were some thirty elephants, large and small, inside the Kheddah. Five others were dead, and three big ones and two small were outside; of the latter the two babies were caught at once and led off screaming. The three big ones crossed the river forthwith, but of these two returned the next morning right into the stockaded passage—evidently in search of their calves—and were there caught and secured.

When we returned on the following day to see the "roping" operations, the gate of the enclosure was opened and half a dozen of the biggest tame tuskers, the Mahouts on their backs armed with long bamboo spears, pushed their way in. These tame elephants are called "Koomkies," a word which I believe means "traitors," and their presence is not in the least resented by the wild ones.

Once inside, the Koomkies somehow penetrated the surging close-packed mob of captives, and without delay took up their position, three on each side of the big tusker. The latter was facing towards the centre of the enclosure, his tail some feet from the stockade, while the Koomkies, facing outwards and pressing gradually inwards, had him in a vice. As soon as he was secured in this way, three or four "ropers," skilled men specially brought from another district, were into the stockade in a twinkling and were playing about among the legs of the monster. Perfectly confident in the steadiness and immobility of the tame elephants, and apparently fearing little from the feet of the other wild ones, they did their work very quietly and, for natives, fairly rapidly. It consisted first in winding round the hind legs of the tusker many coils of soft hemp rope, the ends of which were then secured to the stockade. When the legs had been secured in this way, huge ropes had to be thrown over the tusker's head. This was a very difficult operation,

for at first the throwers were afraid of going too near his restless trunk, and even when the rope was thrown it had to be got under the trunk, and this the elephant took good care should not be accomplished for a pretty considerable time.

This operation of passing ropes over his head had to be effected four times, for the tusker was to have four cables attached to him, two on each side of his neck; thus at the next stage four elephants could drag him along from the front, while the ropes attached to his hind legs were bound to the bodies of two other Koomkies behind. The curious feature of the whole roping procedure, which it required nearly four hours to complete in the case of this one bull, was the passivity of the creature. He never bellowed, never attempted to use his trunk, hardly moved; before the work was finished at least two men were clambering about his neck and back, adjusting knots and seeing to fastenings. Every one supposed that his spirit was broken and that he had no heart left in him. This subsequently proved to be incorrect.

The time now came to remove the monster. Looking at the scene one would have said that there was no room for another elephant inside the enclosure, so closely packed did this appear to be. Yet eight or ten more Koomkies strolled up to the entrance with their usual deliberation, and when one of them with his trunk had opened the gate ajar, squeezed in and slowly proceeded to arrange themselves with a view to removing the tusker. This had to be done in such a way that the four leading Koomkies who were to tow him in front, and the pair who were attached to the ropes on his hind legs, could conduct their captive out of the enclosure without others of the herd sharing their exit. It was a difficult business, and so crowded was the enclosure that it necessarily required a great deal of time; but it was at length accomplished, and then the work of removing the tusker began.

It was a herculean task. The four leaders, ranged up four-in-hand fashion, took the strain on the ropes and heaved with all their might; two at least were as big, or nearly as big, as the wild elephant, but the latter, throwing his weight back, shook and tossed his enormous head and refused to be moved. Heave and strain as they might, the four leaders were powerless to shift him. He bellowed, and the struggling Koomkies roared in reply as they hauled on the cables. Seeing this state of affairs, the two following Koomkies, who were in charge of the ropes attached to the tusker's hind legs, now advanced, and, placing their tusks against his massive quarters, they fairly lifted his weight forward, and with a plunge and a dash the whole party jostled suddenly out of the gate and into the stockaded gangway. Here another struggle began, and this re-

sulted in the breaking of a cable attached to one of the lead elephants, so that temporarily this Koomkie was out of the fun. After that there was another desperate plunge, and the heaving group charged at tremendous pace down the slope, which was now fortunately dry, a drag rope being snapped like string on the way. Into the river they all plunged, with a great splashing of the waters, and here again there ensued another fight. It should have been mentioned earlier that prior to coming out of the enclosure, and after the wild tusker had been roped, two or three of the larger Koomkies had been urged in turn to give him battle; this was done with a view to encouraging the tame elephants, and to showing them that they could defeat him. Pressed forward by their Mahouts, they had in turn charged him, secured as he was fore and aft, and, bellowing furiously, had engaged him by pushing their tusks into his mouth. Full of the confidence engendered by success in this fight of unequal odds, the Koomkies were quite ready to tackle the tusker when he began to give trouble in the river; and the captive, refreshed within and without by the water, now became very obstreperous indeed. At once the biggest of the lead elephants turned and fell upon him, and for thirty seconds it was hammer and tongs between two of the finest beasts in the world.

This short but furious fight knocked the spirit out of the captive; and to add further to his discomfiture, and to impress still more clearly upon him the fact that he was a prisoner, two of the lead elephants now pulled outwards to the right, and the other two to the left; the two rear elephants meanwhile held him taut from behind, and a seventh and unattached guardian stood over him while this was going on, and dared him to play any further tricks. When he was thought to have had enough of this, the order was given to move up-stream, and for five or six hundred yards the great fellow was lugged, shoved, and butted with tusks, until he was at length brought to the cleared track which led from the river to the tying-up place, situated some two miles away in the forest. The procession was an impressive sight, for the tusker contested nearly every yard of the way along the river route, and most of the journey through the jungle. Into the latter he would suddenly make frantic dives and butt straight into a tree, as if to knock it down or wreak his vengeance upon it; then he would lock his tusks round its trunk, so that if the lead elephants hauled they must pull the tree down before they could shift their captive. In this situation the two rear elephants would turn round, and, aided by the unattached guardian, who would butt into him, they would tow the tusker backwards until he was clear of the impeding tree-trunk. And so it went on throughout the slow length of the way.

On arrival at his destination the prisoner was to be put into

a small but very solid cage, large enough perhaps to hold two elephants side by side, but little to spare in the way of length; but, tired as he was by the struggles of his exhausting journey, there was still a stiff fight before he could be made to enter his new prison.

First, the ropes were cast off from two of the lead elephants, passed through the cage, and re-hitched to their former wearers, this operation being then repeated with the ropes of the other leaders; then the two rear elephants closed in upon the captive tusker, and all six of the guardians pulled and pushed at once. With all their efforts they could but get the tusker's head abreast of the opening; not another inch could they move him. So word was sent for Moti Lal—champion Koomkie of the State. On his arrival the two lesser lights cleared away from behind, and with an irresistible rush the redoubtable Moti charged in, and with his enormous impetus fairly lifted the great tusker into the cage. Here for the moment we may leave him.

As soon as the tusker had been led out of the Kheddah, roping operations began on the rest of the herd, and within forty-eight hours of their capture the whole mob had been secured and led away, in the tracks of the old bull, to the prison camp. Only the very largest had escorts as strong as the party which had had so much trouble with the tusker; others were led away by one, two, three, or four elephants, and the quite little ones were hitched by the neck to the big frame of a tame guardian, and dragged away struggling vigorously but vainly. One little baby, whose mother was missing, and who was hardly bigger than a large pig, was shepherded by a small Koomkie to whom he was tied, and it was delightful to watch this mite enjoying himself in the river, and to note how, while he submerged himself and rolled this way and that under the water, the big fellow stood patiently over him to see that he should not drown, and then helped him along up the fast-running stream with his trunk.

The herd was now definitely captured and secured to trees or confined in cribs in the prison camp; the ferocity that its members developed at this juncture was in violent contrast to their behaviour during the earlier stages, when they had been animated by fear only. Even quite young ones became savage and dangerous, and as for the big tusker, he developed into a perfect terror.

He had been fairly quiet during the first hours of confinement in his cage, but on the following morning, falling into a frenzy of anger, he had rapidly reduced to matchwood one side of the cage, built though it was of heavy timber fastened together by 1-inch iron "dogs." We saw him throw into the air with his trunk part of the wreckage that he had made, consisting of two beams lashed together and weighing perhaps a thousand pounds. He was in so furious a mood that "Moti Lal" and "Ram Pershad" (another hero)

were brought up and made to give him a hammering; after which they were left for the remainder of the day within a few yards of him, ready at any moment to attack him again should he try to wreck more of the State property. The sight of a man infuriated him, and catching a glimpse of one he would pick up a log of his broken cage and fling it at him with tremendous force, but fortunately with faulty aim; twice he picked up the double-beam already mentioned, and raised it aloft, only however to drop it again when he realised that he could not hope to throw it the necessary distance.

Confined in a cage not far from the tusker was one of the two cow elephants which, escaping on the first evening, had returned on the following morning to the stockade and there recaptured. She was in a very restless and excited state owing to the fact that she had lost her calf, and in order to soothe her the two babies who had been caught when she made her escape were brought along, and the smaller, perhaps a month old and no bigger than a donkey of the same age, was led towards her cage. A knowledgeable native judged by her voice or action that the smaller baby was hers; and the latter, which was hungry, thinking that he had found his parent, scrambled quickly through the bars. But instead of meeting with a maternal welcome, he was savagely set upon and mauled by the cow, and had a brace of spears not been at hand she would have crushed and kicked the infant to death within a minute. Half stunned as it was, it was difficult to get the little creature out of the cage, for of course nobody could venture inside to extricate him; he was, however, rescued at last, and though he was much battered and bruised he survived, and a day later was playing with most of the human occupants of the camp.

Opinions differ widely with regard to elephants and their treatment of their young. Some hold that a cow will always try to kill her young when in captivity; others say that they will only maltreat those who do not belong to them. A third party say that the cow will cherish her young in confinement, but will never suckle them: this opinion was borne out by a cow who gave birth to a calf after being captured, for she refused to feed it, and the baby died. Whatever the truth may be, the cows were wonderful in the care of their young during the dreadful crush in the circular enclosure, for though the greater part of the herd was confined in this for forty-eight hours, not a single calf lost its life. Only one tragedy occurred, apart from the death of the five at the foot of the fatal slope and the eventual death of the tusker: after being successfully roped and led out of the enclosure, the mother of two calves found her exertions had been too great, and on reaching the river she collapsed and died. Her calves escaping crossed the river into freedom, but were said to be big enough to take

care of themselves, and would likely join one of the wild troops still at liberty in the neighbouring jungles.

The sight of this Kheddah, and of another which was carried out upon its conclusion, gives rise to certain reflections upon the economy or otherwise of such operations, and upon the amount of needless suffering which occurs during their course. Regarded from any point of view, whether of humanity or of mere business, this suffering is as wasteful as it is cruel.

A little forethought, a little difference in the arrangements, would, for instance, have obviated the hellish suffering inflicted in the panic that has been described, and from the point of view of mere economy would have saved the lives of five potentially valuable elephants. Very little was required to effect this, so far as forethought was concerned; and as regards the arrangements, the second Kheddah which we witnessed showed how needlessly bad were those of the first Kheddah.

In this second Kheddah the elephants, when assembled from the forests, were confined for some weeks in a natural jungle enclosure some three acres in extent; within the limits of this they had the opportunity of becoming accustomed to the sight, sound, and smell of men, as well as to the presence of a stockaded fence. The result of this was that when these elephants were driven, in order to be roped, into the circular enclosure, there was an absence of panic which had caused such distress and loss in the earlier Kheddah; while, accustomed as they were both to men and to bars, the beasts were spared the needless agonies of fear, and, with one exception, the State suffered no losses by deaths among the animals collected from afar at so much expense.

And this one casualty might, indeed should, have been avoided but for needless cruelty perpetrated to obtain spectacular effect. The incident which caused this loss is perhaps worth recording, instancing as it does the vulnerability of an animal which, from its size and strength, gives one the impression of invulnerability, and illustrating the power of a wild elephant and the marvellous intelligence and obedience of tame ones.

As in the first Kheddah, so in the second, the captives, once in the circular enclosure, were subjected to the roping process. Again there was a tusker in the herd which towered above his companions. He was docile throughout the long roping process, and remained so until the time came for him to be attacked by the Koomkies. I have already explained why this form of combat is necessary—but it surely can be overdone, and certainly was so in this case, because, one imagines, it was spectacular. The captive was younger and bigger than the tusker of the first Kheddah, and the first Koomkie selected to give him battle "funked"

it. Instead of his going in to punish, it was the wild one which challenged, and, straining at his cables, dashed at the free one, and drove his tusks into the latter's mouth. As this did not do at all, a second Koomkie was set on to attack the captive in flank, and the poor fellow came in for a dreadful punishment, and finally seemed to give up the unequal fight. But when the time for his removal arrived, all his vitality and all his courage returned to him. Unlike his predecessor, he was far from being averse to leaving his prison, and instead of putting all his strength against the four mammoths pulling him out, he dashed out after them, wholly unchecked by the drag of the two rear elephants on his hind legs. Now, when an elephant is being taken out, the second or subsidiary gate is closed across the passage, so that in the event of another (unroped) wild elephant getting out of the circular enclosure with the roped one, he will not escape. Usually it works very well, as the captive drags back, and there is plenty of time after pulling him out of the round enclosure to shut the gate behind him, and then, if all is well, to open that in front of him in the passage. But this time there was no orthodoxy; the bull threw himself on to the heels of the four leaders, and in a moment he had driven them out through the enclosure gate, and full pitch against the subsidiary gate half-way down the passage, which there had been no time to open, and which it would have been improper to open, as the gate behind was still unclosed. To add to the confusion, a big wild elephant got out of the circular place with the two hind elephants, and thus prevented these two latter turning round to pull the big bull backwards off the heels of the leaders, who were now bellowing and roaring at each thrust the wild one gave them with his tusks. So bad was the situation that the lead elephants could bear it no longer, and all four of them collaborated in a moment to smash down the gate that blocked their way. This they did successfully so far as it concerned themselves, but they omitted to tear away the top spar, which consequently would have swept off their Mahouts had not the latter, with extraordinary wonderful presence of mind and agility, vaulted over it and alighted on their elephants' necks again: one, as a matter of fact, was swept off, but was up again in no time—how, it is difficult to imagine, in the middle of the mad scene.

Crash they went through the gate, the two rear elephants being pulled along like flies (they have to turn right round and pull in the opposite direction when they want to stop a captive's forward progress). Fortunately the loose wild elephant took it into his head to return to the Kheddah, and the moment he was in the enclosure gate was shut. Had he followed the bull out he would have

made confusion worse confounded and escaped. Once outside the smashed gate (it should here be mentioned that for this second Kheddah the stockaded passage had been pulled down between the second or subsidiary gate and the top of the river slope, so that it was open jungle between these two points), the four leaders collected their wits with extraordinary quickness, and without hesitation they swept to the right, while the wheelers went to the left, and thus they pulled the great bull fore and aft till he was steady: then the four leaders again wheeled simultaneously to the left and made a rush to and down the old slope to the river, but in doing so two of the four ropes got round the bull's foreleg, and the enormous strain of four elephants catching him like this threw him over, and there he lay winded and pretty nearly played out. Next came a loose Koomkie, and taking him sideways with his tusks under the belly, lifted him off the ground: but the leaders were rather too quick to their work, and before he had properly recovered his feet and legs he was over again and being dragged sideways down that infernal slope till his right tusk became buried in the soil and looked as if it must break before the leaders could be stopped. But it held, and then the free Koomkie got to work once more to heave the fallen bull straight, when off went the leaders again at such a pace that he was never fairly on his feet till he got right into the river. Arrived there, all the "stuffing" seemed completely knocked out of him, and after a long drink he went off quietly with his jailers to the camp—but, alas! only to die on arrival there.

The knowledgeable said that it was the fight against odds in the enclosure which had damaged him internally, and no doubt the injury there suffered was aggravated by the events of his progress to the river. The death of this fine courageous creature affected one much; why, it is difficult to say, for happy though a tame elephant's life may be when he is tamed, he has to go through purgatory to attain his happiness — and this splendid animal was, at any rate, spared the purgatory stage.

"LIGHT CAVALRY."

ALADORE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XLIII.—HOW AITHNE SHOWED YWAIN OF THE ENCHANTMENTS OF THE RHYMER, AND OF THEM WHICH DO THEREAFTER.

So in this wise Ywain and Aithne fulfilled their youth, and they entered into newness of life. And they endured no more the fear of time, for in Aladore are days and seasons, but no count of them: and there is there neither change nor perishing.

Now on a day it befell that they two stood together at dawn, looking upon the sea: and the sun rose out of the sea and went swiftly up the sky. And Ywain looked upon the sea, and he saw it bright and clear even to the farthest border, and there was neither land nor cloud upon it, but gold only and a void space above the gold. And thereat he was astonished, and he asked of Aithne: Where then is Paladore? for I came thence by no long voyage. And she smiled a little and answered him: Let be, dear love, for it is not far off: and as much thereof as was yours, so much is yours still, for so much you brought hither when you came. And this is the law of Aladore, that in it hath every man his own and nothing less: yea rather he hath more, for unto his own vision are added many great enchantments. Then said Ywain: Which be these enchantments? And she answered: They are the enchantments of the Rhymer, that was a wizard indeed: and his magic he left to all such as are able for it, unto the world's end; and many there be of them.

Then she took Ywain up into a high tower, and so forth upon the battlements thereof, and she said: Look now and behold the sorrows of Gudrun, for she loved much and suffered many things, and her end was full of right piteous remembrance. And Ywain looked down from the battlements, and he saw a steep coast and a river which ran swiftly to a western sea. And there lay hard by the river a steading upon a knole amidst the vale, and it nourished plenteously both sheep and kine. And an old man he saw which dwelt therein, and five boys that were his sons, and one more that was his brother's son: and all they went among the cattle, and rode by hill and by dale. And Ywain looked further, by a seven mile, and he saw yet another steading amidst the grey slopes, and there also

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was an old man dwelling, and five sons, and a daughter thereto: and these men likewise went among the cattle and rode by hill and by dale, and the maiden tended them within the hall. And Ywain saw how the folk would come and go between the steadings, and how in their dealing there would be love and strife among them.

Then Aithne asked of him: What see you? And he told her of that which he saw. And she said: Not so shall be your vision, for though by your deeming these are but country folk, and their land a little land and a barren, yet is your deeming vain, and their life is greater than you know. Look therefore again, and by enchantment shall your eyes be made clear to see them.

Then Ywain looked again, and as he looked a voice was in his ears, and his heart-strings rung deeply thereto, for they were plucked and quivering as beneath the hand of a strong harper. And now he saw that land after another fashion: for he saw it as a strange and awful land, and the folk of it as a folk beset with fearful things, yet fearing nought, as men in the hollow of God's hand. And as folk loving and beloved he saw them, and strong and uncomplaining and compassionate, yet also working wild deeds, after the manner of men. For he saw young Kiartan the Icelander, and Bodli that was his friend and fellow, and Gudrun that was beloved of them both: and the double skein of their love was tangled and broken in his sight.

And first the voice showed him all the love of Kiartan and Gudrun, and how Kiartan came daily from Herdholt by moor and dale unto the house of Bathstead, wherein Gudrun dwelt: and how her heart fluttered joyfully at hearing of his footfall: and long they talked together, and at evening departed hardly each from other. And their very parting was sweet, for in that moment the veil of time would fall away from before them, so that they saw love whole and without cloud.

Then the voice bade Ywain see the pride of Kiartan, whereby he went adventuring over sea. And he saw how Kiartan came across the foam to Norroway, and there lingered by the space of three good years, making pastime of another love. And that was the love of Ingibiorg, that was King Olaf's daughter: yet at the last he left her also and returned, howbeit he returned not till it was too late.

And the voice showed Ywain all the sorrows of Bodli, Thorleik's son: for he was of all her lovers the man which most loved Gudrun. And Ywain saw him come alone from Norroway with tidings of Kiartan and of Ingibiorg: and thereby he wedded Gudrun and fulfilled his longing and his doom.

Then Ywain's heart trembled with pity and with terror: for he saw how Kiartan came again after three years, and found Gudrun gone from him utterly

and given to his friend. And upon Kiartan also came despair, as it had come before upon Gudrun: so that he turned him to Refna and wedded where he had no heart's desire. And thereafter fell great bitterness between Herdholt and Bathstead, and though there was love still between Bodli and Kiartan, yet was there death also by the custom of men.

For on a dark road among the hills came Kiartan riding with two more: and there met him all the five brothers of Gudrun, and Bodli with them. And Ywain saw how Kiartan fought strongly with Gudrun's kin, and Bodli stood apart: yet at the last he might not forsake the men of his own house. And he drew near the fighting and thrust his sword into the side of Kiartan whom he loved. And Ywain knew that he had slain therewith his own soul also.

Then said the voice to Ywain that he should look once more upon Gudrun, for that she lived long afterwards when the rest were gone their way. And Ywain saw her as an old and sightless dame, and she sat within her bower at evening. And it was summer, with hay in field, and the carles sang as they went homeward: and the sea murmured below, and above was a chapel on the hill, with bells which rang therein. And Gudrun sat there with her son, that was the son of Bodli: and he asked her of those whom she had loved, which was most loved. And she told him in no plain words, but in a dark and sorrowful saying: for she that was blind and old saw again Herdholt and her youth, and the deeds that she had done therein.

Then the voice ceased, and the vision: and Ywain looked upon Aithne. And he would have spoken, but he could not, for his voice was choked within his throat. And she smiled tenderly upon him, as one that has understanding of pain, and therewith she gave her hand into his hand: and presently he spoke and said: What is this place, and whose is the voice which I heard?

And she said: It is the Rhymer's Tower, and the voice is the voice of one which had the Rhymer's magic. For there are here many voices, and all to your solace: and by them is the world re-made after the fashion of life enduring.

CHAPTER XLIV.—HOW YWAIN BEHELD HIS LADY SLEEPING, AND HOW HE DESIRED TO SEE THE CASTLE OF KERIOC.

So Ywain dwelt in a land of enchantments, and had his will thereof continually. And many things he devised for his joyance, and one thing beyond all other. For it befell him on a day that he awoke at dawn, and thereafter came the sunrise and made light the chamber where he was. And he turned him and looked upon Aithne, thereas she lay

still sleeping: and her face was fresh and clear and tranquil as the face of a little maid in her flower of youth. And as Ywain looked upon her his heart was pricked through with a sudden pain: for he saw her as she had been aforetime, in the days when she was no lady of his. And the pain was sharp, for well-nigh he forgot that which he knew of her, and thought only on that which he knew not, and he perceived that he could never come thereto, except he should go behind the back of time.

Then Aithne awoke and saw him looking down upon her, and she said: O my beloved, why look you so darkly upon me? And he said: Great things have you given me, and great enchantments have you showed me, but one thing I lack that you have held from me. Then she asked of him: What have I held from you, or what will you ask of me that I will not give you presently? And he was glad of that word and made request of her, saying: I beseech you that you bring me into the Castle of Kerioc, wherein you were born and nurtured: for except I see the manner of your youth therein I am not wholly mingled with your life.

And when she heard him she laughed and loved him in her heart, for that which he asked was pleasing to her. And she said to him: Go now and have your will, for your request is granted you. And you shall go by the way of yesterday, and enter into the garden close and come thence into the place beyond. And you shall stand therein, looking upon the ground and speaking no word save one word that is your name, and that you shall say aloud by a hundred times and one. So prove your adventure and come again to me; for until you come I am alone.

Then Ywain kissed her thrice and went out: and he went by the way of the garden close and came to the place beyond. And he stood and looked downward upon the ground and spoke his own name aloud, and when he had spoken it but a score of times then his name was his name no longer, but a sound without sense and void. And he knew that the place was changed wherein he stood: and he looked up and saw the sea hard by him, and by the sea was a castle both great and ancient. And he went forward boldly and entered into the castle without help or hindrance.

Then he went spying out all things within the castle, and he found it rich and well beseen: and folk there were therein, but they took no heed of him, no more than if he had not been. And at the last he heard a voice singing and coming towards him: and presently there came to him a little maid. And she left singing, and looked curiously upon him, as one that knew him not. Then his heart was buffeted within him, for she was the maid which he sought, but he perceived that she had of him neither love nor knowledge.

And he said to her: Of a surety you are Aithne: but where is she which is my lady in Aladore? And the child looked upon him with clear eyes, and she answered him in a little voice and sweet: Sir Stranger, you come hither too late: for long ago she is grown up and gone away.

Then fear came upon him, and he longed to be with his own again: and he woke as from a vain dream, and stood in his chamber whence he had gone forth. And before him was his lady in her own image, and her kisses were still upon his lips: and she lay looking upon him in the sunlight and her eyes were filled with love and with laughter.

CHAPTER XLV.—HOW YWAIN FOUND AGAIN HIM WHICH WAS FORGOTTEN IN ALADORE, AND HOW HE HEARD A RING OF BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

Thereafter came Ywain many times into the castle of Kerioc, and Aithne with him. For she loved greatly to have him there, notwithstanding that she had good game at him when he went thither the first time: and in especial she would have him there in winter at the time of Yule. For that castle stands by the very margent of the sea upon a high rock; and it is in fashion like to an island, for on the one side it is set high above the land and on the other side it goes down steeply toward the shore. And the wind of winter goes over it from the land seaward: and on the shore is warm lying among the sand-hills which are beneath the castle. And above the sand-hills is a postern gate and steps of stone: and thereby came Ywain and Aithne many times unto the shore at midnight, that they might see the stars and hear the crying of the birds. For the sea-birds cry about that place with a sweet cry and a sad, and in the darkness they draw near and are not seen, as it were the souls of the beloved.

So after this wise Ywain and Aithne came and went, and they took of all seasons such days as they would, and lived carelessly: for they were as those which have more than they can spend. And after certain times it was so with Ywain that he remembered no longer the days when he knew not Kerioc; for his life was changed and deepened as a river is deepened when twain flow together in one. And he desired no more, save that he might always so continue: for he forgot that the road of his pilgrimage was not yet passed beyond the gateway of death, yet at the last he remembered it perforce.

For upon a day he wandered alone in the castle of Kerioc, and by chance he came into a crypt that was thereunder; and in the crypt he spied a door, which was well locked and made fast so that he could not open it. Then he came to Aithne and said: What is this

door, whereof you gave me not the key? For all other keys she had given him save this one only. And she denied not, but answered him plainly, and she counselled him that he should forbear that door. But when she saw that he would not forbear then she gave him the key, and she said to him: Go now and take your way, for it is a man's way, and it may be that your heart shall be stronger than your head to serve you. And if not, then must I endure it, for I knew long since how this should be.

And Ywain perceived how she spoke to him; and she spoke with love and mirth, and in the mirth was a little sorrow: but he put by the sorrow and took hold on the mirth, and so kissed her and went his way. And he came to the door and opened it, and within were bare chambers of rock, in manner of dungeons. And in one chamber he perceived a dim light, and when he was come there he saw a lamp of bronze hanging, and beneath it an old man on a chair of black stone; and his beard was long and white, and it fell over his knees as a stream falls over a mountain side. And when he saw him Ywain trembled, for his heart misgave him who the old man should be.

Then Ywain said to him: Sir, forgive me, for I came hither unknowing. And the old man answered him: My son, this long time that you have been in Aladore, you do all things unknowing. And Ywain said thereto: Yet my life I know, and my own gladness: for this a man cannot but know, and it suffices me. Then the old man looked hard upon Ywain, and his eyes were like grey stones, and the weight of them sank into Ywain's eyes and lay heavy upon his heart. And he said to Ywain: You speak also unknowing, for in Aladore is no substance of truth, but all is dream. And this for you is Kerioc, and the seventh winter that you are herein: but I tell you that all is dream. For since you forgot Paladore it is not yet seven days: and as for Kerioc it is there where it was aforetime, beside the forest of Broceliande.

Then Ywain hardened his heart, and he said to the old man: Sir, I have heard your saying and I understand it not: for I am here, and in my right mind, and therein is the substance of truth for every man. And the old man said: Not so, but you shall awake and know your dream. And I will give you a token: and the token shall be when you shall hear the bells of Paladore ringing midnight in your ears.

Then was Ywain angered against the old man, for he feared his saying: and he left him suddenly and went out, and locked the door fiercely upon him. And he came to Aithne and said no word: and she perceived how he was lost in trouble. Then she spoke gently to him: Tell me your thought, for I perceive that you have found again him that was forgotten. Then

Ywain told her of the old man and of his great beard, and of his eyes, and of his evil saying: and he told her with many words, for he was angry and afraid. And she also was afraid, for she had seen that old man aforetime, and found no force against him. But now she took her lute and made a song of him: and when he heard the song then was Ywain brought again into his former mind, as for that time, but Aithne doubted within herself.

Then within a while the day drew in and the sun set on Kerioc and on all the lands of Aladore. And Ywain and Aithne laid them to their rest: and Aithne slept deep and stirred not, but Ywain awoke suddenly. And he found darkness on all things and no light at all, for moon there was none, and the stars were hid in mist. And for a while he lay still and moved not, but his mind moved continually, and it led him hither and thither until he was perplexed and weary. And in an evil moment he thought on that old man which he had seen: and instantly he heard a sound of bells, and he knew that they were the bells of Paladore, for they were sounding midnight. Then he started up in fear and went softly out of the chamber, for he said within himself that he would walk upon the shore and come again, and so ease him of his thought.

So he came to the postern and opened it, and went down upon the sand-hills, and he wandered to and fro thereon without respect of mind or body: and at the last he was fordone with weariness, and set him down to rest, and right so he fell to forgetfulness and sleep. And when he awoke the second time it was grey dawn, and the mist was still upon the sea: and he turned him about and looked up that he might see the castle of Kerioc. And he saw neither shape nor sign of it, nor any way of his returning: but he saw instead a high steep, grey and green, and walls and towers thereon. Then the mist began to depart from before his eyes, and he knew the place as a man knows again the face which he had forgotten. And his heart failed within him, and the sun rose on Paladore.

CHAPTER XLVI.—HOW YWAIN WAS COUNSELLED OF THE PRINCE OF PALADORE.

Then Ywain came to the height of the steep, and there before the gate he stood in doubt, for he knew not whither he should go. And in his doubt his feet drew him unwittingly, and he looked up suddenly and saw the Great Gard and the courtyard which was before it. And the courtyard was as it had been aforetime, with halberdiers before the door and men a-horseback in their armour: and the Rhymer's

Hall and the minstrels and all his dealings therein seemed but an old vision or a show which had passed into memory. Notwithstanding he doubted even of his misery: for he said within himself: Surely this also is a dream, and there beyond the garden close is my lady waiting until I come to her.

Then he went towards the door, and one came thereout to meet him: and Ywain perceived that it was Sir Rainald, and he would have passed by with such courtesy as might suffice. But Sir Rainald stayed him and took him by the hand, and he said to Ywain how that it was even he whom he sought and none other: for the Prince would speak with him of certain matters. And of these matters, he said, I will tell you this much, by way of friendship: and namely, that the Prince, which is your master and liege, takes it ill that he is so deceived in you. For you gave him assurance that you would dwell in Paladore, and do after the customs of the city: but now you deal otherwise and are gone continually from hence, and none knows whither.

Then Ywain was perplexed and knew not what he should answer: for he remembered how that it was forbidden in that city to speak the name of Aladore. Also he remembered the saying of the hermit, that he must return to Paladore and find his life among men and so come to the land of his desire. And Sir Rainald kept watch upon him slyly out of the side of his eye, and he saw his perplexity and in part he knew the reason of it. And he said to Ywain: Go now, and follow the counsel of a friend; and say what you will unto the Prince, save only that you say not any thing which is outrageous against our custom. For even to utter such a word before a Prince is ungentle, seeing that he is not bred to hear villainy and hath no skill to answer thereto.

So Ywain went from him and came presently before the Prince; and the Prince was counting his money: for he was a careful man, and every month he counted his money from one great chest into another. And at the first he looked upon Ywain and gave him no greeting, but afterwards when he had made an end of his counting then he spoke to him. And he said as Sir Rainald had reported of him, how that he was deceived in Ywain: for he had looked to have him dwelling continually in Paladore, to fight and to do adventures, and not to go wandering otherwhere.

Then Ywain answered him courteously and said: Sir, I have done with my wandering, and except it be in Paladore I have no place of dwelling, as in this world. And when he had said that the Prince looked shrewdly upon him, as one that would pierce a covered thing, and he asked of Ywain: Whither then go you, and whence came you now? For you have been seven days in hiding, since that you were seen within the city. And Ywain answered: Sir, it is hard to

tell: for I have been in no place of the world, but in a land of dreams. Ha! said the Prince, I knew it well, for it is a common case and an evil. And I will deal patiently with you in this matter, seeing that you are an outlander born and not yet perfect in the custom of our city. Know then that in Paladore a dream is a thing of nought and a byword of folly, for we are lovers of truth, and in dreams is no truth at all. And we approve all such things as have substance, and gold the chief and sign of all: and thereby is the repute of them which are great among us. For to do and to have is the virtue of men, but they which dream do nothing and gain no penny-worth.

And Ywain could well hear that which was said, for it was clearly spoken: but in the same moment he heard also his lady's voice and remembered him of her sweet fellowship. And his heart grew hot and his eyes were lightened: and the Prince faded suddenly from before him and the gold was turned to sunshine within the chest. And Ywain turned him about toward the doorway, and he saw there Aithne in the beauty of morning: and she smiled and said to him: Beloved, why went you from me: for I dreamed evilly of bells at midnight, and I awoke and found you not.

CHAPTER XLVII.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE HAD SIGHT OF HUBERT, AND RETURNED TOGETHER INTO PALADORE.

Now was Ywain again in Aladore and accompanied with his love: and for awhile he forgot the Prince and all his counsel, and went among divers delights as a honey-bee goes among a wilderness of flowers. And it befell on a night that he sat with Aithne beside a fountain, and in the pool of the fountain they looked upon the summer stars. And round about them were cypresses and shadows, and there was no wind in the hollow of the night nor any sound save a little silvery sound of the fountain.

And Aithne spoke softly to Ywain in the dark, and she said to him: Beloved, tell me of many things, for the night is still and secret, and this fountain shall be your fountain of memory. And he asked her for asking's sake: Of which thing first shall I tell you? and she answered: Of your life in Paladore, and of those with whom you had your dealing, whether in love or in hate, for some of them I also have known and some never: and they shall be to me like them which are in a tale of faery, or a picture woven upon the wall.

Then Ywain leaned over and looked into the pool of the fountain, and he remembered the saying of the hermit, how that in all still water there will be visions. And true it was aforetime and true now: and in this water Ywain saw both Paladore and all that he

had done therein. And the faces of his friends he saw, and of his enemies, and he saw his own face and form among them, and he perceived all their love and their evil malice. And that which he saw he told it to Aithne as a tale out of live memory, for it was there before his eyes in clear colours. And he told her of those four which had been friends to him in Paladore: and namely of Maurice which had a merry wit, and of Dennis whose sayings bit like salt. Also of Bartholomy the religious and of Hubert that first of all named Aladore to Ywain by name: and Ywain made a more especial mention of Hubert, because that he was such an one as would give the world for a dream. And ever as he rehearsed of Hubert, Ywain saw his face more clear before him: and when he had come to an end of his tale then he saw him yet more clear. And Ywain fell silent and bent him down above the water, for he remembered the well of the hermit, and he thought to see not only that which had befallen, but also somewhat of that which should befall. But Aithne knew his thought and said to him: Look no more, for this is the fountain of memory, and though the memory be not ours but greater, yet in it are shown no deeds save those which are accomplished.

Notwithstanding Ywain continued looking, and as he looked he cried out in anger, for he saw in the vision Sir Rainald, and how he came with certain of his and laid hold on Hubert: and they led Hubert away by force and so passed as it were out of the pool into the dimness of the night. Then Ywain started up, and told Aithne of that which he had seen: and she said: You do well to cry out, howbeit you cry too late, for that which you saw is surely done already. But Ywain stood staring into the darkness, for it seemed to him that he heard a going among the cypresses.

And as he stood there staring, and Aithne with him, there came one walking toward them in the thickest of the shadows: and when he was come nearer he lift up his face and looked steadfastly at them, and so passed by and was gone from them again. And Aithne said to Ywain: Tell me quickly, whose face was that which I saw. And Ywain drew in his breath and answered her: It was the face of Hubert, and though he spoke no word, yet with his eyes he called me. Yea, said Aithne, and methought he called us both: for he looked upon me also, and in his look was strong sorrow and entreaty. Then pity and anger went over Ywain like a river in flood, and he said to his lady: What must I do, for I have need of your help and your enchantments.

Then Aithne answered him not, but she took him by the hand and brought him to the margent of the fountain. And they held firmly each by other, and so stepped together into the pool: and Ywain felt the water cold about his knees. And he shivered and awoke as

it were from a sleep: and the fountain and the cypresses were vanished from him and he stood with Aithne upon a beach of the sea. And before them was a high steep, shining with grey and with green: and above it was a grey and silver cloud, and a crescent moon, and the moon rose over Paladore.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—HOW YWAIN WAS AWEARIED OF PALADORE, AND HOW HE WAS MISHANDLED BY THE GREAT ONES OF THE CITY.

Then they climbed the Steep together and entered into the city: and Ywain brought Aithne home to his own house. And he made her a little supper, scant enough, and drew wine for her of the wine which the Eagles had given him: and sweet it was still, but the spirit was gone out of it. And when they had eaten and drunk, then a great weariness came upon Ywain, and he spoke, and uttered his complaint unto Aithne: for he was adread to hear ill tidings of Hubert, and in his heart he sighed after the peace of Aladore. And his lady comforted him and said: Beloved, think not to be alone in weariness, for to me also the business of Paladore hath been as dust upon the tongue. But this is the fortune of men, to dwell in two realms, until that our life is changed: and it may be that the time is not long. And what matter, if by our own magic we may come and go? and what grief, if we may be together?

So Ywain was comforted by means of those words, for they were more than wine to him: and the chime told midnight, and they twain laid them to their sleep. And in the morning before men were stirring Ywain ran quickly to the house of Hubert and knocked upon the door: and there came to him Maurice and Dennis, and told him ill tidings of Hubert, how that he had been thrust forth out of the city, never to return under pain of life. And they told him further how that the Eagles were sworn to bring him in again: for he had done no wrong, but only to speak against them of the Tower. And Ywain had great indignation thereat, and swore instantly to be of their fellowship; but inwardly he groaned to be so bound again, for he saw no end to strife and no day of returning.

Notwithstanding he stooped him to his burden and shouldered it: and he went here and there throughout the city and spoke among divers sorts of men. And in general he found them to be of three sorts: and namely, there were some of good will toward the Eagles, and some which held by the Tower, for favour's sake: and yet more there were which were men of ease and loved nothing so much as to keep order and custom and to hear no questions. And these said to Ywain that they were neither of this side nor of

that, but would favour no man that should be a disturber of peace.

Then came one to Ywain and stayed him in the midst of the street: and he was a Summoner, and by his office he summoned Ywain to come before the Archbishop. So Ywain went with him, and as he went he marvelled within himself what manner of turn was this, for he had had no dealings with clergy, neither for them neither against.

And when he came to the palace then he was yet more astonished: for the Archbishop sat in no public place but in a little chamber set about with books, and with him were three or four great ones of the company of the Tower. And they greeted Ywain courteously and asked him to speak his mind unto them concerning Hubert. Then Ywain took the word and reasoned with them, that it was no good cause to banish a man, if he should have spoken against a company or against a custom. And when he had said that, he looked to be down-cried and angrily used.

Howbeit the game was otherwise played, as at this time, for none cried out nor used him angrily, but they of the Tower made a show to receive his saying courteously and to agree thereto. Then the Archbishop spoke to Ywain, and his eyes glowed like coals, and his voice was rich and sweet like strong wine softened with honey, and he said: These are my friends and yours, and they would be friends to Hubert also, for there is no malice in them, but good will and free forgiveness. But Hubert would not, to my grief I say it: for he was taken with an ill mind and brought disease upon many. And his disease was this, that he became a dreamer of dreams, and would have others to be like himself: and thereby they were in danger to have perished.

Then said Ywain: My lord, I pray you pardon me: of what dreams do men perish? And the Archbishop answered him patiently and said: Surely of all such dreams as are not according to faith. Then said Ywain: I rejoice to hear my lord's saying, for Hubert is of all men most full of faith, as one that would give the world for a dream. And even as he does, so do I and mine: for we long after our own land, and go pilgrimage to find it. And in that it is a land of dream it is a land of faith: for by our dreams we make life new and ever during, and what else do all the men of faith?

And when he said that the Archbishop was some deal choked in his throat, and the red blood came into his face about his eyes. And he said to Ywain: What mean you, sir, for I fear lest I should understand your saying. And Ywain answered: Let me use plain words with reverence: for we are both of us men and the sons of men, and to each man his own magic.

And we all seek for the land of our desire, and we build therein a city and a house for our abiding. And you call your city Paradise, and ours we call Aladore, for of our own dreams it is builded and upheld.

Then the Archbishop rose up upon his feet, and he looked on Ywain with a stern countenance, and said: It is enough. And he went out in his wrath, and the great ones followed after him.

CHAPTER XLIX.—HOW YWAIN WAS EXCOMMUNICATE AFTER THE CUSTOM OF PALADORE.

Little enough thought Ywain of the anger of those great ones, for he held himself to have outreasoned them, and he perceived not how by his cunning the Archbishop had entrapped him before witnesses of repute. But Aithne perceived it, and more, for Ywain told her some deal, and other deal she divined of herself. And when she had considered a little she bade him make haste and do those things for which he came, and look not to be long unharassed of his enemies: for that they had fastened an ill quarrel upon him by no chance but by intent, and they were such as would follow their craft.

So he went about the town busily, seeking out all those which were friends to Hubert and all those which were haters of evil custom: and he found some and persuaded other, and thought to have made good way. And this time also he perceived how he was favoured of the commons of Paladore; for he discoursed to them largely, and they were ever assorted on discourse and on a ready tongue.

And on a day he came down to the door of his house, to go forth into the city: and there came to his ears a sound of a bell tolling and of a multitude of people going all one way. And he hastened and came to the end of the street and found them passing by; for they were going toward the market-place. And he perceived that in the middle was a train of some sort, walking by two and by two, and there went a great bell before them, and beside them the multitude ran and jostled under the walls of the street. And Ywain joined himself to them, for he was willing to know of their dealing: and for the thickness of the crowd he could not see what was to the forward, but only he perceived that in the train were many great ones of the company of the Tower.

Then he spoke to a man that was beside him in the crowd, and he asked of him what might be the meaning of the concourse and of the tolling: for the bell was of a right dolorous sound, but among the people was no sadness at all. And the man answered him: Well may you

ask, as I also have asked but a moment since, for the like of this hath not happed within my memory. And the concourse is all to see and to hear the Archbishop a-cursing, and the bell also is part of the cursing, for it betokens that he which is cursed should be as it were buried out of sight and fellowship. Then Ywain remembered Hubert, and his heart rose and he asked again: Whom then will they curse and for what cause? And the man answered: He is one Ywain, and I know him well: and the cause is a true cause, for he is a blasphemer of the faith, a dealer in dreamage and all manner of sorceries.

And at that saying Ywain was astonished and said no more: for he had thought to hear speak of Hubert and not of himself. And he went forward strongly through the press, and came out into the market-place and stood upon a step under an archway and looked forth over the heads of the multitude. And he saw the train there before him: in the forefront were an hundred of the company of the Tower, wearing their livery of black with a golden tower thereon. And after them came an hundred of clergy, apparelled in black clothes and white, and an hundred doctors of the schools with gowns of divers colours: and the Archbishop was robed in a silken robe of crimson with a great hat of the same, and before him went two with candles in hand, and one with a bell.

So they came upon the place in seemly order, and they halted there and departed into two lines the one over against the other: and the Archbishop passed through and stood upon the steps of the great Hall. And he held up his hand, and immediately the bell ceased from tolling, and they of the multitude were hushed from their babble. Then came seven clergy before the Archbishop, having seven great candles in their hands, and they stood and set light to them and held them aloft: and when all the people had perceived their dealing, then they threw down the candles upon the ground and trod out the flame of them. And as they trod them they cried against them: Out, out, accursed; until all were quenched.

Then the Archbishop stood forth with staff in hand, and he bade all men to know, and to make known, how that Ywain was thenceforth cut off from the company of all men living, and from the company of all the faithful dead. And under pain of the like sentence he ordained that none should give him neither shelter nor speech, nor food nor fellowship, nor any means of life nor burial after death. And when he had so said he went solemnly out from the place: and all his train followed after him, and last of all went he that had the bell, a-tolling dolorously.

CHAPTER L.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE CAME TO ALADORE THE LAST TIME, AS IN THIS TRANSITORY LIFE.

Now Ywain was known of none, for he was in a sure place and looked forth above the heads of the multitude. But he perceived all that was done, and none better, and he understood right well the evil malice and craft of his enemies, and his heart was pricked therewith as with the poison of wasps. And the tolling of the bell he regarded not, neither the treading of the candles, for he held such things to be shows to frighten fools: but the curses and the sentences, and all the words of the Archbishop, those stung his blood and made bitterness in his throat.

Then he thought to get some comfort of the people which were round about him, and he went forward a little and mingled with them and heard their talk. And at the first he had some pleasure of them, for there was not one in twenty but was making merry, with no saving of reverence, no, not of the Archbishop himself. But therewith came displeasure, that he also was but lightly accounted of: for the most part of the crowd made no distinction, but they cheapened the sin with the punishment. And the best that he could find was this, that the young and lean men were for him and the old and fat against him: for in Paladore the old dream not, save it be of gold and gluttony. And with this he was but ill content, for they which are young in that city are no more than one in three, and they are of small account, seeing that the best of them are banished.

So he left that and came away covertly to his own house, and he found Aithne therein, and told her of all that he had seen and heard. And of the pain which he had in his heart, of this he told her not, but she perceived it by the manner of his speaking, for she knew his thought as it were by touch and not by words. And she said to him: It is no marvel if you are in pain: for there is no venom in nature like to the venom of speech, and many times it will work madness in the blood. But there is good magic against it, as I shall show you presently, for this is a woman's gift from the time out of mind. And bethink you also how their curses are no better than their ceremonies, and both alike folly: for they are but tokens and have in them no power to make good.

Nay, said Ywain, but they have this power, that they hurt where they are aimed: for in another man's case I had never regarded them, but when they struck my own name then they pierced and rankled. And thereat he cast down his eyes and fell into a weariness. And Aithne came to him and stood beside him where he sat, and she took his head between her arms and drew it in upon her breast. And immediately the

bands of his weariness were loosed, and his spirit was rocked in a sure hold as a young child is rocked by his mother: and he shut to his eyes and remembered no more the things which were done against his peace.

Then he opened his eyes again, and he saw how that he stood in a meadow of flowers, and the flowers were kingcups and lady-smocks and other such as are chiefly loved of children. And among the flowers there ran a little brook, and in the brook were minnows going all one way like boats upon a wind: and it seemed to Ywain that it were worth all other joys if he might take but one minnow in his naked hand. And not far off from him stood a little maid and called to him: and she called him to come home, for it was time. And he knew that she was his sister, that was his older by two years, and it was in his mind to obey her, but not yet. Then he stretched out his hand and stooped forward above the brook, and he snatched suddenly at a minnow that was there: and the sedge yielded beneath him and he fell with his arms upon the water. And immediately he came to his feet again and stood upon the meadow: but he was all bedabbled and bedrenched, and he feared to be chidden, and his fear burst forth from him and he wept.

Then the maid that was his sister came to him and stood beside him, and took his head between her arms and drew it in upon her breast. And he shut to his eyes, and immediately his fear was stayed and the water was dried upon his arms and upon his feet, and his heart was comforted. And he opened his eyes again and looked about him, and he saw the place wherein he was: and the place was changed and was become Aladore, and he sat by the margent of the sea, where he had been aforetime, and Aithne was there beside him to his solace.

And he said to her: O my beloved, what enchantment is this that you have used? For I have been a child again, and in great grief concerning little things: and I have been comforted with the comfort of my mother and of my sister which are long since dead and gone from me.

And Aithne stooped over him and kissed him and said: Even so, beloved, and this enchantment is no marvel, seeing that it is common with them which are lovers of men: for it is the gift of a woman, and an heritage from the time that is out of mind.

CHAPTER LI.—OF TWO CITIES THAT WERE BUILDED DIVERSELY, AND HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE HEARD A HORN BLOWN OVER-SEA FOR BATTLE.

Then said Ywain: Doubtless your saying is true, and well have I proved the gift: yet I marvel notwithstanding, for a man may wonder in despite of knowledge. And

there is one matter concerning which I am still perplexed. And Aithne said to him: Say on. And he said to her: I am perplexed between two verities: for there is one truth of Paladore and another of Aladore, and though they be diverse yet they both have by seeming the nature of truth veritable. And many times my mind is in doubt concerning them: for in our life that now is we come and go between two realms, and I would that I might know which of them shall outdure other.

And Aithne asked him: After what manner seem these verities to you? And he answered: O beloved, now am I with you in Aladore, and all things else and all men and all places are but as shadows cast by this our life, and we move them as we will, and as we will we take away their being. But when I am alone and dwelling yonder among men, then have those shadows truth of substance and of touch, and the life of Aladore becomes an image in the mind, as it was aforetime when I saw it as a cloud in heaven.

Then Aithne was silent a space, and fear came into her eyes: and afterwards she spoke suddenly and said: O my beloved, keep innocency, for to a child these things are plain. And you were a child this moment past, and I with you: and wherefore now should we cloud our wisdom with a doubt? And she rose up and said to him: Let us play a game together, as children that play upon the shore. For here is sand enough, and loneliness, and the tide returning: and we will build us two cities, and see which of the two shall best endure. And you shall build your city with your hands, and name it Paladore: and you shall make it in all things like to the city that you know, with a High Steep seaward, and a wall, and a gateway and towers thereon. And I also will make a city and name it Aladore, and I will make it after the same fashion, but not of the same substance: for I will not build it with hands but with a power of the spirit.

So Ywain took of the wet sand and of the dry, and he built him a great mound after the manner of children. And when he had made it strong then he carved it into the likeness of a city, with a high steep and a wall and towers thereon: and it stood upon the shore and looked out seaward, and he named it Paladore, for it was fashioned in no other wise, and the tide came running toward the edges of the steep.

Then Ywain said to Aithne: This is my city, O my playfellow, and I marvel that yours is not yet a-building. But Aithne answered him not, for she was singing a song of witchery: and she sang in a low voice and sweet, and as she sang she weaved a witch-knot upon the air with both her hands. And immediately there came a little mist upon the shore, and the mist drew upward from the sand and hung in one place upon the air like smoke: and so it continued

the while Aithne sang her song. And when she had ceased from her singing then Ywain saw the mist no more, for it was clean vanished and in the place thereof was another mound and another city, in semblance like unto the first, and those two cities were nigh together upon the shore and the tide came about them both by little and little.

And Ywain and Aithne stood still and looked upon the tide: and it came running and lapping more fiercely, and the froth of it began to foam upon the edges of the mounds. And the water gnawed upon the sand of the one city, and that was Ywain's: and the walls and towers of it began to crumble and to crack, and at the last they were perished wholly as by ruin of time, and the tide flowed over them and they were gone. But with Aithne's city it was not so, for the sea bit not upon it nor overflowed it, but it stood above the water until the turning of the tide. And Ywain came near to touch it, but he could not, for it was but mist between his fingers. And he left it alone and stood and looked upon it again: and it endured as rock, notwithstanding it was builded of a song.

Then he said to Aithne: The game is nought, for you have played it by no fair hazard but by enchantment. And she answered him: Not so, for by this same enchantment is Aladore upbuilded and sustained, and that is the truth of it. And she looked into his eyes and her spirit entered into him, and they twain were one spirit. And the dusk began to fall about them and peace therewith, for they were in their own place beyond time and tide. But in that moment came change upon Ywain, for a sound was in his ears: and the sound was the sound of a horn blown over sea, and in the hearing of it all the blood of his body leapt furiously up to battle.

(To be concluded.)

IMPROVISED ARMIES.

Now and again through some emergency, or after a woeful disaster, nations have been forced to undertake the business of providing an army hastily. These emergencies and disasters come suddenly; they catch the nation unprepared; if they are not met the result may be complete ruin. It is instructive to see what steps have been taken in the past by nations left in this luckless position, and how far they have been successful.

Without going too far back the following instances may be taken:—

(1) The case of France at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

(2) The case of Prussia in 1813, when she declared against Napoleon.

(3) The case of the United States in 1861, on the outbreak of the War of Secession.

(4) The case of France in 1870 after the surrenders of Metz and Sedan.[1]

Taking these four over again, let us see what is the general impression about them, and later examine a little more closely to see how far that general impression is justified by facts.

(1) At the beginning of the Revolutionary wars France was attacked by Austria and the Empire, by Prussia, by Piedmont, and a little later by Spain and by England. That is to say, every frontier was hostile, except her Swiss border. From Belgium along the Meuse and up the Rhine; across the Western Alps; along the Pyrenees; and all her sea-coast was menaced. Of her assailants Austria had the largest European army of the time, and Prussia's was thought to be the best. The army of France, on the other hand, was broken by fierce quarrels between royalist and republican, mutinous and ill-disciplined. Yet she was able to check the invaders at Valmy in 1792, to create army after army, till they reached the total of thirteen, to overrun Belgium, subdue Holland, drive off all invaders, and cross the Rhine. In 1794 her forces were victorious everywhere—except at sea.

These million soldiers who came to aid the regular army were raised in three ways: (*a*) by volunteers, (*b*) by the so-called *levée en masse*, (*c*) by requisition—or, in other words, by conscription. And their

[1] Other cases are those of Great Britain under threat of invasion in 1804; of Spain in the Peninsular War; and of France after the loss of the *Grande Armée* in Russia. Britain's levies, however, were never tested; in Spain the geographical conditions were altogether abnormal, and Napoleon in 1813 was not fighting to resist an invader. His defensive campaign in 1814 was conducted almost entirely by regulars.

efforts were brilliantly successful. Here then is, or appears to be, an instance where a nation, threatened for its life, springs to arms, improvises armies, and those armies are victorious.

(2) The next case is that of Prussia. After the battle of Jena in 1806, and the downfall that followed it, Prussia had hardly a soldier left. In company with Russia she went on with the war till June 1807; but when Napoleon and Alexander of Russia came to terms at the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, Prussia had to accept what terms she could get. Besides losing territory, she had to submit to the condition that her army was not to exceed 43,000 men. In no part of Europe was Napoleon more hated than in Prussia, and consequently, after the Grand Army had perished in Russia in 1812, Prussia was the first to revolt against her French oppressor. Once again it seems as if a nation arises armed from the earth. In the campaign of 1813 Prussia was at once able to put 80,000 men into the field. She took a great part in the fighting of 1813, helped to win the great battle of the Nations—Leipzig—and provided over 100,000 men for the invasion of France in the spring of 1814. This, again, has the look of an army largely improvised out of civilians.

(3) When the American War of Secession began in April 1861, the Government of the United States had only 14,000 regular soldiers. In that same month of April 75,000 volunteers were obtained, and in May 42,000 more. In July two calls for half a million each were made. In all, during the war, the North put some 2,600,000 men in the field, and the Southern States gathered 1,100,000; both sides fought with a tenacity rarely equalled in war, and great leaders—Lee, Jackson, Grant, and Sheridan—were not lacking.

(4) The business of 1870 bears a different look. After the collapse of the Empire, the Republican Government made gigantic efforts. In all some 1,400,000 men—of sorts—were raised, which vastly outnumbered the German armies, but no success rewarded them. No victory of any importance was won. Paris was not relieved. France had to accept defeat.

It would seem, then, that we have here three cases where attempts to improvise armies have succeeded and one that has failed. It may be interesting to see in what way success—such as it was—was attained in the earlier cases, and why the last effort was a failure.

Set side by side two pictures. The first is the Argonne in the month of September 1792. On the one hand the Prussians under Brunswick had passed the frontier and its fortresses, with 42,000 men—and Prussian soldiery had still the halo of Frederick's greatness about them; they were to be supported on their right by an

Austrian detachment of 20,000, and on the left by an Austrian army moving from Belgium. To face them the French General Dumouriez had 13,000, and he was able to double this number by calling to him Dillon and Duval. Behind he had 30,000 National Guards at Chalons, but these could hardly be called soldiers. His position looked desperate. He could not hold all the roads through the Argonne: one was already forced. His men were not to be trusted; 10,000 of them under General Chazot had retired in hasty disorder before three Prussian regiments of cavalry. Napoleon himself said that he would not have ventured to fight where Dumouriez did.[1] Still there was one bright spot—only along the main road could guns be moved in such wet weather as that September provided. Brunswick hesitated; Kellermann and Bournonville came up and raised Dumouriez' force to something over 60,000 men. On the misty morning of September 20, Kellermann faced the Prussians at Valmy and an artillery combat began. With that, however, it ended; the Prussian columns formed up for attack never advanced, never even fired a shot. Neither side budged from its position. The losses were a mere handful. Yet none the less Valmy was long ago placed among the "decisive battles of the world," and recent criticism has not disputed the decision. The Prussians, discouraged, annoyed by the Austrian failure to co-operate, and suffering much from dysentery,[2] fell back—the Republic was saved.[3]

Now for the other side of the picture: this is the work of eighteen months. "Twenty-seven victories, of which 8 in pitched battles; 120 combats; 80,000 enemies *hors de combat;* 91,000 taken prisoners; 116 fortresses or important towns taken, 36 of them after siege or blockade; 230 forts or redoubts carried; 3800 guns, 70,000 muskets, 1900 million lb. of powder, and 90 colours captured." Such were the words of Carnot, at the head of the Ministry for War, rightly called the "Organiser of Victory." He might have added that not an enemy of France remained west of the Rhine.

It is a marvellous change from September 1792 to the end of 1794, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the period covers more than two years. It is tempting to assume that progress was as uniform as it was brilliant, that the French armies marched from victory to victory; but it was not so. The first half of the year of 1793 saw a complete breakdown.

[1] Perhaps Napoleon was, to use a vulgarism, "talking through his hat." He had one good reason to praise Dumouriez: Dumouriez *was dead*, and Napoleon could afford to be generous to dead commanders if not to living rivals. Compare his similar laudation of Sir John Moore.

[2] They had eaten too many grapes in the Champagne district.

[3] On its birthday: France had, that very day, declared itself a Republic.

The French invasion of Belgium failed, her troops were driven from the Rhine, everywhere the Austrians were successful, the north of France was invaded, and in August 1793 the fortresses on the Belgian frontier were falling, the road to Paris being steadily forced, a fierce insurrection going on in La Vendée; the Austrians had reached St Quentin and Peronne. French armies were only a third of their paper strength, the men out of heart, commanders changing day by day, confusion everywhere. The crisis was more acute than when Brunswick turned back from Valmy. Yet once more the tide ebbed—or to put it more accurately, the flood was stayed.

If France's improvised army succeeded in 1792, why did it fail in the first half of 1793? What enabled it to regain the mastery? How far is it true to call it an improvised army?

Armies win through their own merits and through their enemy's defects. The defects of the Allies in 1792 were strongly marked. Austria and Prussia were the only two that need be seriously reckoned; the others could only make slight diversions in places which could exercise no real force in war. Even Austria and Prussia were not cordial allies, for they were at odds over the division of Poland. Prussia did not really put her weight into it, and yet she did far more than Austria. And the slowness of even the Prussian movements was wonderful. France declared war in April 20, 1792; but Prussia and Austria had beforehand determined on the same thing, though they cannot be said to have prepared for it. It was not till the middle of June that the Prussians gathered at Coblentz. They did not enter French territory till July 30; reached Longwy on August 20; took it in three days, but dawdled for a week, "digesting the joys of victory"; invested Verdun on the 30th, took that also in three days, and were now within a day's march of the Argonne defiles. They allowed Dumouriez to hurry across their front to seize them, and did not move till September 12, when they covered about half a day's march to the Argonne. Recuperating after this effort for five days more, they moved again, got through the defiles, and Valmy was fought on September 20.

Thus it was five months to a day before the Prussians came in contact with their enemy. Yet their snail-like pace outstripped the Austrians, who were to co-operate on the Meuse. They did not embark on the siege of Lille till September 29; they failed in it, and withdrew from French territory on October 7. Thus the French were given the first requisite in the task of army-making—namely, Time.

How did France use it?—that is the next question. When war was declared she

set on foot four armies, one in Flanders, one in Lorraine, one in Alsace, and one to watch the Rhone and Pyrenees —each of them nominally about 50,000 strong. In reality their numbers were much less. Still 200,000 men —even on paper—is something, but it does not suggest that enthusiastic and universal arming of the nation which we are apt to suppose. Plainly Dumouriez could have had far more than 60,000 at his back if there had been anything approaching a real rising of the population. The fact is that he owed his victory in the main to the old regular soldiers of the French Army: for though this army had been damaged by the Revolution it had not been destroyed.

It is sometimes assumed that the French army on the outbreak of the Revolution was in the main loyal and not revolutionary in sentiment, but this is obviously untrue. Had it been so perhaps the monarchy would never have fallen. Yet when Mirabeau was endeavouring to moderate the storm he had helped to raise, his chief hope lay in the army. He wished to use it in the last resource against the people, but he found that he could not. It was deeply infected with the ideas of the Revolution. Distinctions, however, can be drawn. The household troops were of course loyal: they were recruited from the noblesse. Even the privates were ranked as lieutenants in the regular army, the non-commissioned officers as captains, while the officers were all generals.[1] To be a private in the Gardes du Corps you had to show sixteen quarterings—unblemished noble descent for four generations. In this stronghold of privilege revolutionary ideas found little sympathy. But the household troops were few. Other parts of the army, in the main loyal, were the foreign regiments, of which there were twenty-three,[2] and the cavalry. For some reason or other cavalry have in general supported monarchy at all times. But the bulk of the infantry and all the gunners and engineers were no supporters of the old *régime*.

The truth is that even before the Revolution the army was discontented, ill-disciplined, mutinous. They resented attempts that had been made by St Germain to introduce a stricter discipline, which they denounced as "Prussian"; they were ill-paid, ill-fed, and worse housed.[3] In name they were voluntary recruits, but in fact they were often "crimped" by a system of *racoleurs*, "bringers-in,"—a process resembling the working of the press-gang. Their officers were out of touch

[1] The army of Louis XVI. had a glut of generals. At one time there were 1295, and even after St Germain's reform there were 976—a proportion of 1 to every 157 throughout the army.

[2] Including 11 Swiss, 8 German, and 3 Irish.

[3] They got 3d. a-day: often the soldiers had to sleep three in a bed.

with them, and they had their grievances, since no one, unless he belonged to the nobles, could rise above the rank of captain. When the Revolutionary doctrines of equality began to spread in the army, discipline gave way everywhere. The story of the regiment who mutinied because their officers did not ask them to dinner[1] is only typical of a number: things far worse happened. Bouillé had practically to storm the town of Nancy with some "foreign" troops to suppress its mutinous garrison, and over 400 men were killed and wounded. Little wonder that France's enemies thought that invasion would be child's play. "Do not buy too many horses," said Bischoffswader to some Prussian officers setting off in 1792, "the comedy will not last long; the army of lawyers will soon be annihilated in Belgium, and we shall be on our road home in the autumn." The last part of his prediction was true enough.

Yet neither the menace from without nor the hazard from within escaped the eyes of French soldiers. As early as December 1789 one far-seeing man had hit on a remedy. This was Dubois de Crancé.[2] In a speech in the Constituent Assembly he used these memorable words to press the need of conscription: "I tell you that, in a nation which desires to be free, which is surrounded by powerful neighbours, and harassed by factions, *every citizen ought to be a soldier, and every soldier a citizen*, if France is not to be utterly annihilated." His ideas found at the time little support. "Liberty" was the cry of the day, and conscription was compulsion. None the less, he was listened to later, and from him dates one beginning of the modern European army.

For the time, however, only half of his memorable phrase was accepted. "Every citizen a soldier?" No! But every soldier a citizen? Enthusiastically, Yes! and with that the discipline of the army was perishing. Between July and October 1791, 30,000 men deserted; and a lieutenant of artillery took nine months of additional leave (without asking for it), and busied himself intriguing in Corsica.

All these deserters, however, were not in the end lost to the French army, any more than Napoleon. In the fierce heat of political contention men left regiments where their opinions were unpopular: the Royalists[3] left for ever, but the others rejoined, or reappeared in the levies of volunteers of 1791 and 1792, or joined the National Guard. This force, irregular, ill-disciplined, and civilian in character to begin with, claimed in the republican spirit of the

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[1] It was the Royal Champagne Regiment.

[2] Later, Dubois Crancé when *de* became dangerous.

[3] Chiefly officers of high grade: France could afford to do without some of the thousand generals.

time to elect its officers; but it had the wisdom in the main to elect old soldiers, and having elected them, to obey them. So once again the stiffening of old soldiers came in useful.

Another point is to be noticed. Much of the old French army was beset with privilege, and offered in the famous phrase "no career to talents." But there were two branches where privilege did not exist,—where the officer who was not noble could rise to high rank. These were the scientific branches, the artillery and the engineers. These were in the main revolutionary in sentiment, and the armies of the Revolution retained their services—much to their profit. The battle of Valmy was entirely an artillery battle,[1] and the French gunners stood to their work. Thus while the Republic was always weak in cavalry,[2] it retained its full strength in artillery: and to make good gunners in a hurry is far more difficult than to train cavalry or infantry.

How great a part old regulars played in the long series of French victories is displayed in another way. Napoleon had twenty-four marshals. Of these, eight (Kellerman, Berthier, Serrurier, Perignon, Macdonald, Davout, Marmont, Moncey) had served as officers in the army before the Revolution; and ten (Augereau, Jourdan, Massena, Oudinot, Victor, Murat, Bernadotte, Lefebvre, Ney) had been in the ranks. Add Dumouriez, Pichegru, Hoche, and Napoleon himself, and once more we see how much France owed to the regular soldiers, as opposed to the later levies.

Summing this up, it becomes clear that the astonishing victories of revolutionary France were not won by an entirely "improvised" army. There was a stiff leaven of veteran soldiers. These, it is true, had been often mutinous at home, but enemies are always apt to underrate the speed with which factions perish and political dissensions cease in the face of an invader.[3] They were, to begin with, unsteady: but if they broke, they came again. What they wanted was time, and in Bismarck's phrase, to be "shooted a little." They got both in plenty.

Yet if it is necessary to reckon much on the "old-soldier" element which drilled, trained, and offered an example to the new levies, one must also recognise the vigour with which new levies were made

[1] At Jemappes, Dumouriez' other great victory, the French guns, 100 to 50, had much to do with the result. Again, when Dumouriez turned traitor, and tried to take his army over to the Austrians, he half persuaded the line, but the gunners would not hear of it, and as they stood firm the line remained faithful too.

[2] And much later. Not only in 1796 were the French nervous of the Austrian cavalry. Even so late as the campaign of Jena Napoleon seems to have thought that the Prussian cavalry would outmatch his.

[3] By 1792 most of the "opposition" (the Royalist party) had gone over to the enemy.

into soldiers, especially when at length Carnot, Dubois-Crancé and the Military Committee really set to work. Of course mistakes were made at first. The first suggestion of 1791 was to use the National Guards in the army, but the National Guard had no stomach for it. If they did not wish to go to the front, there was certainly nothing in France capable of compelling them, so on August 17, 1791, 101,000 volunteers were asked for. They gave in their names freely at first, especially in the threatened north-east, but it was another thing to get them to march. Out of the proposed 169 battalions only 69 were embodied by September 25, and they were totally out of hand, and plundered wherever they went. Even a year later only 83 were available. They contained some good stuff, however—much better than the second levy of volunteers invited in 1792. But this volunteering completely dried up the supply of recruits to the regular army, as the volunteers were better paid, and had all sorts of privileges, subversive of discipline.[1] Again, they were supposed to be kept a force apart, but La Fayette brigaded his with the regulars, and his example was followed everywhere. Otherwise the volunteers were at first comparatively useless.

However, the cry was for more men, and on February 26, 1793, Dubois-Crancé was at length able to carry his plan of conscription. 300,000 men were looked for, but 164,000 was the yield. Many deserters, careless officials, the favouring of "good" (but timorous) Republicans, and the general dislike of any compulsion, accounted for the deficit. As the numbers had fallen short, and French arms were everywhere defeated that summer, a *levée en masse* was proclaimed in August. With some difficulty the saner heads of the time, Danton among them, limited this *levée* to those between the ages of 18 and 25. The first products were disastrous: either vast bodies of peasants, bewildered and starving, armed with pitchforks, scythes, and clubs; or the scum of Paris, pillaging and murdering on their way to their stations, red-hot with mutinous patriotism. There were no arms for them, no supplies, and no officers. The Convention did not then realise that what was wanted at the front was not more men, but more soldiers.

Bringing order out of this chaos was the work of the Military Committee under the lead of Carnot and Dubois-Crancé, with the vigour of the terrible Committee of Public Safety behind them. The conscription was systematised and made to bear fruit, so that by

[1] For example they were entitled to go home at the end of each campaign—campaigns being held to end on the 1st of December in each year—if they gave two months' notice to their officers.

the end of 1794 over a million men had in all been raised,[1] and 700,000 of them were actually assimilated as soldiers, and in arms. All distinctions between volunteers, National Guard at the front, and regulars were abolished: all became regulars. In 1794 the system of the demi-brigades —grouping one battalion of regulars with three of the new levies — was established by Dubois-Crancé. A regular system of requisition for food was begun. Promotions were made by merit, and incapable or unlucky generals retired.[2] Arms were turned out in huge quantities: nine great factories were set up in Paris, producing 1000 muskets a day. Four enormous forges in the Ardennes made 200,000 guns[3] in a year. Grenelle's improved system of powder-making and Fourcroy's new steel kept the supply of ammunition and bayonets up to the incessant demand. And driving behind was the Committee of Public Safety—the dread of all—with the resources of France, its wealth, its manhood, at their mercy. To the ambitious and intelligent the one career of the day was the army—except politics. And if one came to reckon hazards, perhaps the latter was the more dangerous. So France won through.

The Treaty of Tilsit in 1807 robbed Prussia of half her territory, and left her only a population of some 4,500,000 souls, a land ruined by war, and a Government crippled with the task of paying off an enormous war indemnity. Further, lest she should rebuild an army of dangerous size, Napoleon had forced her[4] to agree to limit her army to 43,000 men, with no increase for ten years. When he went to war with Russia in 1812 he demanded from Prussia the help of a Prussian contingent of 20,000 men—about half her army — and this contingent, under Yorck, surrendered to the Russians on December 30, 1812. That left Prussia nominally with some 23,000 men.[5] Yet in 1813 she was able to put 80,000 combatants in the field at once, and not only to supply wastage, but to add to her forces. With the help of the Russians she bore the brunt of Napoleon's attack. Though defeated at Lützen and Bautzen the Prussians fought so tenaciously that Napoleon could not use his victories: he admitted that the Prussians were his most dangerous antagonists, and when the war ran through to Leipzig, Prussian troops had a big share in the Allies' victory.

Thus the "War of Liberation" of 1813 bears the look of a spontaneous rising to arms of a people in defence of their

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[1] Including volunteers and the *levée en masse*.
[2] Sometimes to the guillotine.
[3] Largely out of church bells.
[4] 8th September 1808, by the Franco-Prussian Convention.
[5] Of course she recovered Yorck's contingent. His surrender was a "put-up job."

homes. Dr Julius von Pflugk-Harttung puts it:[1] "This time, however, it was a question, not of kings and officials, but of the soul of a people. The Prussian nation had endured too much under the pitiless hand of the conqueror of Jena, and in the grim school of suffering had acquired a moral force which now revealed itself in its elemental power. The people were resolved to win back their highest possessions, their rights as men and citizens, by desperate combat, if there was no other way. The enthusiasm for freedom and fatherland swept through the country like a pent-up mountain torrent. All classes, all ages, flew to arms; mere lads and grey-haired patriarchs, even young girls, entered the ranks. Those who could not offer their own lives on the altar of their country gave what they had. In a few weeks the country, impoverished as it was, contributed in free gifts the value of half a million of thalers,[2] and thus lightened—one may even say made possible—the heavy task of the Government."

Plainly, as an explanation, this is unconvincing. Neither the enthusiasm of "a soul of a people" numbering 4,500,000, nor the free gift of £75,000, would have held Napoleon's armies. There must have been something else — something great.

Was it that Prussia's exertions after all counted for little—that Napoleon was overthrown by Russia, Austria, Sweden, and Bavaria, with England finding money, and Prussia merely lending a hand? Doubtless, it is true that Prussia could not have done it alone: the triumph, when it came, was the triumph of the Allies. But Austria, Sweden, and Bavaria did not join till later; Prussia bore the heat of the day; in fact, had not Prussia been able to do so much the Russians would not have advanced to the line of the Elbe, where the matter was decided.

Unquestionably Prussia played a great part, but it did so because her king and statesmen had foreseen the emergency, and in spite of all obstacles *had deliberately prepared for it.* For six years men had been working; and when "the Day" came they were to a great extent ready.

Much of what was done in Prussia between 1807 and 1813 is to a certain extent outside our province. The teaching of Fichte to awaken Germany as a nation, the improvement of education, the efforts of the Tugendbund,[3] the abolition of serfdom, the restoration of self-government to the cities, the

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[1] 'Cambridge Modern History.' Chapter on the War of Liberation.

[2] £75,000: about 1s. 6d. per head of the population. Compare it with the Prince of Wales's Relief Fund. Prussia was very poor.

[3] The statesmen despised its work. Stein spoke of it as the "rage of dreaming sheep."

freeing of land from restrictions: all these fall into these six years, and had their value. But of prime importance was what was done to refit the army. Just as France found a man in Dubois-Crancé with a new idea, so Prussia found Scharnhorst. A month after the treaty of Tilsit he was pressing the need of a small standing army of 65,000, which could be reinforced from a national militia: it was the duty of every man to share in national defence; and further (this is his great invention), he sketched a plan of "*short service*"—of passing men quickly through the ranks, and from there into a reserve.[1] Many reforms in the army were at once made: the "foreigners" (non-Prussian subjects) who had made up a third of the old army were lessened, the force filled with Prussians (no longer, as they had been, chiefly serfs), officers were promoted by merit, and privileges of the nobles restricted. But Napoleon quickly pounced on these schemes, and the Prussian army was restricted to 43,000 men, as has been stated. None the less, Scharnhorst set to work again, and by the Krümpersystem (the Shrinkage System) managed to introduce his plan of short service. The *Krümpers* (supernumerary recruits) passed into squadron or company and out again: the working of the system was kept as secret as possible. Napoleon tried to check it, but in spite of him it went on. Here was the reason why Prussia in 1812, with an army nominally of 43,000 men, had in reality 150,000 men trained to arms. It was these men who stood so stiffly at Lützen and Bautzen —not volunteers. The system of *Landwehr* was not organised till March 1813, and no *Landwehr* were in the field till the second part of the campaign—till after Austria had come in to join. And the immediate response to the call for volunteers was hardly like a "pent-up mountain torrent." Only 10,000 came forward in the first six months of 1813. Yet Prussia, allowing for those actually with the colours, must have had well over 250,000 men of an age to bear arms. Still smaller was the response of volunteers from other German States: it only amounted to two weak battalions.

Least of all, then, can the case of Prussia be quoted as an illustration of improvising a successful army. The army was not improvised: it had been carefully built up. The nation did not spring to arms at an impulse; wary statesmen had quietly forced it to make ready. Its triumphs were won by regular soldiers. Its volunteers were at first neither useful nor remarkably numerous. Of course, they became valuable; they improved, and the volume of

[1] So between them Dubois-Crancé and Scharnhorst founded the modern Continental army.

them grew with the encouragement of success. Prussia was patriotic, and men filled with fierce patriotism fought their best. But the goodness of that "best" depended not on their patriotism, but on their previous training to arms. That was the work of Scharnhorst, Stein, Hardenberg, and the King.

The story of the War of the Secession in the United States is often quoted as a justification of the value of volunteer armies hastily got together, but it is singularly ill-adapted to prove anything of the kind. It only proves the value of volunteers against volunteers, for the regulars engaged were a mere handful. Even so, the North, with its huge resources and the ready response to its call for volunteers, could not win with them; it had to have recourse to forced service in the end. That after two or three campaigns volunteers fought as well as regulars would have fought does not prove that they were valuable from the first. Every general on both sides was incessantly hampered by straggling, lack of discipline, and the fact that in presence of the enemy there was no fire-control possible.[1] And it is well known that Lord Wolseley, after a careful study of the war, gave it as his deliberate opinion that 30,000 regulars, well found and ready, would have finished the war for either side in the first campaign. If this be so—and it has not been seriously disputed — the "volunteer" army stands condemned every way. Years of bloodshed and thousands of lives might have been saved. Napoleon said: "Quand l'ignorance fait tuer dix hommes là où il n'en devrait pas coûter deux, n'est elle pas responsable du sang des huit autres?" Nations may be ignorant as well as commanders.

The circumstances of the war in 1870 are remembered, but not always the dates. Bazaine's army was surrounded in Metz by the end of August. MacMahon, hemmed in at Sedan, surrendered on September 2. So France lost almost all her field troops, and by September 19 the Germans were before Paris. This, of course, had been garrisoned, thus devouring most of the few regulars left. Yet Paris was not France: much of the country was untouched: its resources were enormous: the spirit of patriotism was there, and when Gambetta escaped from the capital on October 7 there was the man to stir it. Now was the time to improvise an army: it had reasonable chances of success, for what with detachments on the lines of communication, and

[1] "The line bent like a cow's horn, each ragged rebel aligning on himself and yelling on his own hook"—thus a Confederate General on his own (veteran) men!

the armies left to besiege Metz and Strassburg, the Germans had only 147,000 to contain Paris:[1] the enceinte was fifty miles round, and help could be given by a sortie from the numerous garrison within. If France could raise the men, it was now—or never.

The men could be found, and were found. Dispersed through France were 600,000 of the Garde Mobile: behind them the Garde Nationale ready to fight in defence of their own districts, 700,000: more immediately valuable the *regiments de marche*, made up of depôt companies of men who had been late in going, or who were untrained or partially trained. One need not reckon the Francs-tireurs under local leaders. But of the rest there was *chair à canon* in plenty. In six weeks Gambetta had created an "army" of 180,000 men at Tours; others were gathering at Lille, at Rouen, at Alençon, at Besançon, with arms and supplies and enthusiasm—but without training.

Through the autumn and winter these armies tried to thrust back the Germans and to relieve Paris, but they never met any success worth counting. The Loire army, 120,000 strong, did for a time push Von der Tann with 20,000 from Orleans, but they could get no farther. D'Aurelle de Paladines brought 50,000 men against 9000 Germans at Beaune la Rolande, and five days later flung 80,000 against Mecklenburg's far inferior force at Toury. Both attacks failed: it was not for lack of valour. 10,000 French were killed and wounded at Beaune. It was lack of leading, of experience, of training.

It was the same tale with Chanzy, with Faidherbe in the north, with Bourbaki near Belfort, with the vast garrison of Paris under Trochu, 300,000 strong. Everything failed; everything was lost—except honour.

What were the reasons? Not want of men, nor of arms, nor of money, nor of supplies; simply that civilians could not be made at such short notice into soldiers.

"Ask me," said Napoleon, "for anything but Time." The French in '70 were given no time. The Republic began to organise the national resistance directly after Sedan (September 2), but by the 19th of that month the Germans were outside Paris. Gambetta gathered his army of the Loire by November 20, but it was called on to fight a week later. The Germans were too quick; they knew that to wait would give these hasty levies the chance to grow into soldiers. So, in spite of slush and snow and bitter frost, they never gave that chance. They kept their covering armies well pushed out, and if the French levies were to do anything *they*

[1] Here was the tragedy of Bazaine's surrender on October 27. It set 200,000 men free for Paris. Another fortnight would have been invaluable to the French.

had to take the offensive: and they could not do it. They had not the skill to manœuvre. For once again Napoleon may be quoted. "With a raw army it is possible to carry a formidable position, but not to carry out a plan."

This paralysis in manœuvring was due partly to inexperience, largely to the lack of transport and supply, but principally to the lack of old soldiers. When the garrison of Paris had been provided, there remained of regular units only these crumbs of an army: twelve battalions of infantry, nine regiments of cavalry, and one single complete battery of guns. Thus there was no stiffening for the new levies; no officers to lead, no non-coms. to drill, and no veterans to steady the raw men, to teach them how to make the best of discomforts, to fend for themselves, to bivouac, to hang on in the face of fire, to rally in case of reverse. There was no one to give confidence, and so the new levies never got confidence. They fought bravely, but sacrifice their lives as they would, they seemed to get beaten, and henceforth they expected to get beaten.

Thus the new levies had no time, no officers, and no stiffening of old soldiers. Yet there was something else which helped to make a difference between the days of the First Republic and of the Third. It was not the number of men: France found them in each case. It was a change in the nature of war itself. War had become so much more complicated, so much more scientific, so much more difficult, the strain on the moral of troops so much more intense, the demand on the intelligence of officers so much greater, the operations on so much wider a field, the central control so much less easy and effective. Compare, for example, the artillery of 1792 with that of 1870: the field-piece of 1792 could be cast with the greatest ease, its carriage made in the simplest fashion, and repaired with any wood, by any wheelwright. Shrapnel was unknown;[1] the business of range-finding rudimentary guess-work; the gunner (and he was the scientific man of the service) mostly a rule-of-thumb man. It was not so in 1870. True, artillery had not reached its modern accuracy and range, but it had progressed hugely since 1792, and the shell-fire to which it could subject infantry was infinitely more trying, and this, too, at a range where the soldier could see no prospect of retort. Take, again, the soldier himself. He had little to learn in the way of shooting; he never fired on a range; in battle

"he loaded his primitive firelock as our musketeers had done theirs at Sedgmoor, and, like them, fired it straight to his front at any enemy within 150 yards distance. No long and careful training in attack forma-

[1] First used at Vimiero.

tions was necessary to teach him to face clouds of shrapnel bullets and the hail of close rifle-fire which the assailant has now to advance through. . . . The regimental officer then had himself little to learn beyond what came naturally to the [English] country gentleman. The tactics were of the simplest sort. Fire discipline was then as unknown as the art of photography, and the officer's chief duty was to lead his men straight upon the enemy." [1]

Here, then, is another reason for the failure of the improvised armies of 1870; the gap between the civilian hastily enlisted and the trained man was so much wider.

What the past shows would seem to be (1) that the instances where, in common belief, a people have sprung to arms to save their nation and attained success are very few; (2) that where success has been won it was with a considerable stiffening of regulars; (3) that time is absolutely necessary; (4) that the prospect of success was greatest where the business of war is simplest. On the other hand, warfare tends to become shorter, sharper, and more immediately decisive, the conduct of it more and more technical, and the last attempt of a people in arms was a tragic failure.

In resisting the indiscriminate *levée en masse* of 1793, Danton said, "Il faut mourir pour la patrie, mais il faut mourir *utilement*." It is not so easy as it looks; it is not so easy as it was.

G. T. W.

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[1] Wolseley: 'The Decline and Fall of Napoleon.'

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE MARCH OF "CULTURE"—THE FOLLY OF THE GERMAN PROFESSORS—"OUR GOOD GERMAN CONSCIENCE"—THE BLIND HATRED OF ENGLAND—A CAMPAIGN OF LIES—THE CUNNING OF THE STONE AGE—MR BURNS'S FAMOUS SPEECH—A BID FOR ENGLAND'S FRIENDSHIP—THE SUPPORT OF THE EMPIRE—THE FIDELITY OF THE INDIAN PRINCES—ONLY THE RADICALS DISLOYAL—THE WAR CORRESPONDENT—"THEIR ARMY THEY PAY FOR"—A LETTER FROM LORD RAGLAN.

THE Germans have continued their march of "culture" through Belgium and France. They have carried wherever they passed the gift of spiritual enlightenment at the sword's point. Ruined homes, ravished women, pillaged farms, attest everywhere the line of their progress. They have laid waste, always in the name of culture, wellnigh the whole of Belgium, whose neutrality their pledged word guaranteed, and they have laid it waste with a vindictive ferocity. There is no law of civilised warfare which the Germans have not outraged. They have shot non-combatants and murdered defenceless women and children, or used them as a shield between them and their enemies. They have fired upon the Red Cross, and bombarded hospitals. They have dropped explosives from their air-ships upon peaceful homes. At last, wearied with these callous sports, they, the champions of learning, the noisy professors of culture, have waged war upon libraries and churches. The destruction of Louvain is a disgrace from which the German name will never be cleansed. So wild was the anger of the Kaiser's soldiers against the learning, which within their own borders they affect to worship, that they tore books and manuscripts into little pieces before they flung them into the flames. Not one, if they could help it, should escape, and all the while they have protested that they are the kindly benefactors of the earth.

Moreover, at the very moment of committing these outrages, the Germans were zealous to assert the superiority of their own civilisation. Two distinguished professors of Jena—Häckel and Eucken—permitted themselves to publish an unparalleled piece of petulant folly before the world. "What is happening to-day," said these bombastic philosophers, "will be inscribed in the annals of history as an indelible shame to England. England fights to please a half-Asiatic Power against Germanism. She fights not only on the side of barbarism, but of moral injustice; for it is not to be forgotten that Russia began the war because it was not willing that there should be a thorough expiation of a wretched murder. It is the fault of England that

the present war is extended to a world war, and that all culture is thereby endangered. And why all this? Because she was envious of Germany's greatness, because she wished at all costs to hinder a further extension of this greatness." That these professors should describe Russia, incomparably greater than Germany in the arts, as barbarous and morally unjust, is pitiful enough. But the passage we have quoted contains not a statement about England which a reference to the famous White Book could not have corrected. It seems as though a sudden gust of passion had deprived the Germans of their reason. Even so sober a scholar as Professor Wilamovitz Möllendorff speaks like an illiterate junker. "If the French had not reached the point," says he, "at which their soldiers avoided assassination, international law could not make them. If the German soldier spared women and children, it was not because international law demanded it, but because his heart dictated it. It was terrible how much spiritual and material property of the intellect had been destroyed. And they were only at the beginning. They could, however, dream of another state of things in the future. If Germany and Austria were victorious, the day would come when they would have the power to enforce, if need be, morality and peace upon the world." These words were spoken after the brutal devastation of Belgium, after the infamous destruction of Louvain, and perhaps even Professor Wilamovitz Möllendorff has discovered by this time that it is not from Germany in the future that the world will accept either its peace or its morality.

The modern German, indeed, is a psychological puzzle. We know not which are the worse, his foolish boastful words or his infamous deeds. Never since the world began has there been such an amazing explosion of cant. With a self-righteous Pharisaism the Germans thank God that they are not as other men, and then set briskly about them to butcher women and children and to set the laws of nations at defiance. Their sin seems to proceed from a semi-intellectual arrogance. They have followed false prophets and sham historians. They have taken the extravagant ravings of Nietzsche, a madman, as a solemn guide of life. They have accepted the childish generalisations of Houston Chamberlain as an expression of profound thought. They have waved away with a stern gesture of displeasure all facts and every process of reasoning which have not ministered to their vanity. Above all, they have confused an iron-bound discipline with education. What one does and thinks they all do and think, until vanity and foolishness have become universal. They still admit the initial wrong of invading Belgium, but that they insist was dictated by the necessity which knows no law, and since then they pretend that their every step has been guided by mercy and

justice. What after the interference of Great Britain incenses them most bitterly is the base attempt which Belgium made to defend herself. With the utmost diligence they have sought to excuse this wickedness, and can find no palliation. The mere suggestion that the Belgians should feel anything but a sensation of honour at being invaded in the interest of Pan-Germanism is monstrous to their candid souls. They meant nothing but kindness, and were overwhelmed with grief when the Belgians presumed to resist their brutal invasion. "Have we not declared again and again," exclaims the 'Cologne Gazette,' in pious accents, "that we would redress the wrong and touch no hair on a Belgian head if the passage of our troops were unopposed? The Belgian Government willed otherwise, arranged its game with our opponents, and did not even warn the population that war must only be carried on between soldiers. The blood-guiltiness for the punitive measures that have been taken falls on the Belgian Government alone." It is a new and amiable doctrine, whose ingenuousness will make little progress in a hostile world. Even if Pan-Germanism were a benign theory of life, instead of the shameful perversion that it is, Belgium and France, England and Russia, would still be justified in repelling it. We love not the brotherly-kindness which is driven into us by machine-guns.

The Germans, indeed—and here is another puzzle of character—claim the last freedom themselves, but whine when their enemies retaliate upon them. They want the fight to be all on one side. It is not in their nature to take a sportsman's view of life and death. "Was it humane," asks the 'Cologne Gazette,' "that England should let loose this tricky shopkeepers' war by cutting us off from foreign countries, undermining the conditions of our existence, while holding back her Fleet in cowardly battle and making prizes of our merchantmen? Is that the way to show humanity and love of mankind?" This from the butchers of Belgium and the devastators of Louvain would be humorous were not its occasion the direst tragedy. Obviously the Germans believe that everything is permitted to them, and that all who hinder their progress are transgressing the laws of God and men. They may break through the just ordinances of warfare; but if England ventures in self-defence to make a proper use of her overwhelming sea-power, the Germans cry like spoilt children, and murmur "We won't play." In brief, they cannot do wrong; they can even endure the wrongs which others put upon them. "We can bear all this," they say, "because our good German conscience speaks for us." We do not think that hypocrisy has ever been carried higher and deeper than this.

The emotion which most fiercely consumes the Germans

is hatred of England. When England is mentioned they give way to an uncontrolled violence. They had made up their minds that the English would watch with indifference the destruction of Belgium and France and Russia, and then accept without resistance the punishment which Germany might think fit to inflict upon them. Why the Germans cherished this illusion we do not know. For many years they have boasted that England is their enemy. For many years they have assailed us wherever it was possible by their favourite method of "peaceful penetration." Yet they convinced themselves that we should submit to the last injustice, the worst insult, without a protest. And now that they have discovered their miscalculation, they cannot hide their fury. That they should openly display the smallness of their spite is the best possible augury of our ultimate victory. The army which will allow its campaign to be affected by the desire of a personal vengeance is likely to suffer profoundly for its malice. It is said, doubtless with truth, that the Germans attacked our expeditionary force with their best troops and in overwhelming numbers, not because the tactics of the moment dictated the compliment, but in a passion of anger. It is not thus that battles are won, and before the end our enemies will sorely regret their animosity. And from every corner of Germany attacks upon England are announced. "England is the only renegade brother," says Professor Lemprecht, a shining light of 'culture,' "up and at him!" We hear of acceptable terms offered to France, of course in vain, that she may join Germany in an attack upon England. "It is so much desired," says a Berlin correspondent, "to inflict heavy blows upon the Englishman! He is the most hated of all enemies. The feeling is the same among the people as in political circles. . . . Whether you speak with a politician or a porter or shoemaker, the same wish will always be expressed." The Emperor is at one with his people in this matter. He has sold his English orders, we are told, and returned his English uniforms. For us it is easy to accept the subtle flattery. The study of the White Book will show how little we deserve it. The memory of our complaisant behaviour for twenty years past was no warrant that we should permit the Germans to tear up the most solemn treaties without a protest.

So Germany, not permitted to reserve the conquest of England until she had dealt with France and Russia, has determined upon an eager campaign of lies. What she tells her own citizens matters not to us. We may be sure that for every deception she practises now upon Berlin she will be asked to pay tenfold presently. No people likes to be duped. The warmest patriotism cannot bear the strain of

discovering suddenly a concealed disaster. The crowd which waves flags in Berlin to-day will demand a victim to-morrow, when it knows that a trick has been put upon it. That is an affair of policy which the Germans must settle for themselves. For us it is interesting to note the falsehoods which are found suitable for home consumption. On paper a severe defeat has been inflicted upon our British ships. The Germans are victorious in the West as in the East. They admit no reverses, and but small losses. The tale of their prisoners grows in a night, like a vast mushroom. The guns and the flags that they have taken are like the sand for number. But it is not only of the home markets that they think. They have established in Berlin a vast factory, whence they distribute lies over all the world, and whence they fondly hope to pervert the East and to stir up in Mohammedan countries a war against Great Britain.

As they are children in diplomacy, so the Germans are children in the kind of intrigue which they practise with the greatest zeal. Here again their inordinate vanity befogs their brain. They hope that other countries are as docile and as foolish as their own, and they are overtaken by a pained surprise to discover that men are not yet dragooned into credulity beyond the borders of Prussia. They should remember that the reptile press is their own invention, and that it has never been imitated by the free peoples of Europe. Indeed, what surprises us unfailingly in these bold pupils of Nietzsche is their ingenuousness. "The magnificent blonde brute, avidly rampant for spoil and victory," exercises the infantile cunning of the Stone Age. He thinks it worth while to tell the world that "some German prisoners who have been brought over from France are being publicly exhibited in England." He declares that "all Germans in England who are under forty years of age have been placed under arrest." Sometimes his childish fancy takes a wider sweep. A gentleman who purveys the official lie to the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' longs for a cloak of invisibility. He would like to witness unseen "the shivering fear of the French statesmen." We only wish his desire might be gratified. "It would be better still," he thinks, "to stray through the official rooms in Downing Street and to be able to listen to Mr Edward Grey's conversations with his friends." It would indeed. "The clear, cold calculations crossed through with red lines, torn by splinters of hell! The gentlemen over there are in the way of being great historians. Has there not risen before them in these serious days, when the *élite* of their troops are being chased like sheep by the German heroes, when German cruisers and submarines dash gallantly round the coast, when even England's pedestal, the Bank, began to reel and bankruptcy after bankruptcy devastated

the business world, while over here German discipline and self-sacrifice were able to meet all needs, does there not rise before them a soul-harrowing picture—Carthage?" We are sorry that we cannot invite the young gentleman of the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' to witness our composure. As he is never likely to cross the North Sea, we would only urge him to take closer counsel with his colleague of Cologne before he talks and writes nonsense. The lion of Frankfurt proudly asserts that German submarines and cruisers are dashing gallantly round our coast. The lion of Cologne complains of our inhumanity in "letting loose a tricky shopkeepers' war by cutting us off from foreign countries, and undermining the conditions of our existence." If what Cologne says be true, where are the dashing cruisers of Frankfurt? They cannot both be telling the truth, and perhaps it doesn't matter much. Their poor dupes seem simple enough to believe anything.

Germany's masterpiece, however, was the speech delivered by Mr John Burns on August 14 at the Albert Hall. As a parody of Mr Burns's style it is nought. It is not in such terms that the once adored of Battersea was wont to address his fellow-countrymen. As a performance of the reptile press it is not without merit. No doubt it is nicely calculated to "meet a want." Mr Burns is represented as explaining that if England had only remained neutral she might have forced her exports upon both France and Germany! A happy dream, indeed, for a nation of shopkeepers! Thereafter he discoursed profoundly of Prussian history with the true accent of Potsdam. He recalled the Emperor William's famous visit to Tangiers, and assured an expectant audience that England's influence in the East was now destroyed. Such stuff as this may well be believed in Prussia. In Constantinople, whither it was sent hot-foot, it has already met with the ridicule deserved by an impudent forgery. Yet the Agency which pretends to have circulated it still clings to it with a touching faith. It affects a lofty indignation that its word should be questioned. "'The Times' reports," thus it writes, "that the text of Burns's speech, which we published, is an invention. We comprehend that 'The Times' should feel an urgent wish to wipe away the impression of Burns's speech. . . . Burns made the speech in one of the many meetings of protest. It will probably not be very agreeable to 'The Times' if people in Germany learn that, besides many other prominent Englishmen, the Lord Mayor of London also declared himself against the war. Perhaps 'The Times' will deny that also." We like "the many meetings of protest." And we do not suppose that 'The Times' cares what falsehoods the people in Germany learn. But that long-suffering people must indeed be crushed savagely beneath the boot of the Junker, if it believes that

the Lord Mayor of London stands side by side with the phantom John Burns upon a platform invented in Berlin.

This perhaps is the happiest achievement of the German Press, though another ingenious thought of the tireless 'Frankfurter Zeitung' lags not far behind. It appears to this inspired journal that the English soldiers are not at all popular in Paris. "The Parisians jeer at them," says our familiar friend, "and despise their lack of courage in comparison with the bravery of the French soldiers. The Parisians say of the English, 'they are always the victors, but they do nothing at all, except run away and smoke their pipes.'" It is a simple story which has already received the contradiction, which it did not need, on many a stricken field. But the lies and their sedulous manufacture are but an expression of the hatred against England, already noted. And here we may thank the crudeness of German diplomacy for our escape from the pit that was dug for us. Readers of the White Book will remember that on July 29, when it was important for the Germans to exclude us from the conflict, the Chancellor gave Sir E. Goschen many assurances of friendship. "He had in mind," he said, "a general neutrality agreement between England and Germany, though it was of course at the present moment too early to discuss details." That was said when something was to be gained by England's friendship. Germany, victorious, as her pride told her she would be, over France and Russia, thought that she might settle her account with England a year or two later. But to separate friends, and then to demolish them one after another, requires more diplomatic subtlety than "the blonde brute" has ever possessed; and now he blunders into an open confession of the hatred which he has never ceased to cherish. We have already cited many proofs of Germany's crass, unceasing hate; we will conclude our summary with Vice-Admiral Kirchhoff's amiable and flattering tribute. After admitting that France and Russia must be beaten in the cause of peace and Pan-Germanism, he declares aloud that "the most pernicious of political enemies" is the perfidious Albion. "To crush England," says he, "is our main task; to reduce her influence would be a blessing to the culture of the whole world. England must not be allowed to keep the influential position which she has held up to the present. The first steps to destroy her harmful influence in every direction have already been taken. . . . The task is not an easy one, but is a task worth all the sacrifices it will demand. England *must* be crushed! But is it possible? Indeed it is!" Thus Vice-Admiral Kirchhoff, ranging himself on the side of the professors, and vying with them in talking nonsense. Nor do they see, these excited Pan-

Germans, that every lie they tell is a sign of weakness, a proof that their nation is exhibiting all the immoral qualities of war. It is not in the spirit of the braggart that battles are won; not wanton cruelty and contempt, but humility and faith are the best attribute of the soldier; and the German progress through Belgium and France has shown that he who likes to think of himself as a modern Attila dishonours the Huns by the comparison.

The Pan-German excuse for brutality is simple. It is necessary, we are told by the apostles of culture, to strike awe into an invaded people. The necessity is not apparent, and the effect is far other than the Germans expected. If anything were needed to inspire the Allies with intensity of purpose, to convince them that they were fighting not merely a just but a holy war, it is the conduct of the German Army and the German People. The world would be a base place to live in if they who put women and children as a shield in the forefront of the battle, who destroy peaceful cities, who burn defenceless libraries and cathedrals to the ground, were permitted to assert a universal over-lordship. Even the Germans themselves have discovered by this that their tactics have been unwise: they are not likely to take a higher view than that. And they are not merely circulating their carefully compiled falsehoods wherever the telegraph can take them: they are sending forth the bagmen of Pan-Germanism wherever they think they will gain a hearing. America and the East are the favourite objects of their attack—the East because they expect, these missionaries of ill-omen, to stir up Egypt and India against the British rule; America, because they hope to obtain money and countenance from the citizens of the great Republic. That they have been disappointed in the East as in the West was preordained. The magnificent patriotism of India is the answer they have received from the one side; on the other they must find what consolation they can from the ridicule poured forth upon the ineffable Count Bernstorff.

For the achievements of the British Army, for the dash and courage of the French, we can feel daily a thrill of pride. The Allies have given of their best in the cause of freedom and of justice. They have fought like men, they have died like heroes, and the sacrifices they have made have not been made in vain. The official reports, issued by the War Office, have been perfect in concision and dignity, and at last we can recapture the old enthusiasm which our forefathers knew when the news of victory was carried from end to end of England by the mail-coach. We may know again the fervour of the ten years which stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo. And there is a glory added to us that our ancestors did not share. It is not a country which goes to

war; it is an Empire. From all parts of the globe come generous offers of help. The great dominions oversea, whose imagined rebellion the Germans fondly hoped would dissipate our strength, have proclaimed their friendship with a practical eloquence. Canada, Australia, South Africa stand by our side ready for any service that is required of them. The splendid loyalty of the East is a conclusive answer to the Germans, who thought to corrupt it by the careful dissemination of false news and forged speeches. "The Rulers of the Native States in India," says the Viceroy's message, "who number nearly seven hundred in all, have with one accord rallied to the defence of the Empire and offered their personal services and the resources of their states for the war. From among the many Princes and Nobles who have volunteered for active service, the Viceroy has selected the Chiefs of Jodhpur, Bikaner, Kishangarh, Rutlam, Sachin, and Patiala, Sir Pertab Singh, Regent of Jodhpur, the Heir Apparent of Bhopal, and a brother of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, together with other cadets of noble families. The veteran Sir Pertab would not be denied his right to serve the King Emperor in spite of his seventy years; and his nephew, the Maharaja, who is but sixteen years old, goes with him." How is it possible to read these great names, and to think of the willing service of those who bear them, without a just and tranquil pride?

Nor is this all. The Aga Khan has displayed the fine patriotism which we expect of him, and the larger States, which maintain Imperial Service Troops, shared the zeal of the Native Chiefs. Twelve of them have offered contingents of cavalry, infantry, sappers, and transport, besides a camel corps from Bikaner, and most of them have already embarked. In all this touching generosity there is no thought of self or of policy. The Indians, in coming to our aid, ask for no reward and expect no gain. Their loyalty stands high above the sordid thought of a profitable bargain. Would that all those at home breathed a like spirit of patriotism! The Radical Cabinet and Mr Redmond have openly repudiated the obligation of selflessness. They alone have insisted upon obtaining some gratification from the war in which the whole Empire is engaged. They have demanded a definite advantage in return for the service which they bring to the country. They have haggled about conditions; they have chaffered with patriotism. The Lama of Thibet, who has offered a thousand men to serve the British Empire without any hope of profit or advantage, is a better patriot than Mr Asquith or Mr Redmond. The British Cabinet and the leader of the Irish Nationalists stand by themselves upon a grim eminence, and we hope they are proud of their achievement.

We had hoped that the Radicals had enrolled themselves as Englishmen and patriots, as our brave men enlist in the Army, for the duration of the war. We did not expect more. No man becomes suddenly honest. But we did expect so much, and Mr Asquith, always cunning of speech, gave us some ground of hope. That the hope was fallacious we all know now. The Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Church Bill are passed. The loyalists of Ulster are to be placed under the heel of Mr Redmond, and the Church of Wales is to be despoiled. The only concession which the Prime Minister makes to the opponents of these measures is the concession of a time-limit. To fulfil his compact with Mr Redmond he has broken three separate pledges. When the war broke out he spoke these words: "We should inevitably, unless the debate was conducted in an artificial tone, be involved in acute controversy in regard to domestic differences. Such a use of our time, at such a moment, might have injurious, and lastingly injurious, effects on the international situation." These words, if they mean anything, mean that the Irish question should be suspended until the war is over. The need of unity is greater to-day, when our armies are fighting in the field, even than it was at the outset. And that is not all. Mr Asquith gave an undertaking to Mr Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson that "in the meantime, until they resumed the discussion of the Amending Bill, no controversial legislation should be taken." To make assurance doubly sure, the Ulster Unionists drew up a resolution "that, in view of the grave situation in European politics, we approve of the policy of Sir Edward Carson that, on behalf of the Irish Unionist Party, he should agree to the adjournment of the debate on the Amending Bill until such date as the Government and the Leaders of the Opposition may, in the interests of the United Kingdom and the Empire, determine." To the publishing of this resolution Mr Asquith gave his assent. Furthermore, he declared that "by the adjournment no party to the controversy would be placed in a worse position." Can he say that to-day, when the Home Rule Bill is passed without amendment? But previously he had given another pledge to the effect that "he would not present the Home Rule Bill to his Majesty for assent until the Amending Bill had been finally disposed of in the House of Commons." And he has taken advantage of our war with Germany to put the Home Rule Bill on the statute book unamended.

Having broken these several pledges, what does he give us in exchange? Yet another pledge, which is of the same value as its shattered predecessors. "The Home Rule Bill," he now asserts, "will not and cannot come into operation until Parliament has had the fullest opportunity by

an Amending Bill of altering, modifying, or qualifying its provisions in such a way as to secure at any rate the general consent both of Ireland and of the United Kingdom." The assertion is not worth the air which wafted it to the benches of the Opposition. It is Mr Asquith's own fault that none but a stiff-necked partisan will attach the smallest importance to his pledged word. The floor of the House of Commons is thick strewn with Mr Asquith's broken promises and unpaid "debts of honour." And the worst of it is that Mr Asquith and his henchmen have taken advantage of the Unionists' loyalty to put a trick upon the country. As Mr Bonar Law said with perfect truth, "They counted on the public spirit and the patriotism of the Unionist Party here and of the people in Ulster. They said to themselves: 'Whatever we may do, they are bound in a crisis like this to help their country. Whatever injustice we inflict upon them, we can count upon them.' It is not a pretty calculation, but I am glad to say, with the full authority of our party, that it is an accurate calculation. They can count on us." Indeed, so long as they conduct the war with energy and determination, they can count upon the support of every Unionist in the country. Their reckoning will come later and their shame. At present the name of Pitt, whom, father and son, they would resolutely have opposed had they been contemporaries, is ever upon their tongues. We know precisely what chapters they dream they are composing for their own biographies. There is not one of them, down to Mr M'Kenna and Mr Harcourt, who does not pretend that he has saved England by his exertions and Europe by his example. As each one of them stands before his mirror in the morning he sees before him another saviour of his country. But they are tricksters, not statesmen, after all, and it is their own fault that Lamlash will never be forgotten in the North Sea.

Some men there are who forget everything and learn nothing. Although the harm that has been done by war correspondents in the past cannot be disputed, we are still urged to let loose a band of busy journalists in the firing line. The advocates of the war correspondent are convinced that he could not possibly be of the smallest danger to the State, but we see no reason to believe that in the last ten years he has entirely changed his nature and his ambition, and we know that he has never followed an army in the past without doing it a signal mischief. The advantages which he is said to confer upon the community are few and problematical. He is an incentive to recruiting, we are told; yet recruiting progresses marvellously well without his aid; and suppose he does persuade a few laggards to join the colours—we doubt even this—the loss which he may occasion by inculcating

indiscipline and by giving the enemy information easily counterbalances the imagined profit. The argument is then turned from usefulness to right. "Our Army," we are told, "is more than that of any other nation the people's Army, the popular Army." And the truth is that our Army is aristocratic, from the rank and file to the Commander-in-Chief. The men who serve in it do so because they are proud to fight and to die for their country. They do not think that the duty of man begins and ends at the ballot-box. Gladly they undertake the duty of defence, a duty which the politicians for their own purposes forbid the "people" even to discuss. But the Army, though it volunteers for service, does not support itself, and the democracy scents a privilege at once. "The people have a right," it has been said, "to know what their Army they pay for is doing." A pretty sentence, truly, in shape and sense! "Their Army they pay for!" It is a huckster's argument too. So we are all bound one to another in the great cash nexus. The people sits in its stalls, with a fat cigar between its lips, and bids the curtain go up on fire and sword. It pays for it, mind you, and let nothing be hidden from its greedy eye. It is an expert in the cost of courage. It will tell you to a fraction the price per pint of heroes' blood. It will measure you the length of human endurance by the ell. And since it pays for the courage and the spilt blood and the endurance, it verily believes them to be its own. And if in the present, as always in the past, the indiscretion of untried reporters causes more bloodshed, what does it matter? The soldiers are hirelings—remember that. It is the people that pays. Yet after all it is the soldier who dies, which is perhaps a sound reason for protecting him, even at the expense of a little patience, against the possibility of danger.

The argument by first principles, then, does not persuade us to advocate the risk. The experience of warfare, moreover, is the clear condemnation of war correspondents. They were already a nuisance before they were organised by the late Mr Russell into a public scandal. There was no general, and few monarchs, to whom that great man could not give a *belle presse*. Matthew Arnold's description of him preparing to mount his war-horse is hardly exaggerated. "You know the sort of thing,—he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into the saddle." There is the comedy of war correspondence. Its tragedy is wider and deeper. Russell, at any rate, had no pity for the poor devils who died of cold and wounds in the trenches before Sebastopol. Doubtless they were paid to die by somebody.

"Throughout the long winter," says Kinglake, "Mr Russell was sending home vivid accounts of the evils that obstructed supply, and of the hardships, the sickness, the mortality afflicting and destroying our troops; and his narratives being given to the world with the sheets of 'The Times,' all this priceless intelligence, by means of the telegraph wire, was carried swiftly into Sebastopol." Mr Russell, in brief, was careful to do his duty to himself and his paper, and what did it matter if he brought comfort and help to his country's foes, death and starvation to his country's soldiers?

There is indeed no more pathetic document in the records of history than the letter addressed by Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle from Sebastopol in January 1855. And now that we are asked to run an equal risk, it is well to remember the wanton hindrances that then were thrown in the path of our army:

"I deem it my duty," thus wrote Lord Raglan, "to send you a copy of 'The Times' newspaper of the 18th December, and to draw your attention to an article, or rather letter, from its correspondent with this army.

"I pass over the fault the writer finds with everything and everybody, however calculated his strictures may be to excite discontent and encourage indiscipline; but I ask you to consider whether the paid agent of the Emperor of Russia could better serve his master than does the correspondent of the paper that has the largest circulation in Europe. I know something of the kind of information which the commander of an army requires of the state and condition of the troops opposed to him, and I can safely say that during the whole of the war in the Peninsula the Duke of Wellington was never supplied with such details as are to be found in the letter to which I am desirous of attracting your attention.

"Some time ago the correspondent stated for general information, and practically for that of Prince Mentschikoff, the exact position in which the powder for our siege batteries were deposited, and he now suggests the ease with which the ships in Balaclava harbour could be set on fire.

"He, moreover, affords the Russian General the satisfaction of knowing that our guns stick in the mud and our horses die under their exertions. But as regards intelligence to the enemy, the mischievous parts are so obvious that I will not further trouble you with a recapitulation of them.

"I am very doubtful, now that the communications are so rapid, whether a British army can long be maintained in presence of a powerful enemy, that enemy having at its command, through the English Press and from London to his Headquarters by telegraph, every detail that can be required of the numbers, condition, and equipment of his opponents' force."

To this cry from the heart no satisfactory reply was ever given. Russell was still free to write as he pleased. 'The Times' was unhampered in its desire to give its readers the latest news. Nor let it be supposed that Russell was an ignorant scribbler, writing of what he did not understand. He was an accomplished man of the world, profoundly versed in military affairs, and all the more dangerous on account of his knowledge. And he set a fashion. Henceforth it seemed impossible that brave men should go into battle without a gallery of onlookers. Until the correspondents were in the field the fighting could not begin, and the successors of Russell at last claimed as a right what was in its inception a mistaken privilege. The country, in brief, refused to take warning by the awful example of Russell and the Crimea. When Kruger declared war against Great Britain the war correspondents saw another chance. For them, and for them alone, was the battle being fought. They did what they chose, and showed a bitter resentment at the mere suggestion of control. They abused the British Army; they ridiculed the British officers; they generously helped the enemy; they fed the fuel of hostility to Britain which raged upon the Continent; and they marvellously strengthened the venom of the Pro-Boer cannibals who prayed at home that our enemies might make a meal of the British Empire. In South Africa, indeed, we witnessed our own last experiment in war correspondence, and there are those who ask to-day that it should be repeated!

But it was left to the Japanese to put an end, we hope for ever, to that which, after all, is a mere parasite upon warfare. When Japan came to grips with Russia, she was determined that her plans should not be disturbed by the camp-followers of the press. From those whom she admitted to the front she concealed whatever was capable of concealment, and she subjected what they wrote to so severe a censorship that few of them persisted long in their useless office. The result was that the war progressed without the risk of inconvenient disclosures, and that England was forced to depend for its news upon the gossip of Tokyo, the official reports of Oyama, which, as 'The Times' confessed, "did not err on the side of prolixity," and accounts of battles two or three months old. It was not much, but it was sufficient and innocuous. The correspondents did not accept their discomfiture easily. In the first place they threatened Japan with unpopularity in Europe; in the second they "were betrayed," said 'The Times,' "by their own chagrin into believing reports which would not have supported a moment's investigation." Japan, indifferent to censure, persisted in her policy and was justified. She even carried her love of secrecy so far as to look without approval

upon Military Attachés. Sir Ian Hamilton, in 'A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book,' has sketched the situation with a lively pen. "It is easy to understand," he writes, "that whilst this [secretiveness] is unpleasant to us [the Military Attachés], it is gall and wormwood to war correspondents, spoilt as they are by the amazing want of reticence which characterises the British, who not only wash all their dirty linen in public, but implore all passers-by to take a hand in the process. I know, of course, that the criticisms of a free Press are supposed to be like the East Wind, very unpleasant, but salutary enough to those who are strong. We, however, carry the thing a bit too far. Upon my word, I believe it is healthier to live in a fool's paradise than to swim complacently on the surface of dirty water into which foul linen is constantly being flung in full view of all the nations. I therefore sympathise a great deal with the Japanese. One lot are fighting for the country; the others would be the first to admit that they are working for the gallery."

In the last sentence Sir Ian, we think, underrates the pretension of the war correspondent, who would never admit that he is working for the gallery. Long ago he persuaded himself that he was the very lord and arbiter of the fight, and he cannot readily recover from that vain superstition. We had hoped, after the antics of South Africa and the severity of Japan, that in condemning the war correspondent we should be flogging a dead horse. Alas! the horse is still alive, and kicks. While the Frenchman complains that he is forced to get his news from London, the Englishman is furious that he must assuage his curiosity in Paris. And all the while either capital supplies us with the restrained and dignified record which should satisfy us all. The generals commanding in the field happily avoid rhetoric. They do not perplex us with foolish imagery or common metaphors, and if we follow their reports, with a map to aid us, we can understand the purpose and the plan of the battles which still rage far better than if we had to rely upon the highly-coloured prose of the picturesque reporter, who knows only what is happening in his own corner of the field. If disaster comes upon us, let us hear of it in the plain terms of the soldier, not in the ill-considered wailing of the journalist. "I hate croaking," said Sir Walter Scott; "if true, it is unpatriotic, and if false, worse." And we may be confident of one thing, that in the admirable despatches which the Commander-in-Chief sends us from the front there will be no croaking.

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